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# THE NEW YORKER

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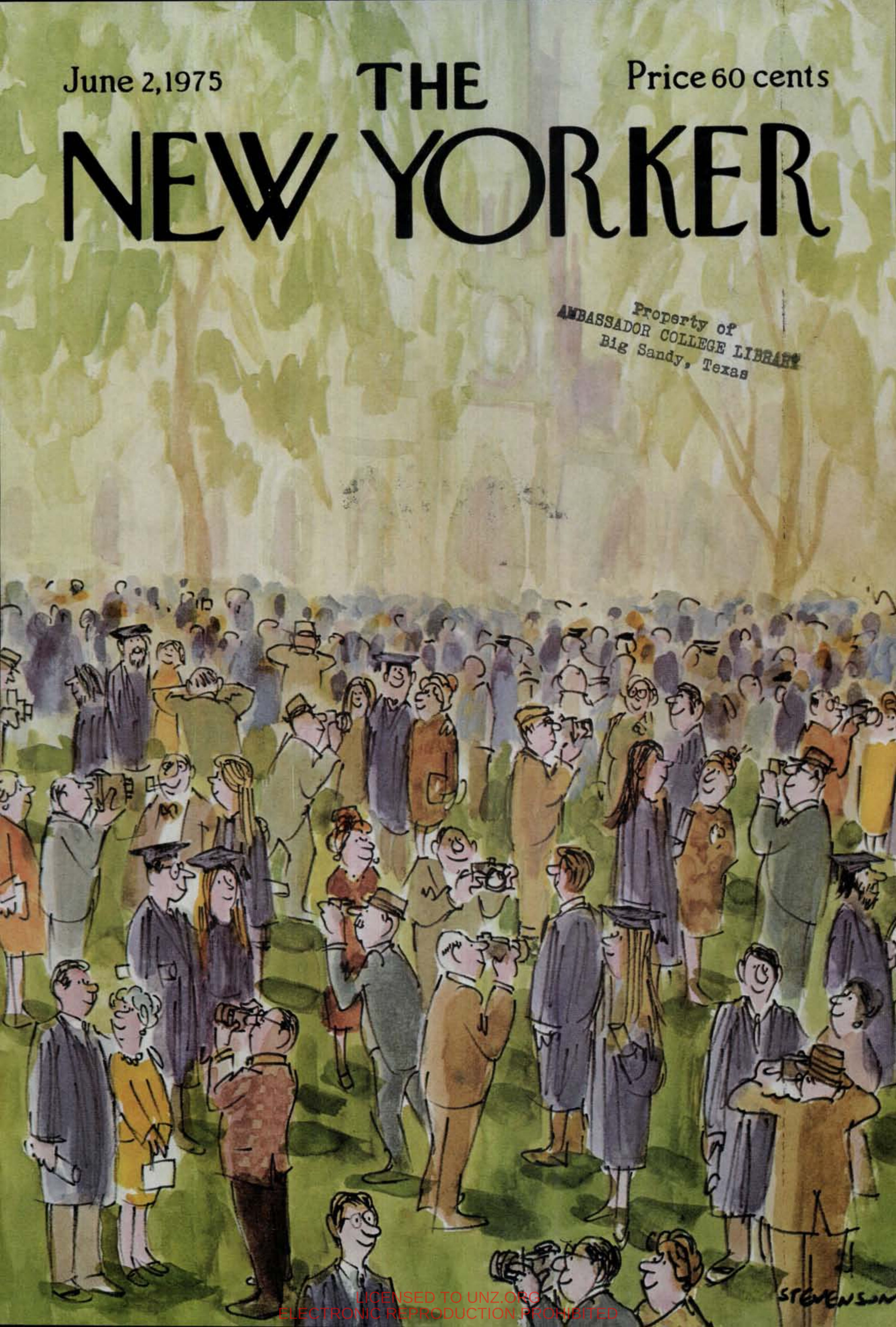

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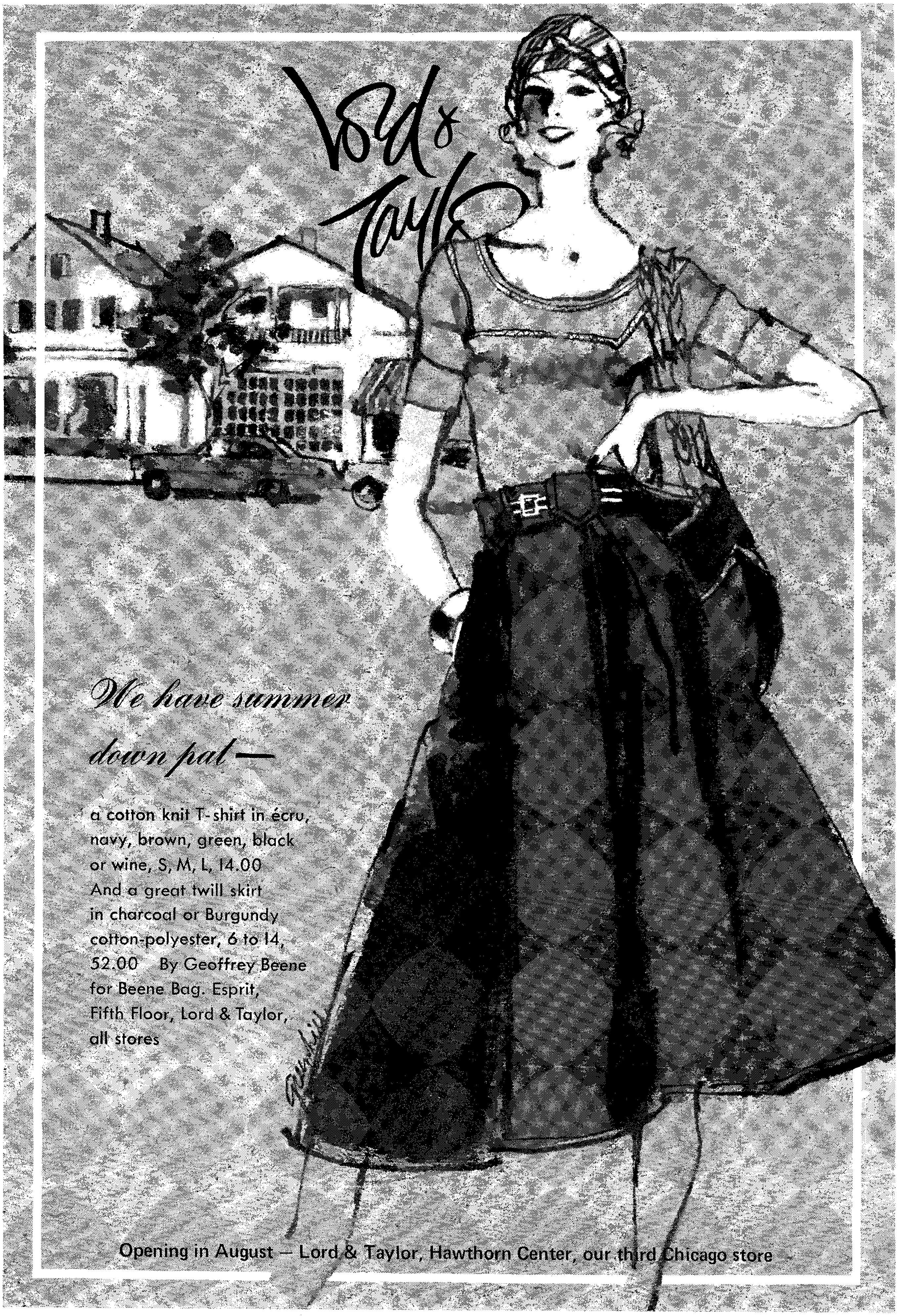

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

## THE THEATRE

### PLAYS AND MUSICALS

**ABSURD PERSON SINGULAR**—Alan Ayckbourn is a master of farce, and this play about the horrors of married life will make you laugh from start to finish. With Paul Shyre, Carole Shelley, Geraldine Page, Fritz Weaver, Sandy Dennis, and Curt Dawson. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**ALL OVER TOWN**—The director, Dustin Hoffman, tries to rescue Murray Schisgal's inept play, but in vain. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**BETTE MIDLER'S CLAMS ON THE HALF SHELL REVUE**—Bette Midler is more volcanic than clamlike, and a good thing, too. A superstar in the making. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Mondays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Closes Saturday, June 21.)

**CHICAGO**—Gwen Verdon, Chita Rivera, and Jerry Orbach in a musical. Fred Ebb and Bob Fosse wrote the book, based on Maurine Dallas Watkins' 1926 comedy of the same name, which was later made into the film "Roxie Hart." John Kander supplied the score, and Mr. Ebb is responsible for the lyrics. Directed by Mr. Fosse. Previews through Monday, June 2. Opens officially on Tuesday, June 3. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8; opening-night curtain at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**A CHORUS LINE**—Twenty-four young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. This brilliant, innovative musical—conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett—is a loving salute to the theatre and to every struggling actor who aspires to be part of it. The performances by the entire company are as near perfect as makes no matter, and so is the entire production. Score by Marvin Hamlisch, lyrics by Edward Kleban, book by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante, setting by Robin Wagner, costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, and lighting by Tharon Musser. (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 677-6350. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

**DANCE WITH ME**—The grim days and happy daydreams of a young New York nebbish. A comedy with music. well played by the La Mama Plexus Company. (Mayfair, 235 W. 46th St. 391-0063. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

**DIAMOND STUDS**—A country-and-Western version of a life of Jesse James; the life doesn't bear close examination but is great fun to listen to. In a cabaret setting. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Wednesdays and Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

**EQUUS**—A psychological whodunit by Peter Shaffer, beautifully acted by Anthony Hopkins, Peter Firth, Frances Sternhagen, Marian Seldes, Roberta Maxwell, and Michael Higgins. The director is John Dexter. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**GOODTIME CHARLEY**—Joel Grey and Ann Reinking are so delightful in this highly implausible tale of Joan of Arc and her timid Dauphin that one forgives every gaucherie. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

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**HARRY OUTSIDE**—Corinne Jacker's comedy in the Chekhovian manner about a famous old architect who refuses to go indoors, and about the women who take care of him in various ways, has been accorded a first-rate production, under Marshall W. Mason's direction. Kevin McCarthy gives a truly distinguished performance in the title role, and Lois Smith is fine, too, as his loving, put-upon wife. (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, June 8.)

**IN PRAISE OF LOVE**—Rex Harrison, Julie Harris, and Martin Gabel make Terence Rattigan's little play about marriage in the middle years seem far more substantial than it really is. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

**LITTLE BLACK SHEEP**—A play by Anthony Scully about some foulmouthed priests in a Jesuit house of study in New Haven. (Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Wednesday through Saturday at 8, and Sunday at 7. Matinées Saturday and Sunday at 2. Closes Sunday, June 1.)

**THE MISANTHROPE**—A botched version of the stern Molière comedy, with startling performances by Alec McCowen and Diana Rigg. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 695-5858. Nightly at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2. Closes Saturday, May 31.)

**THE NATIONAL LAMPOON SHOW**—A sharp-witted, brutal, *often dirty, and often funny revue.* The four young men and one young woman who wrote and perform it are energetic and accomplished—John Belushi especially so. (New Palladium, 120 W. 51st St. 974-6740. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 8 and 10:15; Saturdays at 7:30, 9:45, and midnight; and Sundays at 7:30.)

**THE RITZ**—High jinks in a low homosexual bathhouse. Terrence McNally's farce is much easier to laugh at than to describe. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays and Thursdays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**RODGERS & HART**—Scores of standards, most of which sound as great as ever, but the production manages to be a boring one. (Helen Hayes, 210 W. 46th St. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**RUBBERS and YANKS 3 DETROIT 0 TOP OF THE SEVENTH**—A double bill by Jonathan Reynolds, directed by Alan Arkin. Season subscribers only. (American Place, 111 W. 46th St. 247-0393. Mondays at 6:15; Tuesdays through Thursdays at 7:30; and Fridays and Satur-

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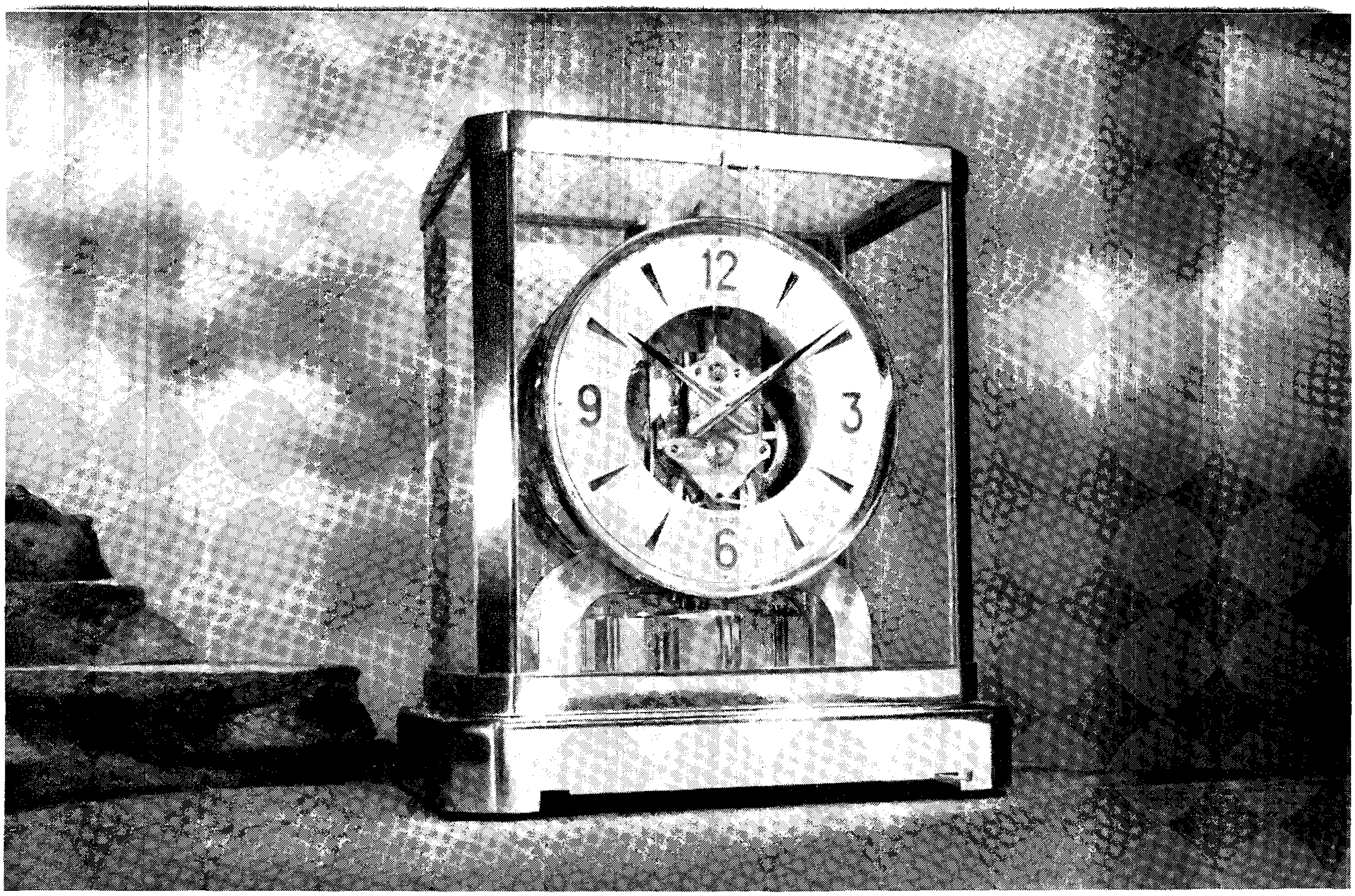

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days at 8. Matinées Saturdays at 2. Closes Saturday, June 14.)

**Same Time, Next Year**—A slick and sentimental comedy about happy marriages and a single, twenty-five-year-long, happy adultery, practiced annually. With Ellen Burstyn and Charles Grodin. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Shenandoah**—Hokum, though John Cullum sings bravely and well. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

**Sherlock Holmes**—Frank Dunlop's hilarious guying of the Doyle-Gillette classic, with John Neville as Holmes and Clive Revill as the infamous Professor Moriarty. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**The Taking of Miss Janie**—Ed Bullins' powerful, complex, and often funny play about the turbulent sixties. The setting is southern California, and much of the action takes place at a party that three black college roommates give for their black and white friends. (Newhouse, 150 W. 65th St. 362-7616. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

**Waiting for Mongo**—A melodrama, much of it consisting of the fantasies of a black youngster in Mississippi who is hiding out in a church basement from a lynch mob and the Klan. Silas Jones, the playwright, has written some good lines, and has even managed some effective comedy in the midst of nightmare and tragedy. There are strong performances by, among others, Bill Cobbs and Reyno. Douglas Turner Ward directed this final entry in the Negro Ensemble Company's season. (St. Marks Playhouse, 133 Second Ave., at St. Marks Pl. OR 4-3530. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays at 3:30 and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, June 15.)

**The Wiz**—An elaborate and mostly successful version of "The Wizard of Oz," with an all-black cast of great talent. Directed by Geoffrey Holder, who also did the costumes. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

**Women Behind Bars**—This takeoff on awful old movies, set in the Women's House of Detention in the Village, is often very dirty and almost always very funny. Tom Eyen is the playwright. With the remarkable Madeleine le Roux, as an empty-headed pyromaniac. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 5.)

**Long Runs**—**CANDIDE:** A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original, with Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 6,281 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **THE MAGIC SHOW:** A wretched musical, but the magic tricks by Doug Henning make up for it all. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 489-6392. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2 and 5.)... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, except May 28, and Saturdays at 2.)... **RAISIN:** Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old-fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays, Wednesdays, Fridays, and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

## BALLET AND DANCE

**New York City Ballet**—Tentative schedule—**REPERTORY:** Wednesday, May 28, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ The final program in a **RAVEL FESTIVAL** of music and dance (all of the remaining ballets are premières). Thursday and Friday, May 29-30, at 8, and Saturday, May 31, at 2 and 8: "Le Tombeau de Couperin," "Pavane pour une Infante Défunte," "Une Barque sur l'Océan," "Tzigane," "Gaspard de la Nuit," "Sarabande et Danse," "Chansons Madécasses," and "Rhapsodie Espagnole."... **REPERTORY:** Sunday, June 1, at 1: "Raymonda Variations," "Agon," and "Firebird."... ¶ Sunday, June 1, at 7: "Swan Lake," "Firebird," "Afternoon of a Faun," and "Western Symphony."... ¶ Tuesday, June 3, at 8: "La Source," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Pas de Deux," and "Who Cares?"... ¶ Wednesday, June 4, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Saltarelli," "Duo Concertant," and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 8: "Jewels."... ¶ Friday, June 6, at 8: "Raymonda Variations," "Sinfonietta," "Monumentum pro Gesualdo / Movements for Piano and Orchestra," "Scherzo à la Russe," and "Stars and Stripes."... ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 2: "The Goldberg Variations," and "Bugaku."... ¶ Saturday, June 7, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Duo Concertant," "Pas de Deux," and "Western Symphony." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 29.)

**Stuttgart Ballet**—Wednesday evening, May 28; Friday evening, May 30; Tuesday evening, June 3; and Wednesday matinée, June 4: "Eugene Onegin."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 29; Friday evening, June 6; and Saturday matinée and evening, June 7: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Saturday matinée and evening, May 31: "Swan Lake."... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday evenings, June 4-5: "Brouillards" and two American premières—"Arena" and "Voluntaries." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2. Through Saturday, June 21.)

**Rudy Perez Dance Theatre**—"Parallax," "Daddy's Girl," "Top Load / Offprint," "Transit," and "Mirrors." (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday, May 29—a benefit performance—and also Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8. For tickets, call 861-4200, Ext. 540.)

**Paul Sanasardo Dance Company**—Presenting the première of "A Consort for Dancers," choreographed by Mr. Sanasardo to the poetry of Anne Sexton, read by Marian Winters and William Weaver. (City Center Downstairs, 131 W. 55th St. Tuesday, June 3, at 8 [preview]; Wednesday, June 4, at 7:30 [benefit opening]; Thursday, June 5, at 2:30 and 8; Friday, June 6, at 8; and Saturday, June 7, at 2:30 and 8. For information about tickets, call 247-4230.)

## NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town.)

●

**Rainbow Grill**, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—**DAVE BRUBECK** brought something new to jazz when he came up in the early fifties—middle-class wholesomeness. He had a pompadour and glasses, and he looked affable and steady. He had a hi-mom smile and a safe, straight Kay Kyser presence. And so did his piano playing. It occasionally got worked up in a Wagnerian way, but most of the time it was out to the fields in the morning and back to the barn at night. Which is why Brubeck's musicians always upstage him, always carry the musical weight. For a long time, it was Paul Desmond, the extraordinarily graceful and witty alto saxophonist, and then it was Desmond and the grand drummer Joe Morello, and when they vanished it was Gerry Mulligan. Now Brubeck's children have grown up, and *they've* taken over their old man. Chris, who plays trombone, is off somewhere else at the moment, but Darius (after Milhaud, with whom Pop once studied) is on electric piano, and Danny is on drums. And there are three ringers in the band as well: the bassist Rick Kilburn, the tenor saxophonist Jerry Bergonzi, and the clarinettist Perry Robinson. The group plays "Take Five" and "Brother, Can You Spare a Dime?," and in between Brubeck talks about all the tough time signatures he's played in. Bergonzi has memorized every saxophone cliché of the past fifteen years, but Robinson, who has long hung out on the musical left, is a puzzle. Is he trying to parody Pee Wee Russell, or what? But none of this matters. One goes to the Rainbow Grill to dig the Rainbow Grill, which is the only night club in the world one would immediately move into, given the chance. And one goes to dig Tony May and Brian Daly, who not only manage the room handsomely but who saved it from being shuttered when they took it over last winter. (How many New York night clubs, to say nothing of restaurants, offer turbot?) The Brubecks, who play at nine-fifteen and eleven-thirty, leave on Saturday, May 31, and Lainie Kazan comes in the week after. Closed Sundays and Monday, June 2.

●

**Arthur's Tavern**, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—At the rear of this long and narrow, shabbily genteel barroom, Mabel Godwin sits at a piano from nine to three Tuesdays through Saturdays, obligingly singing and playing patrons' requests or whatever pops into her head. On Mondays: five or six part-time but nonetheless exuberant Dixieland musicians known as the Grove Street Stompers. Closed Sundays.

**Boomer's**, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—Easygoing, comfortable, and on the less beaten, western edge of Bleecker, this restaurant specializes in mainstream and out-there jazz and sixties-fashionable soul food. **JUNIOR MANCE** works with an enthusiastic and bluesy trio through Saturday, May 31. On Monday and Tuesday, June 2-3, trumpeter Charles Sullivan is here with a quartet; and Wednesday through Saturday, June 4-7, Joe Beck, an adroit wa-wa-pedalling guitar player, heads up a quintet. Music from nine-forty-five to three. Closed Sundays.

**Bottom Line**, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—An aptly named, giant-size concern where hordes of enthusiasts come to hear the

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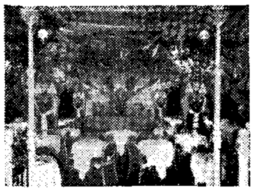

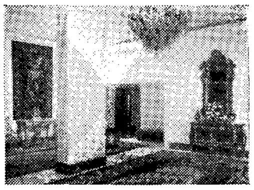

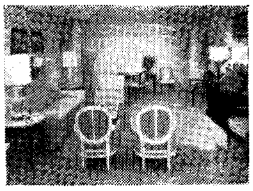

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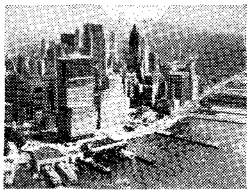

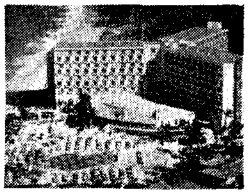

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

latest in rock, folk, and commercially successful jazz. Manhattan Transfer knocks out thirties, forties, and fifties routines opposite Canadian punk-rock singer Lewis Furey through Sunday, June 1. Monday through Wednesday, June 2-4, the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band plunges into its sure-thing repertoire of tunes by Hank Williams, Buddy Holly, Jerry Jeff Walker, and others. Sharing that bill is folksinger John Stewart. Beginning Thursday, June 5, rock singer and guitarist Elliott Murphy comes in with his band. Shows at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dinner.

**Bradley's,** 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—Pianist Barry Harris and bassist Bill Takas perform in this crowded, buzzing, wood-panelled bar Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty. Sundays, from nine-thirty to one, are devoted to **JAKI BYARD,** who, in the course of a single set, might duplicate the styles of James P. Johnson, Earl Hines, Bud Powell, and Béla Bartók. His trusty sidekick, Major Holley, a Slam Stewart-inspired bassist, slaps, bows, and hums along. Dinner.

**Buddy's Place,** 133 W. 33rd St. (736-2888)—**BUDDY RICH'S** new club is attractive, spacious, comfortable, and—rarest of the rare—clean. Rich has put together another big band, and it is a volcanic beauty, with some remarkable soloists. The rest of the show includes singer Lou Rawls and comic David Brenner. Shows at ten and midnight Mondays through Fridays, and at nine, eleven, and one on Saturdays. Supper. Closed Sundays.

**Carlyle Hotel,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—The classics of the twenties and thirties may be increasingly ill-used elsewhere but in the Café Carlyle they remain in safe hands. **BOBBY SHORT,** who has been singing them in a respectful and energetic voice for years, and who has lately been known to slip into this venerable repertoire such up-to-the-minute matter as "Send in the Clowns," is assisted by Dick Sheridan and Beverly Peer on drums and bass Tuesdays through Saturdays at nine-forty-five, eleven-thirty, and one. Dinner and supper. . . . ¶ Muriel Roberts, an industrious and swinging pianist, has taken over in the Bemelmans Bar, which appears to have become a permanent music room. Mondays through Thursdays from nine to twelve-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays from nine to one.

**Cookery,** 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—**DICK WELLSTOOD,** a subtle and inventive pianist, reproduces the raw materials—the emotions, the rhythmic patterns, the harmonic strengths—that the old-master pianists of the thirties and forties quarried their styles out of. He is playing by himself, which is as it should be; bass players simply bounce off his left hand. From eight until one every night except Sunday, when Dick Hyman takes over. On Monday, June 2, **HELEN HUMES** returns with some delicate ballads and some authoritative blues. She'll be accompanied by pianist Jerry Wiggins and bassist Johnny Williams; from eight-thirty to one. Dining.

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**Eddie Condon's,** 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The third version, and an attractive one. The house band is made up of Ed Polcer, Vic Dickenson, Herbie Hall, Jim Andrews, Red Balaban (a bassist, occasional vocalist, and the owner of the club), and Ronnie Cole. Tenorman Eddie (Lockjaw) Davis sits in on Tuesday, June 3. Pianist Red Richards plays from five to nine; the sextet takes charge after nine. Closed Sundays.

**Five Spot,** 2 St. Marks Pl., just east of Third Ave. (730-9270)—Trumpeter **DON CHERRY'S** current quintet, Organic Music, comprises tenor saxophonist Frank Lowe, drummer Billy Higgins, bassist Hakim Jamil, and Ricky Cherry, on piano. Cherry, who now makes his home on a farm in Sweden, has settled in for a two-week stint, hot on the heels of Cecil Taylor and Ornette Coleman, both of whom drew substantial numbers to these simple surroundings. Tuesdays through Sundays from around ten. On Mondays: **DAVE MATTHEWS'** twelve-piece band, made up of studio musicians who range from their twenties to their forties. Music from nine-thirty to two. On Sundays from five to nine: the Music Complex Jazz Orchestra, also made up of studio musicians. Like the old territorial bands it resembles, it doesn't always get the right sound in the right place, but it has enthusiasm and several impressive soloists. The pianist **JAKI BYARD** acts as the leader. Chinese and American snacks.

**Gregory's,** 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—The senior member of the threesome that plays swing tunes in this tiny bar is **SONNY GREER,** who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, beginning in 1919. **RUSSELL PROCOPE** carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typified Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-three-year-old **BROOKS KERR,** a stride stylist and an Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope, and helps generate the excitement. Wednesdays through Sundays from nine-thirty to three. Alto saxophonist **LEE KONITZ,** bassist John Beal, and pianist Dick Katz take over Mondays and Tuesdays, from ten to three. Pianist **AL HAIG,** guitarist Sam Brown, and bassist Jamil Nasser collaborate on Sundays from four-thirty to nine-thirty. Mondays through Saturdays Haig plays solo piano from six to nine.

Albert Hubbell

**Jacques at the Village Corner,** 142 Bleecker St., at LaGuardia Pl. (473-9762)—The operations at Jacques, a little retreat formerly in business farther west down Bleecker, have been transferred to the Village Corner, a pentagonal, high-ceilinged corner bar with an abundance of old, dark wood and mirrors. Lance Hayward is seated at the keyboard every night but Wednesday. On Sundays, Jane Valentine contributes vocals. Music from nine-thirty to three.

**Jimmy Ryan's,** 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—**ROY ELDRIDGE** is sixty-four, his hair is whitish, and he wears thick glasses, but the old drive is still there. His accompanists—Dick Katz or Cyril Haynes on piano, Eddie Locke on drums, Major Holley on bass, Joe Muranyi on reeds, and Bobby Pratt on trombone—provide camouflage for Eldridge during the early part of the evening and ballast during the later part. Music from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Max Kaminsky is in charge of a group of musical archivists from eight until two.

**Michael's Pub,** 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—Whatever jazz violinist **JOE VENUTI** touches turns to swing. With him are John Bunch and Milt Hinton and Bobby Rosengarden; through Saturday, May 31. On Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, drummer-band-leader Mel Lewis turns up with a quartet—pianist Walter Norris, bassist Paul West, and vocalist Laurie Johnson—which will alternate with the Venuti group. On Tuesday, June 3, **RED NORVO,** the patriarch of the vibraharp, begins working out with pianist Hank Jones and bassist Milt Hinton. Music from nine-fifteen to one. Then, on Mondays, from nine-thirty to midnight, Woody Allen comes and goes, talking of Lorenzo Tio. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

**Mikell's,** 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A restaurant on the tag end of a one-story, mall-like building that also houses a five-and-ten and other shops, and that looks like an afterthought sitting in the midst of upper West Side high-rise urban renewal. Bassist Gordon Edwards takes a capable quintet through some refined, unadulterated, and intricately laid-back rhythm-and-blues from ten until three, Sundays through Thursdays.

**Music Room,** 2871 Broadway, at 111th St. (866-2018)—The greatest hits of the fifteenth century—and some occasional ragtime, folk, and atonal music thrown in—are likely to be heard in this modest little restaurant and bar from seven until eleven. Many of the young professional musicians and singers who are here to display their skills (which vary in degree) in small ensembles or as soloists normally perform with such musical monoliths as the New York City Opera Orchestra, the Metropolitan Opera Orchestra, and the American Symphony Orchestra. A basket placed near the front of the dining room serves as a kitty, where patrons—mostly Columbia-area residents and upper West Side musicians—can drop contributions. Solo lutanists, pianists, singers, and guitarists abound during the week; Fridays and Saturdays are reserved for chamber trios.

**Rainbow Room,** 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—**SY OLIVER'S** band plays for dancing and listening on this sterling rooftop, from seven, every night but Sunday. Dinner.

**Reno Sweeney,** 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—Pianist Louis St. Louis and his trio alternate with folksinger Miribai in this pleasant mish-mash of glitter, business suits, and bluejeans; through Saturday, May 31. On Tuesday, June 3, two singers—Clifton Davis and Andrea Marcovicci—move in. Shows at nine and midnight. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dinner. Closed Sundays.

**St. James Infirmary,** 22 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (675-1343)—A jazz hideaway situated in a properly sombre basement but with an uplifting décor—a colorful wall of Art Deco cutouts and bright, white tablecloths. Pianist Hod O'Brian, bassist Cameron Brown, and drummer Beaver Harris form the house rhythm section for the following

# Pioneer's new High Polymer Molecular transducer technology will alter the course of high fidelity.

There's a significant new development in high fidelity that is destined to play a vital role in sound reproduction. It is intimately tied in with the piezoelectric principle.

The piezoelectric effect deals with certain crystal devices that flex when voltages are applied to them. Now, Pioneer has discovered a totally new application of the piezoelectric effect by applying the principle to ultra-thin aluminum coated high polymer film.

By employing this film as a low-mass diaphragm and applying audio signal voltages, the material expands and contracts uniformly generating acoustic energy. For the first time it becomes possible to transform electrical energy to an accurate acoustical equivalent. Such thin-film diaphragms properly mounted are capable of reproducing all music frequencies by means of an incredible "breathing" effect. The ramifications of this unique refinement of the piezoelectric principle are far reaching. Consider such immediate applications as microphones, cartridges, speaker systems and headphones — in fact, any type of electromechanical transducer requiring resonance-free performance.

There have been many attempts to create sound using diaphragm motion. For example, electrostatic speakers and headphones. But in contrast to the electrostatic principle, the new application of the High Polymer Molecular principle as discovered and perfected by Pioneer, requires no dangerous, high polarizing voltages.

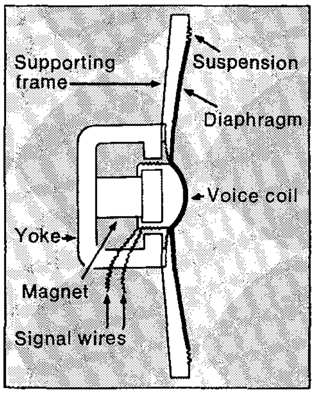

**Fig. 1 Principle of conventional dynamic headphones**

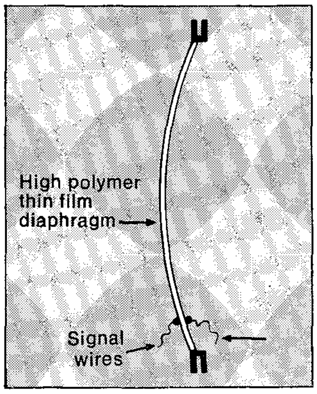

**Fig. 2 Principle of new Pioneer High Polymer Molecular headphones**

### The first totally new concept in headphones in over a decade.

Pioneer has successfully incorporated the High Polymer Molecular transducer principle in two new headphones that are unlike any others. Conventionally designed headphones use moving coils, miniature loudspeaker elements and other mechanical parts — as shown in Figure 1 — all of which come between you and your music. Pioneer's new SE-700 and SE-500 headphones don't. They employ a *single thin-film high polymer piezoelectric diaphragm* that reproduces sound directly, as shown in Figure 2. Only the diaphragm moves air — and moves it accurately, in exact conformance with the electrical signal applied directly to it. The accurate, low-distortion signals available from any standard headphone jack on your receiver or amplifier are directly translated to equally precise, low-distortion sound by the action of the high polymer film diaphragm. Nothing, absolutely nothing comes between you and the original sound.

Even though you may now own a pair of headphones, you owe it to yourself to hear these new piezoelectric high polymer transducer headphones. In fact, compare them with other types. You'll find a lower level of *distortion-free* sound than has ever been achieved — even at unprecedented volume levels. The experience of listening with these new Pioneer headphones is a revelation. In addition, the open-back design, light weight and soft, snug fitting earpieces permit hours of comfortable, private listening. You'll come away from your Pioneer dealer thoroughly convinced that Pioneer has altered the course of high fidelity.

SE-700—$79.95; SE-500—$49.95. Both are supplied with a 9¾ foot connecting cable, standard phone plug and storage case.

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SE-500
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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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itinerant jazzmen: **CHET BAKER**, who seems to have found a second home here (away from his Monday and Tuesday residence at Stryker's), is present Wednesdays and Thursdays; **ARCHIE SHEPP** makes an appearance on Fridays and Saturdays. On Sundays, the O'Brian-Brown-Harris trio is on its own; and on Mondays Joe Lee Wilson sings with support from saxophonist Monty Waters and his combo. Music from about ten. Closed Tuesdays.

**STRYKER'S**, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—A dark but friendly and attractive little upper West Side outpost where one can hear live jazz (and recorded soul, rhythm-and-blues, and similar Motown fare on its jukebox). Mondays and Tuesdays offer cool and placid **CHET BAKER** and his young, enthusiastic musical coterie; mainstream mellophonist Don Elliott heads a quartet on Wednesdays and Thursdays. Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, trumpeter **HOWARD MCGHEE** brings in his quartet; altoist **LEE KONITZ** returns with a quintet on Friday and Saturday, June 6-7. Sundays are claimed by the silken guitar duo of **CHUCK WAYNE** and **JOE PUMA**. Music Mondays through Thursdays from nine-thirty to two; Fridays and Saturdays from nine-thirty until three; Sundays from nine until two.

**STUDIO 77 / ALI'S ALLEY**, 77 Greene St., between Spring and Broome Sts. (226-9042)—A simple, unpretentious, but enormous music room converted from a ground-floor SoHo loft. The space, adorned with very large, colorful posters and other wall hangings, is devoted to the weighty and intense music of **RASHIED ALI** and his quartet—bassist Benny Wilson, saxophonist James Vass, and pianist David Durrah. Ali was John Coltrane's drummer during the final, most exploratory period of that innovator's career, and Ali has since used Coltrane's Ultima Thule as a base camp for further reconnoiterings. Music for the adventurous Thursdays through Sundays from ten to three. Soft drinks.

**SWEET BASIL**, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—Those who might mistake this exurban-looking establishment for a natural-foods vegetarian-hash house and, as a result, be put off will be pleased to learn that it is not only an exemplary restaurant and bar but a first-rate listening room. Wednesday and Thursday, May 28-29, Peter Newburger is at the keyboard, aided by bassist Michael Bocchicchio. Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, vocalist Jay Clayton, bassist Frank Clayton, and guitarist Masuo collaborate. Guitarist Charles Walker begins performing with his blues trio on Wednesday, June 4. Gene Bertoncini and Mike Moore are the Sunday musicians. The hours run from nine on Wednesdays and Thursdays, from ten on Fridays and Saturdays, and from eight on Sundays.

**TANGERINE**, 1057 Lexington Ave., at 75th St. (861-2521)—**ELLIS LARKINS** has landed in this bar-and-grill that echoes the thirties and forties, and is wheeling out his beautifully feathered and bejewelled Art Tatum ruminations on an in-tune upright. The fine Wilbur Little is on bass. Be advised that though Larkins' playing is mighty his sets are *mini*. Tuesdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Dining.

**TIN PALACE**, 325 Bowery, at 2nd St. (674-0566)—This establishment, despite its Bowery address, is not a Bowery bar. The clientele is, for the most part, an artsy crowd—an especially congested one after ten-thirty, when the music begins—of loft dwellers and musicians, and some listeners who don't live in lofts. Thursdays through Saturdays, flutist Lloyd McNeill and his exciting band—the very fine Cecil McBee on bass, electric pianist Dom Salvador, and drummer Buddy Williams—keep everyone satisfied with their infectiously rhythmic, Brazilian-flavored material. Sonelius Smith heads up a quartet on Sundays. Wednesdays, trumpeter Greg Bobulinski attempts some Clifford Brown-inspired acrobatics with his quartet. Dinner.

**VILLAGE GATE**, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—This medieval-looking former music fortress reverts to its old ways starting Friday, May 30, when pianist Ahmad Jamal takes the stage with his trio. Nightly, except Mondays, from ten to two.

**VILLAGE VANGUARD**, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—**SONNY FORTUNE**, a fine altoist, flutist, and creator of engaging, extended solos, finishes up with his quintet on Sunday, June 1. Joe Farrell, another talented reedman, arrives with a quartet on Tuesday, June 3. On Mondays, the **THAD JONES-MEL LEWIS** aggregation—sixteen or so of New York's finest studio men—assemble themselves and their instruments on the acutely angled bandstand. The band frequently lights into some rousing, hard-hitting material, but it also devotes its energies to a number of ballads that are, as a rule, less successful, often giving way to studied (and sometimes unstudied) looseness, musical punch lines, and clowning. Juanita Fleming has taken on the exacting task of replacing the band's dazzling vocalist, Dee Dee Bridgewater. Music from ten.

**WEST BOONDOCK**, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—A hanging tetrahedron made of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz by piano-bass duos help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Mondays through Wednesdays, David Lahm is at the keyboard, aided by bassist Rick Laird, and Thursdays through Sundays, pianist Chuck Fowler works with *his* bassist. Music from eight to two. Dinner.

**WEST END CAFÉ**, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—It's no wonder that this wood- and brick-walled beer-and-hamburger haunt serves as an extracurricular, off-campus student union—Columbia University is, after all, just across the street. What is noteworthy about the student population here is its undeniable but by no means square appreciation of thirties and forties jazz. Visiting musical professors have their say on the subject every night of the week: On Mondays and Tuesdays, Eddie Durham, a trombonist and one of the very first jazz guitarists (he took up the instruments in the twenties), pianist Ram Ramirez, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Shelton Gary perform. Wednesdays and Thursdays, **TINY GRIMES**, a bluesy, bebopping four-string guitarist who played with Art Tatum and recorded with Charlie Parker in the forties, frolics with a trio. A bop quintet takes the stand on Fridays, and on Saturdays and Sundays **JO JONES**, Paul Quinichette, Taft Jordan, and Ram Ramirez let loose some oldies. The music starts at nine. All this and student food at student prices.

## JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK CONCERTS

**JAMES TAYLOR**—Carnegie Hall. CI 7-7459. Wednesday through Friday, May 28-30, at 8.

**BAD COMPANY AND MAGGIE BELL**—Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, May 30, at 8.

**CLIMAX BLUES BAND AND CARAVAN**—Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 30, at 8. For information about tickets, call 757-9516.

**BLACK OAK ARKANSAS, GOLDEN EARRING, AND THEE IMAGE**—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 31, at 8.

**JOHN FAHEY**—A benefit concert. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. Saturday, May 31, at 8. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

**RETURN TO FOREVER (WITH CHICK COREA)**—Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 31, at 8.

**DUKE ELLINGTON ORCHESTRA**—A program of music by Duke Ellington, conducted by Mercer Ellington. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. Sunday, June 1, at 2:30. Tickets at the door on the afternoon of the concert.)

**TINY GRIMES TRIO**—New York Jazz Museum, 125 W. 55th St. Sunday, June 1, at 3, 4, and 5. No tickets necessary.

**KOOL & THE GANG**—Carnegie Hall. Friday, June 6, at 8.

**LYNYRD SKYNYRD, WET WILLIE, AND ATLANTIS**—Academy of Music. Friday, June 6, at 8.

**FRANKIE VALLI & THE FOUR SEASONS, JAY BLACK & THE AMERICANS, AND TOMMY JAMES & THE SHONDELLES**—Madison Square Garden. Friday, June 6, at 8.

**BENNY GOLSON**—Playing his own compositions, with the Collective Black Artists Ensemble, conducted by Jimmy Owens. (Town Hall. JU 2-4536. Friday, June 6, at midnight.)

## ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Tuesdays through Saturdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

### GALLERIES—UPTOWN

**MAX BECKMANN** (1884-1950)—Twenty-three drawings, dated 1909-50, and three bronze sculptures. Through Saturday, May 31. (Carus, 1044 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**MAURICE BRIANCHON**—Landscapes of the French countryside, still-lifes, and interiors. Through Saturday, June 7. (Findlay, 984 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**JAMES BROOKS**—Recent Abstract Expressionist paintings, in a show running concurrently with his show at the Finch College Museum of Art. Through Saturday, June 7. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

**MARC CHAGALL**—Graphics, plus six paintings. Through June 30. (Weintraub, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**JOSEPH CORNELL** (1903-72)—Twenty-nine of his boxes done between the late forties and the sixties, a display of memorabilia, and ten collages of the mid-sixties. Through June 14. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St.)

**JANET CULBERTSON**—A series of large ink and charcoal drawings that involve the female figure. Through June 28. (Lerner-Heller, 789 Madison Ave., at 67th St.)

**RON DAVIS**—Recent paintings. Through Saturday, May 31. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.)

**EMILY ELMAN**—Landscapes of Georgia marshlands and upstate New York, with emphasis on the cloud-flecked skies above them. Through June 10. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St.)

**MARTHA MAYER ERLEBACHER**—Figures, groups of figures, and still-lifes by a Philadelphia painter whose polished realism gives her human subjects, mostly contemporary, some of the quality of Medici portraits. Through Friday, May 30. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**NANCY GROSSMAN**—Male torsos depicted in collage style, built up of cutout pieces of paper pasted, and sometimes stitched, in place. Through Saturday, June 7. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.)

**GEORGE GROSZ** (1893-1959)—A large selection of oils, watercolors, and ink drawings from the Berlin period, 1912-33. Through June 28. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**NANCY HAGIN**—Realist paintings of still-lifes and interiors; first solo show in New York. Through June 13. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**JAMES C. LEONG**—Semi-abstract oils on galactic themes, such as barren moonscapes and cosmic upheavals. Through Saturday, June 7. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St. Open Mondays.)

**ALBERTO MAGNELLI** (1888-1971)—Examples of his early figurative paintings, as well as abstractions from later periods. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St.)

**WILLIAM ROBERTS / MICHAEL ZANSKY**—Stylized paintings of lighthouses and other coastal buildings by a Canadian artist who lives near the shores of Lake Huron. / Semi-abstract paintings, mostly suggesting distant views of cities. Through Saturday, May 31. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

**NORMAN ROCKWELL**—A benefit loan show of magazine-cover designs, oil sketches, and other works. Through June 28. (Gallery 1020, 1020 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Open Mondays.)

**MORTEZA SAZEGAR**—Squares of uniform size in varying shades of acrylic colors. Through Saturday, May 31. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St.)

**DOROTHY TABAK**—Abstract collage landscapes. Through June 14. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.)

**GROUP SHOWS**—At the **ALONZO**, 26 E. 63rd St.: A tenth-anniversary show of "small works." Among the artists: Lynne Drexler, Shozo Nagano, and Roy Shifrin. Through June 14. . . . **FAIRTREE**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: More than eighty artists are included in a show devoted to miniature and delicate works, some of them functional pieces in varied mediums, such as glass, wood, and ceramic. Through Saturday, May 31. (Open Saturday morning.) . . . **FELDMAN**, 33 E. 74th St.: Works on paper by eight artists, including Jud Fine and Hannah Wilke. Through June 27. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KNOEDLER CONTEMPORARY ART**, 19 E. 70th St.: Paintings by a group including Motherwell, Stella, and Poons. Through July 31. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **KRASNER**, 1043 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by a mixed cast of artists, notably Degas, Avery, and Nevelson. Through Friday, June 6. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . **LEFEBRE**, 47 E. 77th St.: Paintings by Pierre Alechinsky, Horst Antes, Asger Jorn, and other gallery artists. Through June 27. . . . **NICHOLLS**, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: "Flora and Fauna," a show of cartoons, magazine-cover designs, and watercolors by Charles Addams, Peter Arno, Whitney Darrow, Jr., Charles E. Martin, Warren Miller, Frank Modell, Mary Petty, George Price, Charles Saxon, William Steig, James Stevenson, and Barney Tobey. Through July 18. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5.) . . . **PERLS**, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Thirty works, among them two Modigliani portraits, a Picasso tapestry, and a Dali stage setting painted on glass. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **SHEPHERD**, 21 E. 84th St.: Nineteenth-century French figurative art, chosen to show the academic backgrounds of the painters, among them Ingres, Chassériau, and Puvis de Chavannes. Through June 28. . . . **STONE**, 48 E. 86th St.: Paintings by Susan Goodrich and Ray Kass, and sculptures by John Anderson. Through Friday, May 30.

**SCULPTURE**—At the **FORUM**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Indoor and outdoor pieces (in bronze, terra-cotta, and stone, for instance) by Lucchesi, Manzù, Gross, and others. Through Thursday, June 5. . . . **GIMPEL**, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: Bronzes from the sixties, mostly, by British artists Robert Adams, Barbara Hepworth, Bernard Meadows, and Henry Moore. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . **GRUENEBAUM**, 25 E. 77th St.: Five Constructivists—Abe Ajay, Stephen Edlich, Will Horwitt, J. Pindyck Miller, and Ulrich Niemeyer. Through June 14.

### GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

**LUIS CRUZ AZACETA / MICHAEL ISEN**—Large paintings of subway passengers (they seem to include crocodiles), done by a young Cuban-born Manhattanite in the gaudy style and colors of subway graffiti. / Painted-plaster sculptures of unusual subjects, among them a life-size bed with a rumpled sheet, a crazy quilt, and a pillow. Through Saturday, May 31. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Open Saturdays at noon.)

**SAUL BAIZERMAN** (1889-1957)—Five hammered-copper sculptures by a figurative artist. Through June 14. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St.)

**LEONARD BASKIN**—Bronze sculptures (one piece is nine feet high), drawings, and graphics. Through Friday, June 6. (Kennedy, 40 W. 57th St. Closed Saturdays.)

**MAX BILL / BRETT WHITELEY**—Paintings and sculptures by this Swiss artist, a Bauhaus graduate who took up where Mondrian left off and has worked his way through (and out of, he says) mathematical concepts of art. / Ink drawings with a kind of Oriental dash, by an Australian artist. Through June 14. (Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St.)

**DOUG DAVIS**—Eight videotapes, two of them showing the artist typing his thoughts, which also appear on the screen. Through Saturday, May 31. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

**EDWARD HICKS** (1780-1849)—A benefit loan exhibition of paintings by the American folk artist, who turned out sixty or more versions of the Peacable [*sic*] Kingdom, several of which are included here. Through June 28. (Crispo, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**HANS HOFMANN** (1880-1966) / **PAT LIPSKY**—Late paintings. Through June 27. / New abstract paintings. Through June 13. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Open Mondays.)

**HARRIET KLINE / DOLLY MORENO**—Semi-abstract watercolors with brushstrokes influenced by Chinese techniques. / Desktop-size sculptures—constructions, really—that are held together by magnetic force and invite do-it-yourself reassembly by the spectator. Through Saturday, May 31. (Selected Artists, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

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stainless-steel sculptures, 1958-74. Through June 20. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St.)

**Bridget Riley**—Six large oils and fourteen gouaches by an Optical artist who previously worked in black and white but has now turned to color, often with vertiginous effect. Through Saturday, May 31. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

**Leon Polk Smith**—New hard-edge paintings and collages. Through June 21. (René, 6 W. 57th St.)

**Wallace H. Smith**—Paintings of city scenes and sailing vessels that seem to belong in the Post-Impressionist era of, say, Vlaminck and Utrillo, yet were painted by a contemporary Missourian who follows his own star and gets around (France, Italy, Florida, the Michigan lake country). Through Saturday, June 7. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St. Open Mondays.)

**Roger Welch**—In 1960, a rowboat capsized in the Niagara River and a little boy was swept over the falls but miraculously survived. Mr. Welch has prepared an evocation of the event, shown simultaneously on two screens, one offering an hour-long, matter-of-fact video interview with the survivor, now twenty-four, and the other a scary 16-mm. closeup, taken from a helicopter, of the raging waters involved. Through June 28. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St.)

**Siet Zuyderland**—Fourteen paintings of Netherland prison interiors (including a particularly frightening restraining bed) and one of a West Side F.B.I. detention cell (the bars are bright yellow), done with steely precision in hard, enamel-like oils on paper by a Dutch artist whose fear of confinement is such that he says he will never break any law anywhere; first one-man show in New York. Through Saturday, May 31. (Esman, 29 W. 57th St.)

**Group Shows**—At DAVIS & LONG, 231 E. 60th St.: Paintings by Charles Conder, Robert Henri, James Morrice, and Maurice Prendergast, all of whom worked together in France in the eighteen-nineties. Through Saturday, May 31. . . . PARSONS, 24 W. 57th St.: Large abstracts by some of the gallery stars, including Kenzo Okada, Cleve Gray, and Hedda Sterne. Through June 13. (Closed Saturdays.) . . . PARSONS-TRUMAN, 24 W. 57th St.: Thirty-four artists, among them Steinberg, Murch, Masurovsky, and Thomas George, exhibiting works on paper. Through Friday, June 6. (Closed Saturdays.)

## GALLERIES—SoHo

**J. B. Cobb**—Architectural pieces composed of light, wood, paint, cloth, and masonite. Through June 12. (112 Greene Street.)

**Stephanie Kirschen Cole**—Collages made from fabric, stitching, and cancelled postage stamps. Through June 14. (Benedek, 145 Spring St.)

**Brenda Corbin and Peter McBain**—Wood and stone carvings of abstract and semi-abstract figures. Through Saturday, May 31. (Aames, 93 Prince St.)

**Gisela Fischer**—Drawings in mixed mediums, some incorporating cast cement; first solo show in New York. Through June 21. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

**Michael Goldberg**—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through June 13. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Saturdays.)

**Marcia Hafif**—Large color-field paintings, including one done directly on the wall. Through Saturday, June 7. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway.)

**Barbara Knight / Beatrice Riese**—Wall pieces made from wood, commercial packages, paint, ribbons, and found objects. / Paintings based on a grid. Through Wednesday, June 4. (55 Mercer Street.)

**Beverly Pepper**—Three big, angular steel sculptures, plus models and photographs of other works by this artist. Through June 27. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway.) . . . ¶ Three large pieces. Through Sept. 15. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the CALDWELL, 383 West Broadway: Paintings and drawings by gallery artists. Through June 28. . . . 14 SCULPTORS, 75 Thompson St.: Works in stone, plastic, wood, and metal (plus some drawings) by Jane Schneider, John McNally, Carolee Thea, and others. Through June 11. . . . LANDMARK, 469 Broome St.: Drawings by Charles DuBack, Helen Soreff, Esteban Vicente, and others. Through Thursday, June 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.) . . . O. K. HARRIS, 383 West Broadway: Ralph Goings, John Salt, and other artists showing paintings, and Mark Miller showing a conceptual piece. Through June 14. . . . SOHO 20, 99 Spring St.: Paintings, drawings, and sculptures by all eighteen members of this feminist coöperative. Through Thursday, June 5. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.) . . . WESTBROADWAY, 431 West Broadway: Paintings and other works by such artists as Lynda Benglis, Larry Rivers, and Keith Sonnier. Through Thursday, June 5.

## OTHER GALLERIES

**Hannah Achtenberg**—Landscapes. Through Sunday, June 1. (Grenvil, 118 Christopher St. Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 7.)

**Group Shows**—At the PRATT GRAPHICS CENTER, 831 Broadway, at 13th St.: Drawings by fifty artists (among them Willem de Kooning, Judy Lerner Brice, Robert Gordy, Michael Mazur, and William T. Wiley) representing all sections of the United States. Through Saturday, May 31. (Open Saturdays at 1.) . . . WALKER STREET GALLERY, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St., at Broadway: Paintings and other works by four artists. Through Saturday, June 7. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 1 to 5.)

## PHOTOGRAPHY

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**Manuel Alvarez Bravo**—During this century, there emerged a genre of photography (for which there should be a name but isn't) whose preëminent practitioners have been André Kertész and Henri Cartier-Bresson, and which is concerned with the forms and patterns that the camera can coax from the disorderly flux of life without scamping its function as an instrument of realism. The exhibition here of more than a hundred photographs, most of them taken in Mexico City between the twenties and the seventies, establishes this Mexican photographer as a major contributor to the form. One of the most dramatic illustrations of realism served by formalism is a picture of a dead man (he was a worker killed during a strike) lying on the ground with blood streaming from his scalp onto his face and soaking the ground. This subject of police photography is transformed by Alvarez Bravo into the matter of tragedy—a transformation achieved (one is surprised to realize as one studies his great statement about the precariousness of life and the finality of death) through a number of accidents of recurrent shapes and patterns, contrasts of dark and light, and decisions as to camera angle and cropping. In another characteristic work, five shabbily dressed men sitting on high bar stools have been decapitated by the interior darkness of the bar; a further facet of the picture's symbolism is a chain that links the stools together. An uncharacteristically bizarre photograph shows a nude girl stretched out asleep on a blanket; her ankles are bandaged, as are her stomach and thighs. (Her pubic hair is unconcernedly taking the air.) The explanation for it is a Surrealist show that André Breton was holding in Mexico City in 1938, to which he asked Alvarez Bravo to contribute, and this arranged photograph was how the request was filled. The show includes memorable portraits of, among other friends of Alvarez Bravo's, Cartier-Bresson, Diego Rivera, Sergei Eisenstein, and Rufino Tamayo. Through June 21. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Open Thursday evenings until 8.)

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**James Abbe** (1883-1973)—An exhibition of portraits made in the twenties and thirties by one of the most sought-after of photographers of stage and film personalities. Through Friday, June 6. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

**Charles Gatewood / Arthur Tress**—Photographs of people taken by the artist on his travels around the country. / Each photograph by this artist incorporates his shadow. Through Sunday, June 1. (Neikrug, 224 E. 68th St. Thursdays through Saturdays, 1 to 6; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**Arnold Genthe** (1868-1942)—A rare contemporary print of a cluster of people on a San Francisco hillside watching the city burn after the earthquake, together with a number of scenes of Japan and New Orleans, portraits of Isadora Duncan, Toscanini, Ezra Pound, and Mrs. Patrick Campbell (with her dog, Pinky-Panky-Poo), among others, and studies of nude or draped dancers. Through Saturday, May 31. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St.)

**Eikoh Hosoe / David Freund**—A series of narrative landscapes taken in Japan, most of them including the same person. / Suburban views of houses and trees. Through June 28. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

**Irving Penn**—Fourteen large platinum-print portraits, all done during the past year, of cigar and cigarette butts. Through Aug. 3. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**W. Eugene Smith and Aileen M. Smith**—An exhibition chronicling the long struggle of the victims of "Minamata disease"—mercury poisoning from industrial wastes dumped into the sea—to get reparation from the plastics company responsible. Through June 29. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Open Sundays.)

**Sherry Suris**—Photographs of Russian Jews taken shortly after their arrival in Israel, along with color photographs of Easter and Christmas services in Jerusalem and Bethlehem. Through Friday, May 30. (Nikon House, 437 Madison Ave., at 50th St.)

**Group Shows**—At the **camera club**, 37 E. 60th St.: Portraits, still-lifes, and other works in black-and-white and color by a group that includes Norman Rothschild, Ann Meuer, and Christopher Little. Through June 10. (Mondays through Fridays, 2 to 6.)... **elliott**, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.: French photography dating from the eighteen-fifties to the early nineteen hundreds and including daguerreotypes, calotypes, and collodion-process prints by Baldus, Le Gray, Atget, and others. Through June 30. (Open Mondays.)... **metropolitan museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.: A survey of landscape photography—on loan from many institutions—of the American West, 1860-85, with examples by Carlton E. Watkins, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Eadweard Muybridge, A. J. Russell, William Henry Jackson, and William Bell. Also on view are such items as a glass-plate camera from the period and stereo cards mounted in hand-operated viewers. Through July 6. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... **prints on prince street** (which, however, is located at 410 West Broadway, at Spring): A large exhibition of prints, many rare, by such luminaries of photography as Frederick H. Evans, Timothy H. O'Sullivan, Mathew Brady, Paul Nader, James Van DerZee, Eugène Atget, Lewis Carroll, Julia Margaret Cameron, Man Ray, Paul Outerbridge, Alfred Stieglitz, Paul Strand, Edward Weston, Walker Evans, Lisette Model, and Diane Arbus. Through Saturday, June 7.... **soho photo**, 30 W. 13th St.: Eight photographers, including August Sander and Paul Sussman. Through Sunday, June 1. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

**Metropolitan Museum**, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Robert Lehman Collection (some three hundred European paintings, more than a thousand drawings, as well as medieval and Renaissance bronzes, tapestries, furniture, glass, majolica, textiles, and jewelry) in a new and permanent installation, a section of which is a reconstruction of seven rooms from the Lehman residence.... ¶ An exhibition—part of a cultural exchange with Russia—of artifacts recovered from tombs of pre-Christian nomadic cultures. Included are ornate Scythian gold carvings (almost all for personal adornment) as well as objects of bronze, wood, felt, horn, and iron. Through July 13.... ¶ Recent paintings, among them eight large triptychs, by the contemporary British artist Francis Bacon. Through June 29.... ¶ Twenty-four bronze representations of Buddhist and Hindu deities, from India, Pakistan, and Southeast Asia, dating from the fourth century to the thirteenth. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ "Romantic and Glamorous Hollywood Design," a show of costumes worn by such film stars as Mary Pickford, Katharine Hepburn, and Barbra Streisand. Through Aug. 31. (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St.—A retrospective of the sculptures of the British abstractionist Anthony Caro, including about thirty large-scale pieces (mainly painted steel) and a few table pieces. Through July 6.... ¶ Drawings, all done between 1920 and 1929, by Moholy-Nagy, Sheeler, Léger, and others. Through June 15.... ¶ An exhibit of prints in which works on similar themes by artists of different generations are juxtaposed. Among those represented are Munch, Sloan, and Hockney. Through June 8. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **note:** The museum's sculpture garden, 8 W. 54th St., is open free, Fridays through Sundays, 6 to 10. On Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, there will be a concert of devotional music by the Mahavishnu Choir.

**Guggenheim Museum**, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Ceramic tiles, some mounted singly, others mounted in groups, by the noted painter Helen Frankenthaler. Through Sunday, June 1.... ¶ Forty-six recently acquired *paintings, sculptures, and works on paper.* Through Sunday, June 1.... ¶ An exhibit from the museum's collection of works completed in the sixties and seventies by Americans, among them Dan Flavin, Agnes Martin, and Jack Tworkov. Through Sept. 7. (Wednesday through Saturday, May 28-31, from 10 to 6; Tuesday, June 3, from 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Sundays, and Wednesday through Saturday, June 4-7, from 11 to 5.)

**Whitney Museum**, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—A retrospective of the work of the realist painter Isabel Bishop. Through Sunday, June 1.... ¶ Twentieth-century drawings (including watercolors) from the museum's collection, by George Ault, Georgia O'Keeffe, Alexander Calder, and others. Through July 13.... ¶ A survey of American art between 1900 and 1932 that documents the early history of the museum, from its origin in the Whitney Studio Club. On exhibit are paintings and sculptures by such artists as George Bellows, Guy Pène du Bois, and Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, as well as letters, photographs, and other related memorabilia. Through Sept. 3.... ¶ Oils by Jo Baer. Through July 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6; Tuesday evenings, 6 to 10, with no admission charge; Sundays, noon to 6.)

**Whitney Downtown Museum**, 55 Water St., two blocks south of Wall St.—A show of New York painting originating during the years 1941-47, including early examples of Abstract Expressionism by Willem de Kooning, Lee Krasner, Robert Motherwell, and others. Through June 11. (Mondays through Fridays, 11 to 3; Saturdays, noon to 6.)

**Brooklyn Museum**, Eastern Parkway—Nineteenth- and twentieth-century American paintings by, among others, Thomas Cole, Arthur B. Davies, and Albert Pinkham Ryder. Through June 29.... ¶ More than a hundred prints, all of them acquisitions of retiring curator Jo Miller, including examples by Bonnard, Hockney, Henry Moore, and others. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ Fourteenth- to sixteenth-century Southeast Asian ceramics. Through Aug. 31.... ¶ A loan show of more than a hundred ancient (from the fourth millennium) Middle Eastern stamp and cylinder seals.... ¶ A loan show of about fifty-five Japanese screen and scroll paintings from the fourteenth century through the nineteenth. Through Aug. 10. (Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Thursdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Museum of Natural History**, Central Park W. at 79th St.—A loan show of works (paintings, sculptures, pottery, textiles, for example) by contemporary artists from nine African countries. Through Aug. 17.... ¶ A loan exhibit of thirty handwoven Egyptian tapestries. Through July 20. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

**American Academy and National Institute of Arts and Letters**, Broadway at 155th St.—Works by newly elected members and recipients of this year's awards, among them the artists Paul Cadmus, George L. K. Morris, and Claes Oldenburg, and the poet Mark Strand. Through June 15. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 4.)

**Asia House**, 112 E. 64th St.—Khmer stone sculptures, Tibetan and Nepalese paintings, and bronzes from the Shang and Chou dynasties are part of an exhibit on loan from the

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# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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Musée Guimet, in Paris. Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**China House,** 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of jades, dating from 2000 B.C. through the Han Dynasty (220 A.D.). Through June 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

**The Cloisters,** Fort Tryon Park—"The Secular Spirit" is the title of a loan exhibit of about three hundred objects made for everyday use between 1300 and 1550, ranging from household utensils to works of art. Through Tuesday, June 3. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 1 to 5:45.)

**Finch College Museum of Art,** 62 E. 78th St.—A retrospective of paintings and drawings by the Abstract Expressionist James Brooks. Through June 8. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.) A complementary show is at the Martha Jackson Gallery, 32 E. 69th St.

**Morgan Library,** 29 E. 36th St.—More than a hundred and twenty-five drawings, most of them being shown for the first time, by a pivotal figure in American painting, Benjamin West (1738-1820). Included are the preliminary sketches for many of his historical and religious paintings as well as drawings by his son Raphael Lamar West. . . . ¶ Thirty recent acquisitions to the Mary Flagler Cary Music Collection, including the manuscripts for Brahms' "Hungarian Dances," and John Cage's "Three Dances." Both exhibitions through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**Museum of American Folk Art,** 49 W. 53rd St.—New York wood sculptures (decoys, cigar-store figures, and trade signs, for example) from the seventeenth century to the present. Through Sunday, June 1. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

**Museum of the City of New York,** Fifth Ave. at 104th St.—"How Grim Was My City" is an exhibition of photographs, documents, and objects intended to show that late-nineteenth-century New York was not the charming place that art and nostalgia have created but was a city of "grinding poverty, decimating disease, intolerable housing, filth, congestion, and crime.". . . ¶ An exhibit, including paintings, drawings, and costumes, celebrating great women of the New York stage. Both exhibitions through Sept. 1. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle—"Three Centuries of the American Nude," an exhibition stretching from a few works on classical themes by West, Peale, and Copley to the Pop and superrealist work of Ramos, Rivers, Wesselmann, de Andrea, and Pearlstein. Through July 13. . . . ¶ Contemporary Spanish painters. Through June 29. . . . ¶ A selection of porcelain, stoneware, and faïence, from the Royal Copenhagen Manufactory, typifying the company's designs from 1775 to the present. Through June 15. (Wednesdays through Sundays, 1 to 6.)

**New York Public Library,** Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—An exhibit (from the library's Berg Collection) centered on Elizabeth Barrett Browning and Robert Browning and containing first editions, autograph manuscripts and letters, and related memorabilia. Through Nov. 1. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

**Studio Museum in Harlem,** 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Paintings and drawings by a realist, Arthur Coppedge. Through June 30. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

## MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall is TR 4-2424 and for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459.)

### ORCHESTRAS

**New York Philharmonic Promenades**—At Avery Fisher Hall—Andre Kostelanetz conducting "Music for Dance and Drama" on Wednesday, May 28, at 8:30 (with dancers Johnna Kirkland and John Clifford); and "Imperial Russian Promenade" Thursday through Saturday, May 29-31, at 8:30 (with Jorge Bolet, piano). . . . ¶ Milton Katims conducting "Dropping in on the Twenties" Tuesday through Thursday, June 3-5, at 8:30 (with Michael Dominico, tap dancer, and Lorin Hollander, piano); and "Vienna Footlights" Friday and Saturday, June 6-7, and Tuesday, June 10, at 8:30 (with Johanna Meier, soprano; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; and Theodor Uppman, baritone).

**Harlem Philharmonic Orchestra**—Karl Hampton Porter conducting. (American Academy of Arts and Letters, 632 W. 156th St. Sunday, June 1, at 3. For tickets, call 865-5280.)

### RECITALS

**Vita Brevis**—Paul Dunkel, flute; Frederic Hand, lute/guitar/vihuela; Ursula Oppens, piano/harpsichord; and Merja Sargon, soprano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 28, at 8.)

**Ravi Shankar**—Sitar, with Alla Rakha, tabla, in a benefit concert. (Cathedral of St. John the Divine, Amsterdam Ave. at 112th St. Sunday, June 1, at 6. For tickets, call 541-7290.)

**Cathy Berberian**—Mezzo-soprano, in a recital postponed from March 21. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Tuesday, June 3, at 8.)

## SPORTS

**Baseball**—At Shea Stadium—Mets vs. Los Angeles, Wednesday, May 28, at 8:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. San Diego, Friday and Saturday, May 30-31, at 8:05, and Sunday, June 1, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Houston, Monday through Wednesday, June 2-4, at 8:05, and Thursday, June 5, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Mets vs. Atlanta, Friday, June 6, at 8:05, and Saturday, June 7, at 2:15.

**Crew**—Intercollegiate Rowing Association Regatta. (Onondaga Lake, Syracuse. Through Thursday, May 29.). . . ¶ Yale-Harvard Regatta. (New London. Saturday, June 7; varsity race at 6:30.)

**Motorboat Racing**—President's Cup Regatta. (Washington, D. C. Sunday, June 1.)

**Racing**—At **aqueduct:** Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, May 31. The Mother Goose, Saturday, May 31. . . . **belmont:** Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, June 2, through Saturday, July 26. The Edgemere, Monday, June 2, and the Belmont, Saturday, June 7. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.). . . **monmouth park,** Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 2, from Thursday, May 29, through Saturday, Oct. 4.

**Soccer**—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island—Wednesday, May 28, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Vancouver. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 4, at 7:30: New York Cosmos vs. Hartford. (For information about tickets, call 541-7290.)

**Pro Tennis**—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Boston, Wednesday, May 28, at 8. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. San Diego, Friday, May 30, at 8. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. For information about tickets, call 581-6622.)

**Track Meet**—World Pro Track Indoor Championships. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 28, at 7:30.)

**Trotting**—At **yonkers raceway:** Weekdays at 8; through Saturday, July 19. . . . **saratoga raceway,** Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 15.

**Yachting**—New York Yacht Club Regatta. (Long Island Sound. Saturday and Sunday, May 31-June 1.)

## ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

**The Great Outdoors**—Through Sunday, June 8, the semiannual Washington Square Outdoor Art Exhibit will be on view daily, from noon until sundown. . . . ¶ On Sunday, June 1, there will be a conducted tour of the East Seventies, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, starting at St. Jean Baptiste Church, Lexington Ave. at 76th St., at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672. . . . ¶ The New York Flea Market (Sixth Ave. at 25th St.) is open every Sunday, weather permitting, from noon to 7.

**Auctions**—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Friday, May 30, at 2: European works of art, including tapestries, stained glass, and furniture; from many sources. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 31, at 10:15 and 2: American-Indian art and pre-Columbian art, belonging to J. C. Leff and others. . . . ¶ Wednesday, June 4, at 10:15 and 2: Nineteenth-century European paintings, from many sources. Exhibition starts Thursday, May 29. . . . ¶ Thursday, June 5, at 2: Jewelry, from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 31.

## COMING EVENTS

(A checklist for readers who plan ahead.)

**Baseball**—At Shea Stadium—**mets:** Vs. Atlanta, June 8 (day). Pittsburgh, June 20 (night) and June 21-22 (d). St. Louis, June 23 (twi-night doubleheader) and June 24-25 (n). Philadelphia, June 27 (n), June 28 (d), and June 29 (day doubleheader). Chicago, June 30-July 2 (n) and July 3 (d). . . . **yankees:** Vs. California, June 9-10 (night). Minnesota, June 11 (n) and June 12 (at 4:15). Chicago, June 13-14 (n) and June 15 (day). Milwaukee, June 16 (n), June 17 (twi-night doubleheader), and June 18 (n). Baltimore, July 4 (n), July 5 (d), and July 6 (day doubleheader). Texas, July 7-9 (n). Minnesota, July 10-12 (n) and July 13 (d).

**Crew**—Henley Royal Regatta. (Henley-on-Thames, England. July 3-6.)

**Racing**—At **atlantic city,** Mays Landing, N.J.: June 9-July 28. . . . **ascot,** England: Royal Ascot Race Meeting, June 17-20. . . . **woodbine,** Toronto: The Queen's Plate, June 28.

**Soccer**—At Downing Stadium, Randall's Island: New York Cosmos vs. Toronto, June 18. . . . ¶ New York Cosmos vs. Boston, July 9.

**Tennis**—International Lawn Tennis Championships. (Wimbledon, England. June 23-July 5.). . . ¶ U.S.T.A. Men's and Women's Amateur Grass Court Championships. (Newport Casino, Newport, R.I. July 10-20.)

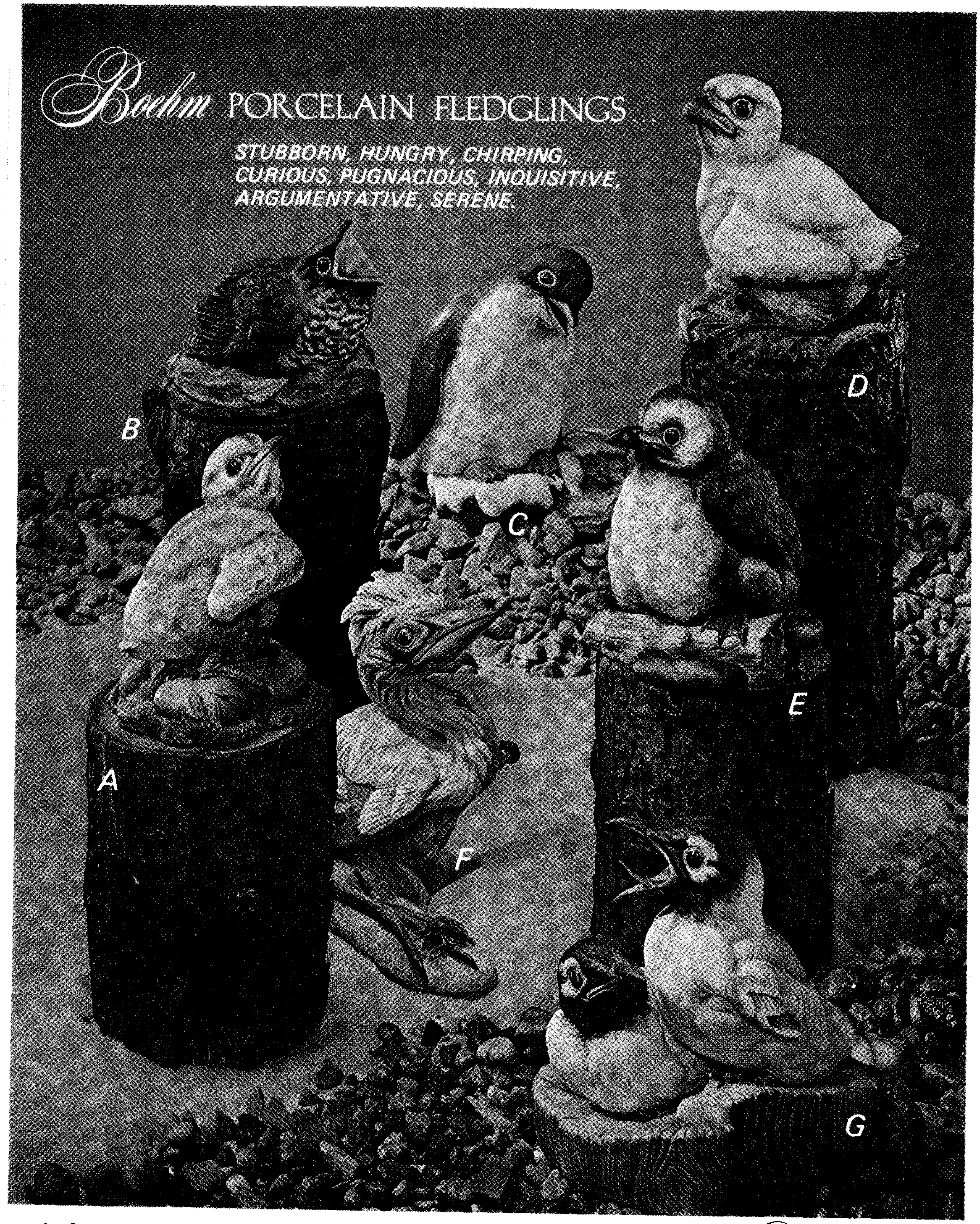
**Trotting**—At Historic Track, Goshen: June 30-July 4.

**Yachting**—Start of the Annapolis-to-Newport race, June 14. . . . ¶ Start of the Newport-to-Cowes, England, race, June 29.

**Music**—**metropolitan opera house** (787-3880) Bolshoi Opera, June 25-July 19. . . . **avery fisher hall** (TR 4-2424): The New York Philharmonic's Rug Concerts, June 18-29. . . . **out of doors and out of town:** Guggenheim Outdoor Concerts by the Goldman Band in Damrosch Park, Lincoln Center, June 18-Aug. 10. . . . ¶ Newport Jazz Festival-New York (Avery Fisher Hall, Carnegie Hall, Radio City Music Hall, Nassau Coliseum, a Hudson River boat, and the Roseland Ballroom at one time or another), June 27-July 6. . . . ¶ Caramoor Festival, Katonah, N.Y., June 28-Aug. 24. . . . ¶ The Metropolitan Opera will present a concert performance of "Madame Butterfly" in Central Park on July 1. . . . ¶ Berkshire Festival, Lenox, Mass., July 4-Aug. 24. . . . ¶ Saratoga Performing Arts Center, July 9-Aug. 23.

**Ballet and Dance**—Paul Taylor Dance Company, at the Lyceum Theatre, June 10-15. . . . ¶ Nikolais Dance Theatre, at the New York University Theatre, June 18-30. . . . ¶ Margot Fonteyn, Rudolf Nureyev, and the Martha Graham Dance Company, at the Uris Theatre, June 19. . . . ¶ American Ballet Theatre, at the New York State Theatre, July 1-Aug. 9.

**Other Dates**—Second-quarter Federal, New York State, and New York City income-tax payments are due Monday, June 16. . . . ¶ June Flower Show, at the Horticultural Society of New York, 128 W. 58th St., June 18. . . . ¶ The first day of summer is June 21. . . . ¶ The Fourth of July falls on a Friday.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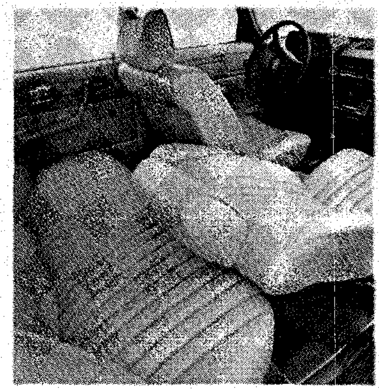

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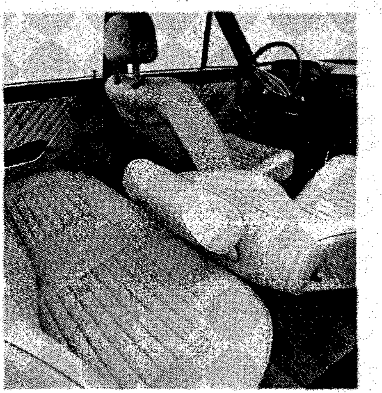

**AUDI 100LS**

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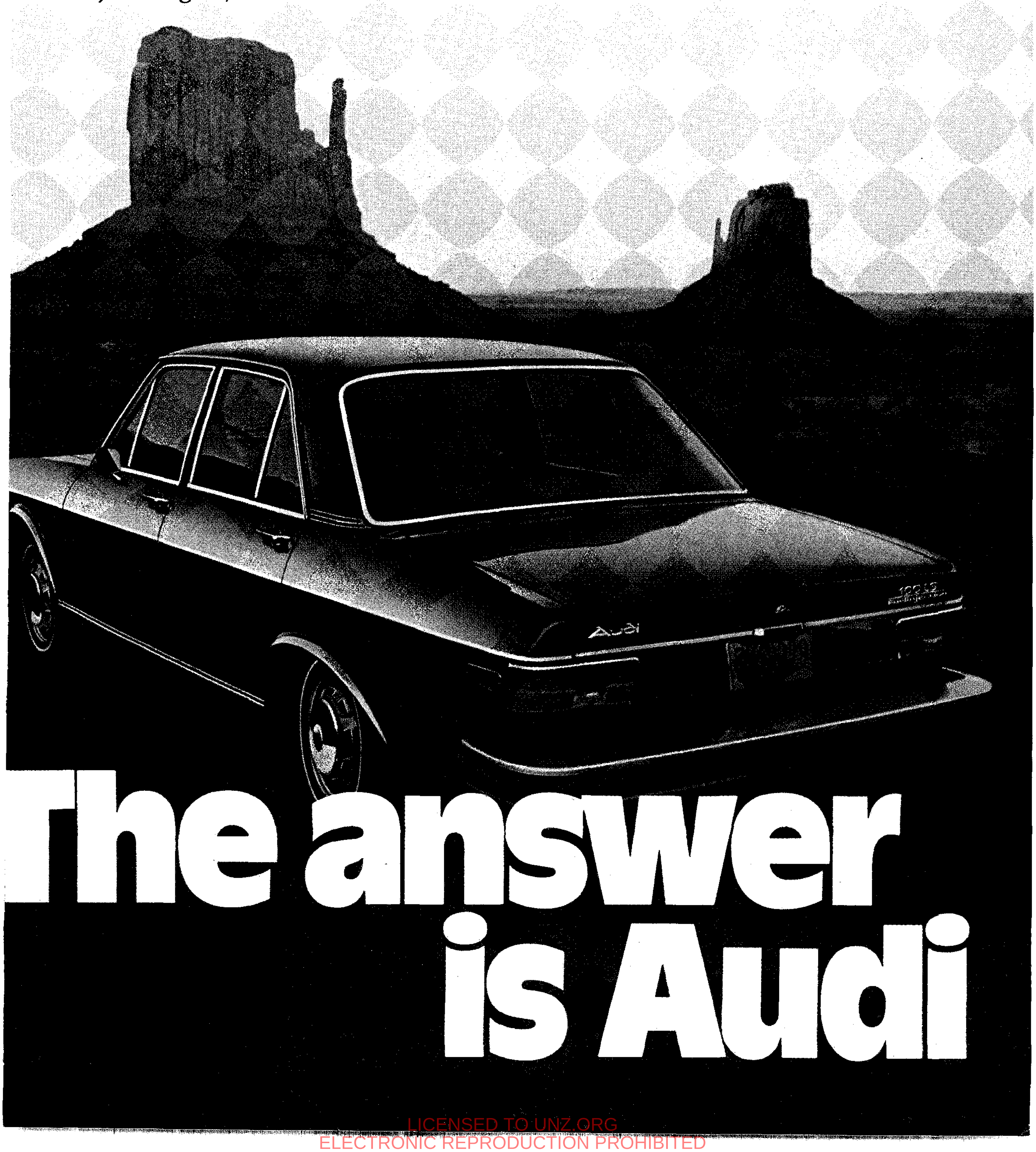

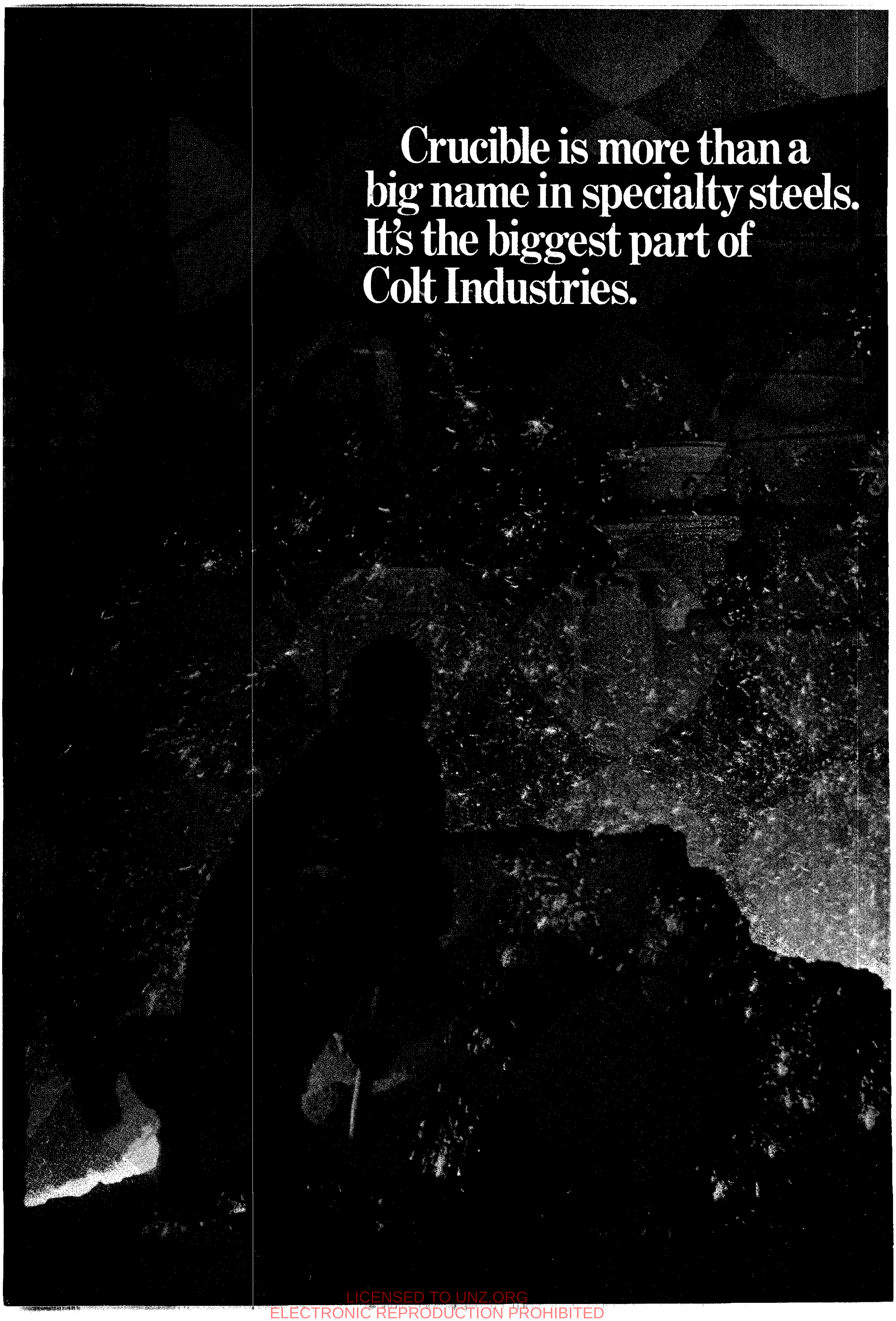
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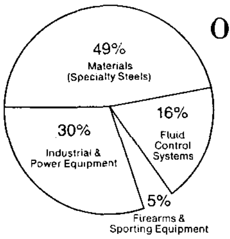

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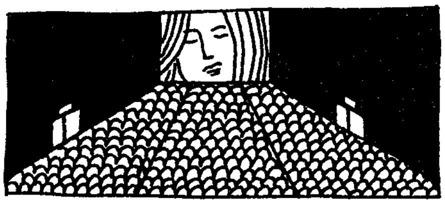
# GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

## THE MOVIE HOUSES



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### THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

### EAST SIDE

**Art**, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through June 3: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 4: "Lancelot of the Lake."

**Theatre 80 St. Marks**, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 31: "History Is Made at Night" and "Easy Living."
June 1-3: "Broadway Melody of 1938" and "Broadway Melody of 1940."
June 4-5: "Saratoga" and "The Secret Six."

**St. Marks Cinema**, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (777-1955)
Through June 3: "Lenny" and "The Boys in the Band."
From June 4: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."

**Cinema Village**, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"The Godfather, Part II."

**Gramercy**, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through June 3: "Lenny."
From June 4: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

**Murray Hill**, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"French Connection II."

**34th St. East**, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
"The Eiger Sanction." (Evening performances only on Friday, May 30.)

**Eastside Cinema**, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

**Sutton**, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
"The Prisoner of Second Avenue."

**Trans-Lux East**, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"French Connection II."

**Fine Arts**, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Children of Rage."

**Plaza**, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Happy Hooker."

**Baronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York."

**Coronet**, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"The Fortune."

**R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1**, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"The Reincarnation of Peter Proud."

**R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2**, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

**D. W. Griffith**, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
May 28: "Lulù the Tool."
May 29: "Juliet of the Spirits" and "8½."
May 30: "Thieves Like Us" and "The Long Goodbye."
May 31: "Get to Know Your Rabbit" and "Greetings."
June 1: "Women in Love" and "Savage Messiah."
June 2: "Juggernaut" and "The Knack."
June 3: "Walkabout" and "Don't Look Now."
June 4: "This Man Must Die" and "Le Boucher."
June 5: "Law and Disorder" and "Born to Win."

**Cinema I**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Day of the Locust."

**Cinema II**, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Monty Python and the Holy Grail."

**Columbia I**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"And Now for Something Completely Different."

**Columbia II**, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"Shampoo."

**Beekman**, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"The Eiger Sanction."

**68th St. Playhouse**, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through June 5 (tentative): "The Middle of the World."

**Loews Tower East**, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"Funny Lady."

**72nd Street East**, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through June 3: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 4: "Murder on the Orient Express."

**Juliet 1**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
Through June 3: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."
From June 4: To be announced.

**Juliet 2**, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
To be announced.

**Trans-Lux 85th St.**, Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
To be announced.

**U. A. East**, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Passenger."

**Loews Orpheum**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
"Breakout."

**Loews Ciné**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
"Lepke."

**86th St. East**, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"The Return of the Pink Panther."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Mandingo."

**R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2**, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
"Cornbread, Earl and Me."

### WEST SIDE

**Bleecker St. Cinema**, 144 Bleecker St. (Separate admissions; call 674-2560 for particulars.)
May 28: "Day for Night"/A program of short films and one full-length film.
May 29: "Badlands"/"Two Daughters," and one other film.
May 30-31: "The Ruling Class"/"The King of Marvin Gardens," and one other film.
June 1: "Painters Painting"/"The Lady from Shanghai"/"The Ruling Class," and one other film.
June 2: "The Girls"/"Primate," and one other film.
June 3: "The Girls"/"The Playboy of the Western World"/"Antonia: Portrait of the Woman," and one other film.
June 4: "End of the Road"/"The Captain of Koepenick," and one other film.
June 5: "End of the Road"/"The Testament of Dr. Mabuse," and one other film.

**Waverly**, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)
"Shampoo."

**8th St. Playhouse**, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through June 3: "A Brief Vacation."
From June 4: "And Now My Love."

**Greenwich**, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"The Passenger."

**Quad Cinemas 1, 2, 3,** and **4**, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through June 3 at one or another of the theatres: "Young Frankenstein" and "Harold and Maude"/"If a Woman Calls" and "Lady on a Couch"/"The Great Waldo Pepper."... ¶ Through May 31: "M" and "Metropolis."... ¶ June 1-3: "Blood of a Poet," "Lot in Sodom," "Un Chien Andalou," and "Young and Innocent."
From June 4: To be announced.

**Elgin**, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
May 28: "The Third Man" and "Touch of Evil."
May 29: "The Go-Between" and "Accident."
May 30-31: "And Now for Something Completely Different" and "Head."
June 1: One performance, at noon, of "Plisetskaya Dances."
June 1-2: "Persona" and "The Touch."
June 3: "La Guerre Est Finie" and "State of Siege."
June 4: "The Great Gatsby" and "Borsalino."
June 5: "Fat City" and "Beat the Devil."

**Bijou**, 209 W. 45th. (869-1537)
"Crime and Punishment."

**New Embassy**, B'way at 46th. (PL 7-2408)
"Earthquake."

**Guild**, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore."

**Music Hall**, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
"The Wind and the Lion."

**Ziegfeld**, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
"Tommy."

**Festival**, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"A Brief Vacation."

**Playboy**, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through June 3: "Chinatown" and "The Conversation."
From June 4: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "California Split."

**Little Carnegie**, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"The Passenger."

**Carnegie Hall Cinema**, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
May 28: "Deep End" and "Walkover."
May 29: "The Last Laugh" and "Variety."
May 30: "Twentieth Century" and "I Was a Male War Bride."
May 31: "The Graduate" and "Carnal Knowledge."
June 1: "Tales of Hoffmann" and "Prince Igor."
June 2: "Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach" and "Not Reconciled."
June 3: "Rachel, Rachel" and "The Effect of Gamma Rays."
June 4-5: "Monika" and "Summer Interlude." (No evening performances on Wednesday, June 4.)

**Paris**, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Le Secret."

**Paramount**, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
"The Godfather, Part II."

**Cinema Studio**, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
"A Brief Vacation."

**Regency**, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
"The Invitation."

**Embassy 72nd St.**, B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
"L'Chaim—To Life" and "Topele."

**Loews 83rd St.**, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
"Shampoo."

**New Yorker**, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
"Breakout."

**Symphony**, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through June 3: "Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore" and "Mean Streets."
From June 4: "Posse."

**Thalia**, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
"The Passenger."

**Olympia**, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through June 3: "Amarcord" and "The King of Marvin Gardens."
From June 4: "Lenny" and another feature, to be announced.

## FILM LIBRARIES

**Museum of Modern Art**, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—Ten programs in a series of films directed by D. W. Griffith: May 29 at 5:30: "True Heart Susie" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron.... May 29 at 8: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home" (1919), with Carol Dempster and Richard Barthelmess.... May 30 at 2: "True Heart Susie."... May 31 at 3: "The Girl Who Stayed at Home."... May 31 at 5:30: "The Greatest Question" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron.... June 1 at 5:30: "Broken Blossoms" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Richard Barthelmess.... June 2 at 2: "Scarlet Days" (1919), with Richard Barthelmess and Carol Dempster.... June 2 at 5:30: "The Greatest Question" (1919), with Lillian Gish and Robert Harron.... June 5 at 5:30: "Scarlet Days."... June 5 at 8: "Broken Blossoms." In conjunction with this series, the museum is showing (through June 29) stills, posters, production records, music scores, scripts, and correspondence relating to Griffith's films, career, and working methods.... ¶ Other, non-Griffith, films scheduled during this period are: May 28 at 5:30: "When Willie Comes Marching Home" (1950), directed by John Ford, with Dan Dailey and Corinne Calvet.... May 30 at 5:30 and May 31 at noon: "The New Earth" (1934), in Dutch, directed by Joris Ivens, no English subtitles; "Granton Trawler" (1934), directed by Edgar Anstey and John Grierson; and "Easter Island" (1934), in French, directed by John Ferno and Henri Storck, no English subtitles....

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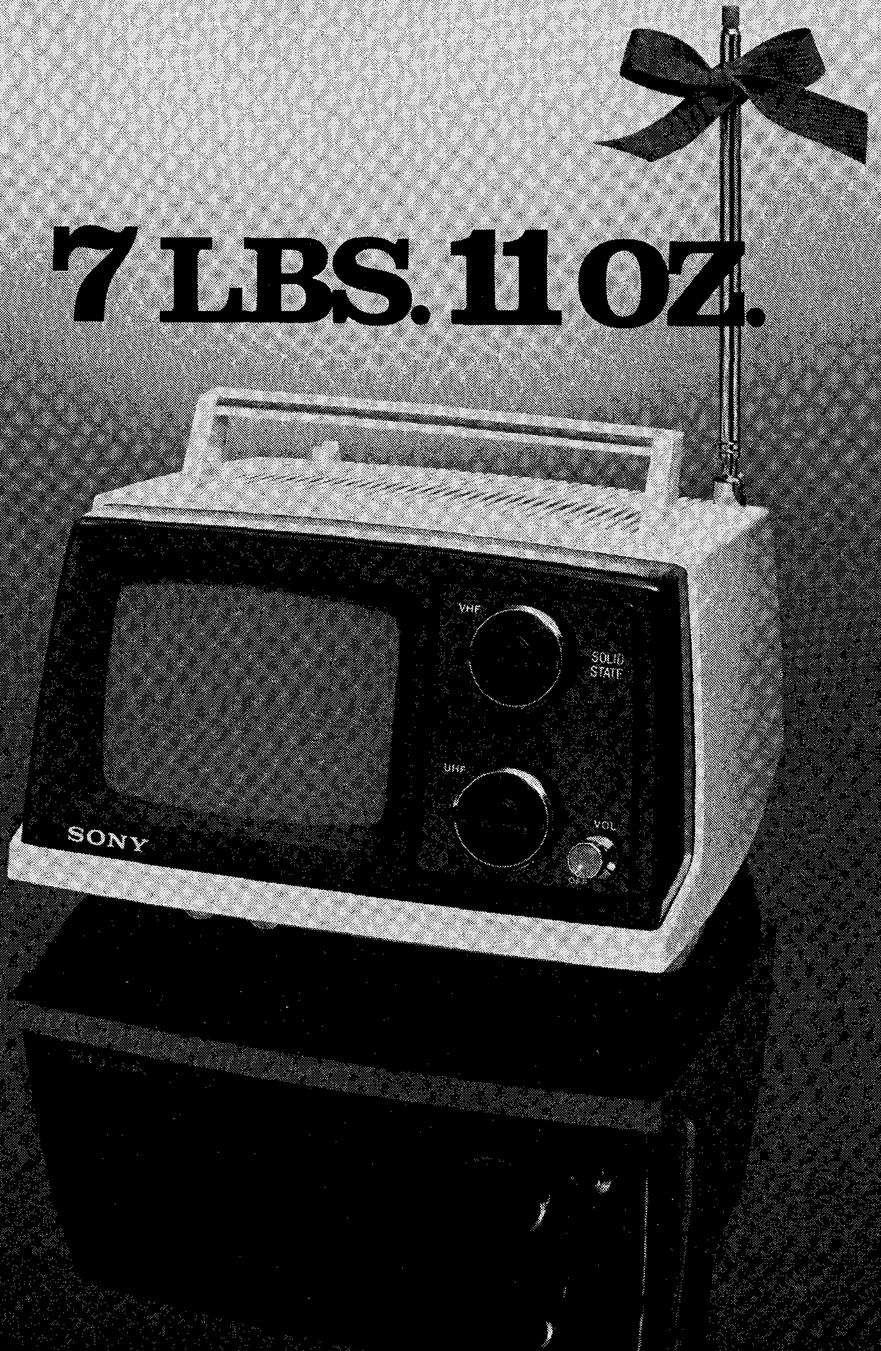

June 1 at 12:30 and 3: "Road to Rio" (1947), directed by Norman Z. McLeod, with Bing Crosby and Bob Hope.... June 3 at 2: "Where the Sidewalk Ends" (1950), directed by Otto Preminger, with Gene Tierney and Dana Andrews.... June 3 at 5:30: "Dry Summer" (1964), in Turkish, directed by Ulvi A. Dogan; English subtitles.... June 4 at 5:30: "Where the Sidewalk Ends." (A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Tickets for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 7:30.)

**New York Cultural Center,** 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 29: "The Emperor Waltz" (1948), directed by Billy Wilder, with Bing Crosby and Joan Fontaine.... ¶ May 30: "Front Page Woman" (1935), directed by Michael Curtiz, with Bette Davis and George Brent.... ¶ May 31-June 1: "Blondie of the Follies" (1932), directed by Edmund Goulding, with Marion Davies and Robert Montgomery.... ¶ June 5: "Glamour" (1934), directed by William Wyler, with Constance Cummings and Paul Lukas. (Showings Thursdays through Sundays at 3:30 and 5:30: A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 1 on the day of the showing.)

**Anthology Film Archives,** 80 Wooster St. (226-0010)—Programs by Broughton, Brakhage, Bresson, Taubin, Grant, Buñuel, Dreyer, Cocteau, and others. Showings May 28 at 5, 7, and 9:30; May 29 at 5, 7:30, and 10; May 30 at 6 and 8; May 31 at 2:30, 6, 8, and 10; June 1 at 8; and June 3-5 at 5, 7, and 9:30.

## IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

**Accident** (1967)—Joseph Losey and his scenarist, Harold Pinter, use sexual desperation amid the beauty of Oxford in summertime to make our flesh crawl. A clever comedy of depravity—uneven, unsatisfying, but with virtuoso passages of calculated meanness. As a weakling philosophy don, Dirk Bogarde goes through his middle-aged-frustration specialty brilliantly. Stanley Baker is properly swinish, and the ladies include Vivien Merchant, and Delphine Seyrig as a dumb blonde. (Elgin; May 29.)

**Alice Doesn't Live Here Anymore**—Ellen Burstyn stars in this Martin Scorsese comedy, from an original script by Robert Getchell, about a thirty-five-year-old widow who sets out with her young son to make a new life. Full of funny malice and breakneck vitality, it's absorbing and intelligent even when the issues it raises get all fouled up. With Harvey Keitel, Kris Kristofferson, Valerie Curtin, Lelia Goldoni, Lane Bradbury, Diane Ladd, and, as the son, wire-drawn little Alfred Lutter, who has crack comedy timing. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/13/75.) (Guild.... ¶ Art, 72nd Street East, Juliet 1, and Symphony; through June 3.... ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and Playboy; starting June 4.)

**Amarcord**—Directed by Fellini, a reversion to the great days of his "8½," but even more beautiful and detailed. The film is set in small-town Italy at the beginning of Fascism, as seen through the eyes of a boy (Bruno Zanin), and it catches the sense of Italianate fun, the small-town self-importance that Fellini understands and loves. In Italian. (9/23/74) (Olympia; through June 3.)

**And Now for Something Completely Different** (1972)—Selected skits from the BBC-TV series called "Monty Python's Flying Circus." (Columbia I.... ¶ Elgin; May 30-31.)

**And Now My Love**—A winsome love story that believes firmly in the predetermination of love and in the gifts of Lelouch. The film includes one of those cinéastes' *hommages*—an unusual one, to a movie by Lelouch himself ("A Man and a Woman"). The man in the current movie (André Dussollier) is a poor but honest jailbird who turns to porno filmmaking, then to commercial filmmaking, then to a future of Lelouch-like, snow-white feature filmmaking about life, love, and death; this takes him to America, travelling first-class. The girl (Marthe Keller), rich but also honest, and very, very bored, inherits a fortune from her father (Charles Denner). She becomes a Socialist, gives away her fortune, throws on a simple mackintosh, goes to the airport (in a chauffeur-driven car), and travels to America. She, too, goes first-class, in spite of her Socialism, because she and André Dussollier have been fated to meet all through the film: in a Lelouch movie, love and the director's sense of convenience conquer all. Story and screenplay by Lelouch and Peter Uytterhoeven. In French. (4/7/75) (8th St. Playhouse; starting June 4.)

**Antonia: A Portrait of the Woman**—A documentary about a lone woman musician, Dr. Antonia Brico, who is a born teacher but also a born conductor; she would like to conduct five times a month but can get engagements only five times a year because of her sex. The film is made with warmth and no propaganda, and it shows us that Dr. Brico has had to overcome a shyness that stood in the way of a longing for the gregarious. (9/16/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 3.)

**Badlands** (1973)—Set at the end of the fifties, Terrence Malick's début picture is about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), who start a murderous spree in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant, and their moral vacuum spreads over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation—but so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)

**Beat the Devil** (1954)—Humphrey Bogart (married to Gina Lollobrigida), a pack of uranium swindlers that includes Robert Morley and Peter Lorre, and a compulsive liar played by a blond Jennifer Jones. These are just a few of the oddly assorted ingredients in this classic put-on international thriller written by Truman Capote and John Huston, and directed by the latter. (Elgin; June 5.)

**The Blood of a Poet** (1930)—Jean Cocteau's enigmatic account of a poet's dreams and ecstasies and obsession with the unknown. Composed in four illogical, timeless sequences that happen in the instant that a chimney topples. Almost twenty years later, in his "Orpheus," Cocteau orchestrated the themes set down in this first film. It may seem somewhat static and autoerotic while one sees it, but it is peculiarly suggestive, and it has been enormously influential. In French. (Quad Cinema; June 1-3.)

**Born to Win** (1971)—An unjustly neglected film. Maybe the mixture of moods (comedy and horror) frightened off the producers: they didn't open it, they just let it out. George Segal gives his most prodigious and imaginative performance as a hipster junkie who is so giddy that he really digs the hustling lower depths he inhabits. The film isn't totally satisfying, but when it's good, it's pretty damned good. With Karen Black, Jay Fletcher, and Paula Prentiss. Ivan Passer directed, from David Scott Milton's screenplay. (D. W. Griffith; June 5.)

**Borsalino** (1970)—Alain Delon (who looks great in evening clothes) and Jean-Paul Belmondo as hoods in the Marseilles of the thirties. A handsome production, but the spoof falters. Jacques Deray directed. In French. (Elgin; June 4.)

**Le Boucher** (1969)—Another tone poem on a thriller theme by Claude Chabrol; he provides all the elements for a thriller except the zinger. This fluid, beautifully controlled, but very minor film was shot in a serene village in the Périgord and features the elegant Stéphane Audran, with Jean Yanne as the melancholy, frustrated butcher. In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 4.)

**The Boys in the Band** (1970)—A gathering of homosexuals like the gathering of bitchy ladies in "The Women," but with a forties-movie bomber-crew cast: a Catholic, a Jew, a Negro, a hustler, one who is butch, and one who is nellie, and so on. They crack jokes while their hearts are breaking. William Friedkin directed Mart Crowley's adaptation of his own play. (St. Marks Cinema; through June 3.)

**Breakout**—A jailbreak by helicopter. With Charles Bronson and Robert Duvall, directed by Tom Gries. (Loews Orpheum, and New Yorker.)

**A Brief Vacation**—Vittorio De Sica's final collaboration with the scriptwriter Cesare Zavattini was on this story of Clara (Florinda Bolkan), a Calabrian peasant who is a factory worker in Milan; resentful, beaten down to a morose stupor, she's also oppressed by her husband (Renato Salvatori), who uses her sexually as if she were a farm beast he owned. When she collapses and is sent to a sanatorium in northern Italy to be cured of tuberculosis, the schizoid picture leaves this working-class grimness behind; it's swoony romanticism from then on. Clara discovers art and spirituality, and she finds a frail, dewy-eyed lover (Daniel Quenaud) who drips nobility as only a narcissistic bad actor can. In Italian. (3/3/75) (Festival, and Cinema Studio.... ¶ 8th St. Playhouse; through June 3.)

**Broadway Melody of 1938**—An M-G-M musical with Judy Garland in bobby socks singing the memorable love letter "Dear Mr. Gable," and Eleanor Powell, Robert Taylor, George Murphy, Sophie Tucker, and Robert Benchley. The score is by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown, but not at their top, and the director is Roy Del Ruth. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1-3.)

**Broadway Melody of 1940**—Fred Astaire, Eleanor Powell, and George Murphy. That's a lot of tapping. Norman Taurog directed; he couldn't do much with the indefatigable, intensely dull Miss Powell. A half-dozen good Cole Porter songs, including "I Concentrate on You" and "Begin the Beguine." (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 1-3.)

**California Split**—Robert Altman's beautiful, smoky, funny film about gambling, with Elliott Gould as a retaliatory-minded joker and George Segal as a magazine writer with something clenched about him. The film seems to be being improvised. We catch at events and personalities by the ends of threads. The sound track of Joseph Walsh's first-rate screenplay is full of murmurs and densely packed with talk, recorded on eight tracks, often with eleven mikes going at once. A comic, loose-limbed film, with a kindly eye for the out-of-step. (8/19/74) (Playboy; starting June 4.)

**The Captain of Koepenick** (1931)—Directed by Richard Oswald. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4.)

**Carnal Knowledge** (1971)—A grimly purposeful satire about depersonalization and how we use each other sexually as objects. In Mike Nichols' cold, slick, emphatic style, it is like a neon sign that spells out the soullessness of neon. From a script by Jules Feiffer, with Jack Nicholson, Arthur Garfunkel, Candice Bergen, and Ann-Margret. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 31.)

**L'Chaim—To Life**—A documentary film, directed by Harold Mayer. (Embassy 72nd St.)

**Un Chien Andalou** (1929)—Even without the famous shock image of the eye, Luis Buñuel's and Salvador Dali's seventeen-minute silent film has the hallucinatory and incendiary effect they sought. Some of the images have great poetic force, and at times they have an erotic humor that one has difficulty explaining, even to oneself. With Pierre Batcheff as the cyclist, Dali as the priest, and Buñuel as the man with the razor. (Quad Cinema; June 1-3.)

**Children of Rage**—With Helmut Griem, directed by Arthur Allan Seidelman. (Fine Arts.)

**Chinatown** (1974)—A thriller for grownups—more about greed than about blood-spilling—directed by Roman Polanski. John Huston plays a Biblical figure called Noah Cross; Faye Dunaway is a mysteriously widowed beauty called Mrs. Mulwray, who hires a private eye (Jack Nicholson) to solve the puzzle of her husband's death. Jack Nicholson's performances get better and more lissome every time. The film, set in the thirties, from a script by Robert Towne, is wickedly skillful and funny, and socially alert. (7/1/74) (Playboy; through June 3.)

**Chronicle of Anna Magdalena Bach** (1967)—The final years of Johann Sebastian Bach (the Dutch harpsichordist Gustav Leonhardt) as seen through the eyes of his second wife (Christiane Lang). Those final years

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were, of course, devoted to his music, and the film, directed by Jean-Marie Straub, is deliberately—one might say determinedly—undramatized. Straub concentrates on Leonhardt at his instrument. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

**The Conversation** (1974)—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. A terrifying depiction of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Playboy; through June 3.)

**Cornbread, Earl and Me**—With Moses Gunn and Rosalind Cash, directed by Joe Manduke. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 2, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2.)

**Crime and Punishment**—A first-rate Russian version—made in 1970—of Dostoevski's great novel about Raskolnikov and the murder that he executed almost as if to explain an already existing sense of guilt. Raskolnikov is played by Georgi Taratorkin, a spidery, socket-eyed figure in a black stovepipe hat, Porfiry by the famous, correctly bland-faced Innokenty Smoktunovsky. The delicately drunken Marmeladov of Evgeny Lebedev is unforgettable, and the depiction of Porfiry belongs among the very best Russian performances on screen, ranking with those of the great Kachalov's that are visible in the records we have of Moscow Art Theatre productions long ago. Directed by Lev Kulijanov, with Dostoevski's own feeling for grotesque detail and for moments of suppressed farce. In Russian. (5/26/75) (Bijou.)

**Day for Night** (1973)—François Truffaut made this tribute to the conventional movies that once gave him pleasure, and apparently still do. He himself plays a director who is shooting an American-financed film called "Meet Pamela," with Jean-Pierre Léaud, Jean-Pierre Aumont, Jacqueline Bisset, and Valentina Cortese. "Day for Night," unfortunately ordinary in its approach to character, is very childlike—filled with a deeply innocent love of the magic of moviemaking. There's not much to it, though it's graceful. In French. (10/15/73) (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 28.)

**The Day of the Locust**—John Schlesinger's overblown, heavy, and obvious version of Nathanael West's novel is a mosaic that never comes together. Waldo Salt attempted the next-to-impossible job of adapting the novel—an aesthete's view of society, set in Los Angeles, in the thirties, in which the culturally debased people bring on the apocalypse. There wouldn't be much to remember from the movie if it weren't for a few of the performers—Burgess Meredith as an old vaudevillian, Billy Barty as a macho dwarf, and William Atherton in the thankless role of the artist Tod. (5/12/75) (Cinema I.)

**Deep End** (1971)—Drama in a public bath. Jerzy Skolimowski, a gifted Pole in exile who has the Polish black trick of pretending to be less serious than he is, has made a halfway-meant film about a desperate young voyeur (John Moulder-Brown) and an enragingly prissy redhead (Jane Asher). (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

**Don't Look Now** (1973)—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland team up wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicolas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (D. W. Griffith; June 3.)

**Earthquake**—L.A. gets it. The picture is swill, but it isn't a cheat, like "Airport 1975," which is cut-rate swill. This one is an entertaining marathon of Grade-A destruction effects, with B-picture stock characters spinning through it. Among them are Ava Gardner, the grimly resolute Charlton Heston, and Geneviève Bujold, whose witty style gives the picture its only touch of class. Mark Robson directed. (12/2/74) (New Embassy.)

**Easy Living** (1937)—Manic congestion, written by Preston Sturges from a Vera Caspary story, directed by Mitchell Leisen. Secretaries, millionaires, jokes, sight gags, furies, attacks of cool sense; there are always three things going on at once. Ray Milland is funny as a rich boy working in an Automat, and Jean Arthur plays a gutsy, pretty girl who earns a few bucks a week at an improving magazine called the *Boy's Constant Companion*. (Theatre 80 St Marks; through May 31.)

**The Effect of Gamma Rays** (1972)—Beatrice (Joanne Woodward), also known as Betty the Loon, is a rampaging jokester-mother who is frustrated and lost; she inflicts her misery on her two daughters. Although Paul Newman's direction is sensitive and well balanced, the Paul Zindel play is essentially a camp version of the mood-memory plays of Tennessee Williams and William Inge. Woodward has the right sashaying toughness for the role, but it's pretty hard to bring conviction to Betty the Loon's vengeful meanness. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

**The Eiger Sanction**—A suspense film, directed by, and with, Clint Eastwood. (Beekman. . . . ¶ 34th St. East. Evening performances only on Friday, May 30.)

**8½** (1963)—Fellini's celebrated autobiographical fantasy about the life of a movie director. With Marcello Mastroianni, Anouk Aimée, Sandra Milo, and Claudia Cardinale. In Italian. (D. W. Griffith; May 29.)

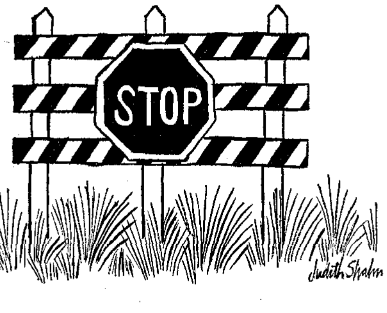
**End of the Road** (1970)—The John Barth 1958 novel is about a triangle in an academic setting, and the best scenes in the movie are the quiet ones that are closest to the spirit of the book. But most of the time the director, Aram Avakian, and his co-screenwriters, Dennis McGuire and Terry Southern, feverishly pound us with shock effects and apocalyptic messages. Gordon Willis's camerawork is often beautiful, the optical effects are sometimes elegant, and the sets and details are often remarkably fine, but the absurdist point of view has too self-congratulatory a tone. Guns and American flags are the running shticks of the movie, and the performers (Stacy Keach as the catatonic hero, Dorothy Tristan, Harris Yulin, and James Earl Jones) are intercut with mushroom clouds, atrocities, and the moon shot. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 4-5.)

**Fat City** (1972)—A film about a boxer, though not about boxing, directed by John Huston from Leonard Gardner's novel. (Gardner wrote the script.) The hero, wonderfully played by Stacy Keach, is an out-of-training boxer who is just about to hit thirty: we see him staring at his life, and it seems to singe his eyeballs. The fat city of the title is the world of limitless booze and broads and money that men down on their luck plunder in their dreams. Tough, eloquent script, beautiful muted colors—mostly photographed in Stockton, California. (Elgin; June 5.)

**The Fortune**—An adventure comedy set in the twenties. With Warren Beatty and Jack Nicholson, directed by Mike Nichols. (Coronet.)

**French Connection II**—Gene Hackman again as the New York detective Popeye Doyle. Directed by John Frankenheimer. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Murray Hill, and Trans-Lux East.)

**Funny Lady**—The moviemakers weren't just going to make a sequel to "Funny Girl"—they were going to kill us. (And they wanted to outdo "Cabaret," besides.) As Fanny Brice, Barbra Streisand is no longer human; she's like a bitchy female impersonator imitating Barbra Streisand. She's in beautiful voice, but her singing is too terrific—strident overdramatization that turns a song into a big number. The picture is overproduced and badly edited, with a forties-movie-heartbreak plot. A great deal of talent has been badly used, though James Caan has some good scenes as scrubby, anxious Billy Rose, and Streisand is charming in the wittily staged "I Found a Million Dollar Baby in a Five and Ten Cent Store." Ray Stark produced; Herbert Ross directed. The new songs are by Kander and Ebb. (3/17/75) (Loews Tower East.)



**Get to Know Your Rabbit** (1973)—With Tom Smothers and John Astin, directed by Brian De Palma. (D. W. Griffith; May 31.)

**The Girls** (1968)—With Bibi Andersson and Harriet Andersson, directed by Mai Zetterling. In Swedish. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 2-3.)

**The Go-Between** (1971)—Harold Pinter wrote the stinging screenplay of this 1900 period piece (from an L. P. Hartley novel) about a twelve-year-old schoolboy at a posh Norfolk house party who is press-ganged into being the postman between Julie Christie, the heiress of the hall, and Alan Bates, a mere tenant farmer. Accurate about the English class system, pretty to look at, rather coldhearted. With Margaret Leighton. Directed by Joseph Losey. (Elgin; May 29.)

**The Godfather, Part II**—The daring of Part II is that it enlarges the scope and deepens the meaning of the first film. Visually, Part II is far more complexly beautiful than the first, just as it's thematically richer, more shadowed, fuller. The completed work, contrasting the early manhood of Vito (Robert De Niro) with the life of Michael, his inheritor (Al Pacino), is an epic vision of the corruption of America; this is a Bicentennial picture that doesn't insult the intelligence. Directed by Francis Ford Coppola; the script is by Coppola and Mario Puzo. (12/23/74) (Cinema Village, and Paramount.)

**The Graduate** (1967)—Dustin Hoffman is marvellous as a young man who would rather fall in love with his father's partner's daughter than commit adultery with his father's partner's wife. Katharine Ross is the daughter and Anne Bancroft the wife. The director is Mike Nichols. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 31.)

**The Great Gatsby** (1974)—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie. Directed by Jack Clayton. With Mia Farrow, Robert Redford, Sam Waterston, and Bruce Dern. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Elgin; June 4.)

**The Great Waldo Pepper**—One-hundred-percent-pure-plastic adolescent male fantasy. It's set in the twenties, with Robert Redford as a First World War aviator who spends some time barnstorming in the Midwest and then goes to Hollywood, where he lives out his dream of fighting the No. 1 Imperial German ace. William Goldman's chilly, clever script and the fresh-painted storytelling of the director, George Roy Hill, almost amount to a style: total inauthenticity. (3/24/75) (Quad Cinema; through June 3.)

**Greetings** (1968)—A pleasantly tawdry mixture of an underground film, a skin-flick, and a college revue, with a draft-evader hero and good-humored, casually obscene performances from a whole gallery of talented performers, including Robert De Niro, Gerrit Graham, and Allen Garfield. Directed by Brian De Palma, who made the whole thing on a shoestring of less than forty thousand dollars. (D. W. Griffith; May 31.)

**La Guerre Est Finie** (1966)—Jorge Semprun wrote and Alain Resnais directed this ambivalent but compelling study of a failed radical. Yves Montand is a Communist courier who goes on stoically carrying out policies he knows are futile. With Ingrid Thulin and Geneviève Bujold. In French. (Elgin; June 3.)

**The Happy Hooker**—With Lynn Redgrave as Xaviera Hollander. Directed by Nick Sgarro. R-rated. (Plaza.)

**Harold and Maude** (1971)—The love story of Harold (Bud Cort), almost twenty, and Maude (Ruth Gordon), almost eighty. Directed by Hal Ashby. (Quad Cinema; through June 3.)

**Head** (1968)—Before the producer, Bert

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Schneider, and the director, Bob Rafelson, collaborated on "Five Easy Pieces," they had made their names on TV with "The Monkees," and this first film they did together was an attempt to do for the Monkees what Richard Lester's "A Hard Day's Night" had done for the Beatles. The film tosses in old jokes, blackout routines, documentary footage of the suffering and horror of war, plus the Monkees, and tries to sell it all as a mind-blowing, psychedelic collage. (Elgin; May 30-31.)

**History Is Made at Night** (1937)—The plot is so preposterously arbitrary it's as if several scripts were chopped up and stuck together, yet the director, Frank Borzage, plunges ahead until an ocean liner crashes into an iceberg and brings the madness to a halt. Trying to escape from her rich, powerful, mad husband (Colin Clive), Jean Arthur meets a gallant gentleman (Charles Boyer), who turns out to be a headwaiter. The husband tries to frame the headwaiter for a crime he himself committed. Leo Carrillo and Ivan Lebedeff are also mixed up in this silly melodrama, which is so souped up with demonic passions and tender glances and elegant photography (by Gregg Toland) that it's rather fun. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 31.)

**The Invitation**—A summery haze hangs over this wonderfully simple and tender film by Claude Goretta, a Swiss who has joined Alain Tanner ("La Salamandre," "Le Retour d'Afrique," "Charles Dead or Alive," "The Middle of the World") and Michel Soutter ("The Surveyors") in making Switzerland an unexpected source of very fine cinema. This tale, which won a Special Jury Prize at Cannes in 1973, is about a middle-aged, shy office worker, delicately played by Michel Robin. He lives with his mother until she dies. After taking two months off from his job, he invites every member of the staff of his small office to a day-long party. They had expected to find their host living as humbly as before; they find him on an estate, attended by an exquisitely played hireling butler (François Simon). In French. (5/5/75) (Regency.)

**I Was a Male War Bride** (1949)—Somebody must have thought it would be funny to put Cary Grant in skirts and a horsehair wig. The whole thing is one of those awful transvestite jokes that never has the grace to go off-color; it all stays at the chortling, wholesome-family-picture level. As the WAC lieutenant whom Grant marries, Ann Sheridan is required to be bossy and butch. Howard Hawks directed. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

**Juggernaut**—Fast, crackerjack entertainment by Richard Lester; he demonstrates what a sophisticated director with flair can do on a routine big-action project. (The plot is about a bomb wizard who has planted seven whoppers on a luxury liner carrying twelve hundred passengers.) The genre may be that of "The Poseidon Adventure," but the tone isn't—it's jaunty, cynical slapstick. With Richard Harris, Shirley Knight, Omar Sharif, David Hemmings, Anthony Hopkins, and Roy Kinnear. (10/7/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 2.)

**Juliet of the Spirits** (1965)—Federico Fellini looks at a mousy wife's fantasy life; her unconscious seems to be stuffed with leftover décor from M-G-M musicals. A peculiarly ungallant film. With Giulietta Masina. In Italian. (D. W. Griffith; May 29.)

**The King of Marvin Gardens** (1972)—Indecipherable dark nonsense about brothers and spurious goals and the American Dream. An unqualified disaster, though Ellen Burstyn tries valiantly, and so does Bruce Dern. Jack Nicholson is dim and ploddingly serious. Directed by Bob Rafelson, from a script by Jacob Brackman. (Olympia; through June 3. . . . ¶ Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30-31.)

**The Knack** (1965)—In Richard Lester's version of the Ann Jellicoe play (as adapted by Charles Wood), the jokes whiz by so fast that the ingenuity becomes exhausting. It's all just too bleached out and clever, though Donal Donnelly is wonderful. With Rita Tushingham, Michael Crawford, and Ray Brooks. (D. W. Griffith; June 2.)

**The Lady from Shanghai** (1948)—Orson Welles directed the picture and plays an Irish sailor who once fought for the Spanish Republic, and now is caught up in what he calls a "bright, guilty world" of rich people. Arthur Bannister (Everett Sloane) is a criminal lawyer who is himself criminal, and the blight has spread to his wife (Rita Hayworth). Witty and enjoyable; there was never a director so excited by the grammar of film imagery as Welles. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1.)

**Lancelot of the Lake**—With Luc Simon as Lancelot. Directed by Robert Bresson. In French. (Art; starting June 4.)

**The Last Laugh** (1924)—Emil Jannings as the man whose self-esteem and position in society depend on his uniform, in F. W. Murnau's masterpiece of design and cinematography. A breathtaking achievement in silent-film technique. With added musical track. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

**Law and Disorder**—While you're watching this comedy about the frustrations and foul-ups of New Yorkers Carroll O'Connor and Ernest Borgnine as they try to protect their families by organizing an auxiliary-police unit, you can tell how the scenes were meant to play and why they don't. You can see that the gifted Czech director Ivan Passer doesn't have the unconscious equipment for the look and feel of ordinary American life, and that he is trying to strike a compromise between his feelings and the demands of the American marketing system—and satisfying neither. O'Connor has some fine restrained moments, and Alan Arbus contributes an entertaining bit, but the film is a painful failure. Passer is trying to do the sort of thing that gets louder laughs than his own kind of comedy; it is the case of an artist trying to do what clods can do better. (10/21/74) (D. W. Griffith; June 5.)

**Lenny**—The earnest Bob Fosse film starring Dustin Hoffman is for audiences who want to believe that Lenny Bruce was a saintly gadfly who was martyred for having lived before their time. Hoffman makes a serious, honorable try, but he's the wrong kind of actor to play Bruce. Hoffman is a nice boy; Bruce was uncompromisingly not nice. Valerie Perrine is touching as Honey, and Gary Morton has a fine passage as the type of comic who knew how to keep his public happy. (11/18/74) (St. Marks Cinema, and Gramercy; through June 3. . . . ¶ Olympia; starting June 4.)

**Lepke**—Tony Curtis as Louis (Lepke) Buchalter. Directed by Menahem Golan. (Loews Ciné.)

**The Long Goodbye** (1973)—Robert Altman kisses off the private-eye form as gracefully as "Beat the Devil" finished off the cycle of the international-intrigue thriller. Less accidental than "Beat the Devil," it's just about as funny, though quicker-witted and dreamier, in soft, mellow color and volatile images. Based on Raymond Chandler's book, the picture stars Elliott Gould as Marlowe; thinner and lither, he gives his best performance yet, as a wryly forlorn man, still driving a 1948 Lincoln Continental and trying to behave like Bogart. With Nina van Pallandt, Sterling Hayden, and Mark Rydell. (10/22/73) (D. W. Griffith; May 30.)

**Lot in Sodom** (1933)—This avant-garde effort (by Dr. John S. Watson and Melville Webber) certainly didn't point movies in any direction that sensible people wanted to follow, but it keeps coming back, so perhaps it has attained some sort of classic status. It's a symbolic interpretation of the Biblical story, with bodies writhing and swaying in poetic debauchery. (Quad Cinema; June 1-3.)

**Lulù the Tool**—Elio Petri's film about a factory worker (Gian Maria Volonte, of Petri's own "Investigation of a Citizen Above Suspicion") who has been so numbed by doing piecework that his inane drive to beat everyone else's production record has begun to invade his private world. Domesticity and work start to be interchangeably mechanical for him, like his sexual life, in which he talks about himself as if he were a car doing well on a road test. The film is rather too schematic, but the pattern grows eloquently disarrayed near the end, with a rebellious dream that the hero has after talking to an aged fellow-worker: the old man has lived out his days in a mental institution because he had the unforgivable nerve to demand of a factory overseer what end product he was working on. Like him, the over-ordered movie is best when it bursts its own bounds. In Italian. (5/19/75) (D. W. Griffith; May 28.)

**M** (1932)—Fritz Lang's first sound film has visual excitement, pace, brilliance of surface, and feeling for detail. Above all, it has, caught in a manhunt, a small, fat man, sweating in his uncomfortable clothes—the sexual psychopath who murders little girls—interpreted by Peter Lorre with a spark of genius. It is Lorre's triumph that he makes us understand the terrified, suffering human being who murders. The film is based on the case of the Düsseldorf murderer: the police, in trying to track him down, disturbed the normal criminal activities of the city, and the underworld organized to find him, so that crime could go on as usual. Lang turns the movie into a melodramatic thriller by centering on this ironic chase; the film is similar to "The Threepenny Opera" in its satirical use of beggars and criminals. In German. (Quad Cinema; through May 31.)

**Mandingo**—The antebellum South. With James Mason, Susan George, and Perry King, directed by Richard Fleischer. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

**Mean Streets** (1973)—A true original, and a triumph of personal filmmaking. What Martin Scorsese has done with the experience of growing up in New York's Little Italy has a thicker-textured rot than we have ever had in an American movie, and a riper sense of evil. With Harvey Keitel as Charlie, Robert De Niro as Johnny Boy, and Amy Robinson as Teresa. (10/8/73) (Symphony; through June 3. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting June 4.)

**Metropolis** (1926)—Fritz Lang's great silent film, which goes too far and always gets away with it. No one in Europe has ever handled crowd scenes so glitteringly; like D. W. Griffith, he makes them seem full of signal insight into the blindness of herds. There is an interesting robot in the film, called the False Maria. Essentially classic, produced by Erich Pommer, who also had the wit to find the finance for "Caligari," "The Last Laugh," "The Blue Angel." (Quad Cinema; through May 31.)

**The Middle of the World**—One of the best, most innovative films about the nature of passionate love to come out of Europe since "Scenes from a Marriage" and the pictures of Eric Rohmer. This is a film of tremendous simplicity with a complex intellectual underlay, directed by Alain Tanner and written by him with the English art critic and novelist John Berger. (They did "La Salamandre" together, and Tanner made "Charles Dead or Alive" and "Le Retour d'Afrique.") The hero (Philippe Léotard) is a married engineer who is being manipulated into becoming a local politician; the heroine (Olimpia Carlisi) is an Italian barmaid. Opposites meet, and the film is a record of the two characters' ability to change. Lucid and thoughtful, shot in long takes without cuts. And also very funny at times, and truly erotic. A trailbreaker. In French. (3/31/75) (68th St. Playhouse; through June 5, tentative.)

**Monika** (1952)—Harriet Andersson in a great performance early in her career, in one of Ingmar Bergman's most interesting, least-seen movies. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4-5. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 4.)

**Monty Python and the Holy Grail**—A cheerfully loused-up reworking of the story of King Arthur, written and acted by the Python team, who were first famous on English TV and now keep growing numbers of Americans in on Sunday night to watch Channel 13 at half past ten. Here, King Arthur's doughty knights are cowardly and ill-starred; the King himself possesses only an imaginary horse, simulated by a hooflike knocking together of coconuts by a muddy-looking subject, and the representative of the enemy French has a sublimely singular line of Anglophobic insults. Recklessly funny, with moments of genius, especially in the pursuit of red herrings that have nothing to do with plot. (5/5/75) (Cinema II.)

**Murder on the Orient Express**—This all-star version of an Agatha Christie antiquity is utterly inoffensive, and audiences appear to be so hungry for this sort of entertainment that maybe it hardly matters that it isn't very good. Vanessa Redgrave, Rachel Roberts, and Ingrid Bergman are standouts in a cast that includes John Gielgud, Lauren Bacall, Wendy Hiller, Sean Connery, and Albert Finney as Hercule Poirot. Sidney Lumet directed. (12/9/74) (72nd Street East; starting June 4.)

**Not Reconciled** (1965)—Jean-Marie Straub's fifty-one-minute film about Nazism. In German. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 2.)

**Painters Painting** (1973)—Painters talking, mostly, often combining the knowledgeable with the dopey. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 1.)

**The Passenger**—Antonioni's film about an estranged London TV-news reporter trying to flee the coop of himself. Everything has staled for him—work and personal life both—and Antonioni makes, for the first time in his career, a clear causal connection between a character's situation and his environment. The reporter is on the track of a story in a remote part of Africa. He seizes the chance to exchange his identity for a dead man's, and takes on the dead man's slowly revealed undercover missions, which endow him with political purpose. The film is psychologically complex, dwelling on parallel themes about disjuncture and ambiguity, but also declarative in a way that is unique in Antonioni's work; as well as that, it is a picture of astonishing aesthetic beauty and technical innovation. Jack Nicholson, as the reporter, gives a performance that is a marvel of insight about a man whose chances are running out. Maria Schneider exquisitely plays a soft-voiced, attentive stranger whom he meets in his new identity. (4/14/75) (U. A. East, Greenwich, Little Carnegie, and Thalia.)

**Persona** (1967)—A puzzling, obsessive film that Ingmar Bergman seems not to have worked out but, rather, to have torn from himself. It has moments of intensity and a superb erotic monologue. Liv Ullmann is an actress who has stopped speaking, and Bibi Andersson is her nurse, who becomes resentful and hysterical. In Swedish. (Elgin; June 1-2.)

**The Playboy of the Western World** (1963)—With Siobhan McKenna, directed by Brian Desmond Hurst. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 3.)

**Plisetskaya Dances** (1965)—The amazing red-haired Russian ballerina, who has a neck like a longbow, dances in a Russian documentary. Take any child who has a crush on ballet. (Elgin; June 1, one performance, at noon.)

**Posse**—A Western, with Kirk Douglas, Bruce Dern, and Jim Stacy, directed by Mr. Douglas. (Symphony; starting June 4.)

**Primate**—Fred Wiseman's film on the investigations of primate life and behavior conducted at the Yerkes Primate Research Center, in Atlanta. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 2.)

**Prince Igor** (1972)—Performed by the Kirov Opera and Ballet of Leningrad. In Russian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1.)

**The Prisoner of Second Avenue**—Jack Lemmon, as a New York advertising executive, gets fired, feels worthless, and has a nervous breakdown; Anne Bancroft is his devoted wife. Vaguely about urban despair, full of bad jokes. Melvin Frank has directed the movie version of Neil Simon's sitcom in his usual sagging, fifties style, but probably there isn't a filmmaker in the world who could substantially improve this picture except by throwing out the play altogether. (3/10/75) (Sutton.)

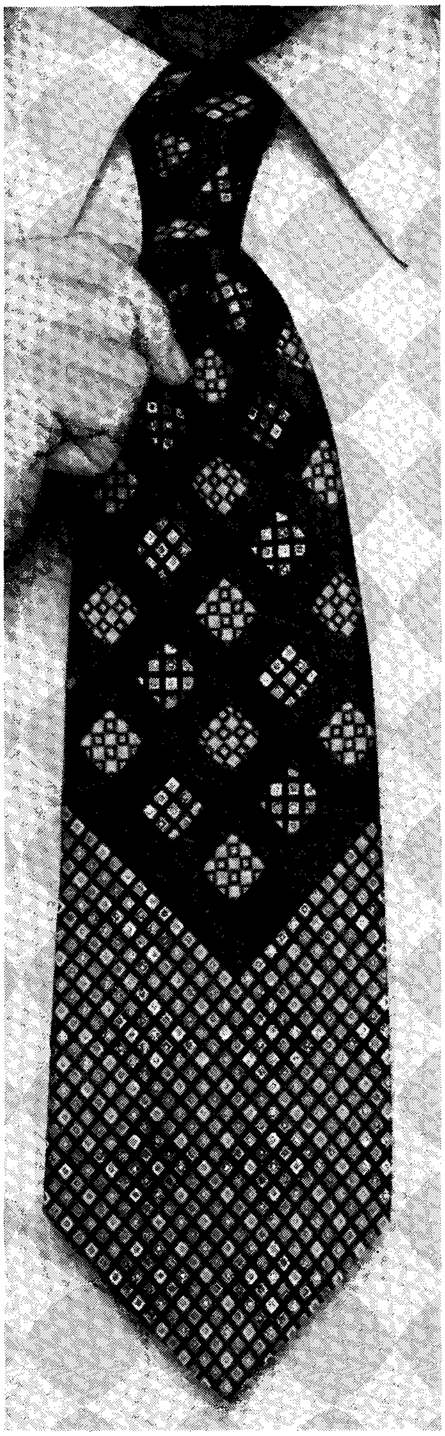
**Rachel, Rachel** (1968)—Paul Newman directs an observant and modest picture remarkable for its acting. Beautiful performances by Joanne Woodward as a schoolmistress "in the middle of her life" and feeling past it (at thirty-five), and by Estelle Parsons as her passionate and blundering friend. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 3.)

**The Reincarnation of Peter Proud**—With Michael Sarrazin and Jennifer O'Neill, directed by J. Lee Thompson. (R.K.O. 59th St. Twin 1.)

**The Return of the Pink Panther**—Peter Sellers as Inspector Clouseau and Herbert Lom as Chief Inspector Dreyfus. Directed by Blake Edwards. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Eastside Cinema, and 86th St. East.)

**The Ruling Class** (1972)—Peter Medak directs Peter Barnes' play about the English class system, with a very funnily played Mr. Magoo-shaped butler (Arthur Lowe), who is a member of the Communist Party but slavishly accepts the cruel oddities of a noble family living in a hideous eighteen-thirties castle. Peter O'Toole gives an interesting, romantic performance as a paranoid schizophrenic who thinks he's Christ and inherits the earldom in the teeth of most of the family. The film lays it on a bit thick all the way through, and deals in archetypes, but it makes a couple of ideological points. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 30-June 1.)

**Saratoga** (1937)—In Jean Harlow's last picture (unfinished at the time of her death and patched together), she plays a woman disturbed by problems of conscience; she has no



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chance to show her special talent for making the rowdy silly and enjoyable. Still, even in this incongruous and stilted role she's lively, and whenever she's off the screen, the film is dispirited. The story is about race-track life; Clark Gable, Frank Morgan, Una Merkel, and Lionel Barrymore go through their routine paces. Jack Conway directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4-5.)

**Savage Messiah** (1972)—Another of Ken Russell's unstable satires on romantic artists: it's Henri Gaudier-Brzeska's turn this time. Russell makes prankish, venomous jokes about the Vorticists, the suffragettes, and sensual art lovers. As the hero, Scott Antony is like a young, even less talented Rock Hudson or Stewart Granger, but as his platonic lover, Sophie Gaudier-Brzeska, Dorothy Tutin is a brilliant shrew—comic, high-powered, and erotically nasty. (D. W. Griffith; June 1.)

**Le Secret**—With Jean-Louis Trintignant, Marlène Jobert, and Philippe Noiret, directed by Robert Enrico. In French. (Paris.)

**Secret Six** (1931)—When M-G-M got hold of a good thing, it was put to use; they threw Clark Gable into eleven films in 1931. This one is an elaborate melodrama with Jean Harlow, Wallace Beery, Marjorie Rambeau, Johnny Mack Brown, and Lewis Stone. George Hill directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; June 4-5.)

**Shampoo**—Warren Beatty, as a Beverly Hills hairdresser, in a sex roundelay set in the Beatles sixties of miniskirts and strobe lights. Exploited for gags, this yummy idea for a movie might have turned into no more than a saucy romp, but the way it has been done, the joke expands the more you think about it. The people whirling in and out of bed include Julie Christie, Goldie Hawn, Jack Warden, Lee Grant, Tony Bill, and Carrie Fisher. Hal Ashby directed this sophisticated farce from a script by Robert Towne and Beatty (who is also the producer). (2/17/75) (Columbia II, Waverly, and Loews 83rd St.)

**Sheila Levine Is Dead and Living in New York**—Gail Parent's novel is in the form of a fat girl's jokey suicide note, full of one-liners. Parent and her TV writing partner, Kenny Solms, rewrote it for the movies. Now it's the Romance of Liberation. No longer fat but clumsy and easily flustered, Sheila (Jeannie Berlin) comes to New York and meets a handsome doctor (Roy Scheider); it isn't until she becomes a successful career woman and also shows her openness by humiliating herself out of love for him that he extricates himself from an involvement with her roommate (Rebecca Dianna Smith) and proposes. The film says that her finding herself entitles her to a first-class fella. It's a shoddy conversion of women's liberation: now the libbers get the princes. Jeannie Berlin, understandably, has nothing to express but bewilderment, and frequently she looks open-mouthed comatose. Sidney J. Furie directed. (2/3/75) (Baronet.)

**State of Siege** (1973)—The most recent Costa-Gavras political drama ("The Sleeping Car Murder," "Z," "The Confession"), written by Franco Solinas, who scripted "The Battle of Algiers." Yves Montand plays a man recognizably based on the assassinated Dan Mitrione, who was trained in the U.S., worked for A.I.D., and operated in close undercover conjunction with the repressive police in Brazil and Uruguay. This is the quietest, and so almost the most alarming, of Costa-Gavras's political "trilogy." It is made with less dizziness than the others, and with a human feeling for ambiguity. In French. (Elgin; June 3.)

**Summer Interlude** (1951)—This rapturous study of a ruined summer romance was Ingmar Bergman's first great breakthrough. Maj-Britt Nilsson plays the tired ballerina who has been emotionally dead since her adolescence. In Swedish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 4-5. No evening performances on Wednesday, June 4.)

**Tales of Hoffmann** (1951)—This choreographic spectacle, based on the Jacques Offenbach light opera, stars Moira Shearer, Léonide Massine, Robert Helpmann, and Ludmilla Tcherina in the dancing roles, with singers Robert Rounseville and Ann Ayars, and with Pamela Brown contributing her silent, disconcerting presence. Sir Thomas Beecham conducts (rather phlegmatically). After the success of "The Red Shoes," the producers, Michael Powell and Emeric Pressburger, found themselves in a position to fulfill their most lavish appetites, and they laid on this infamous spread. Moira Shearer is lovely, but the whole thing seems to be the product of an aberrant, second-rate imagination that confuses décor with art. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; June 1.)

**The Testament of Dr. Mabuse** (1933)—A Fritz Lang thriller, but not to be confused with his brilliant, spidery 1922 "Doktor Mabuse;" this later film, in which the mad Mabuse (Rudolph Klein-Rogge), a criminal mastermind locked in an asylum, hypnotizes the head of the asylum into doing his will, was Lang's first anti-Nazi picture. Banned by Goebbels in March, 1933, the film had a rough history. It opened in the United States in 1943, with a foreword by Lang: "This film was made to denounce the terrorist methods of Hitler. Slogans and doctrines of the Third Reich have been put into the mouths of criminals. . . ." Would that the film were as audacious as that sounds; the visual style, however, seems more remarkable than the content, and some people have suggested that those political intentions may have been augmented by hindsight. In German. (Bleecker St. Cinema; June 5.)

**Thieves Like Us** (1974)—This story of young lovers in the thirties is the most quietly poetic of Robert Altman's films. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (D. W. Griffith; May 30.)

**The Third Man** (1950)—Orson Welles, the Vienna sewers, and the famous, maddening zither tune. Directed by Carol Reed from Graham Greene's script and novel. Trevor Howard is a stylish Englishman who instructs Joseph Cotten in life's darker truths. A thriller of highest class. (Elgin; May 28.)

**This Man Must Die** (1969)—Claude Chabrol directed this suspense movie about a father who sets out to avenge the hit-and-run murder of his son, but it's so shallow and so unhurried that it dies on the screen. From Nicholas Blake's novel "The Beast Must Die." In French. (D. W. Griffith; June 4.)

**Tommy**—The famous rock opera composed and sung by The Who, turned into a clamorous film by Ken Russell. Like many other mindless satires, it fallaciously respects and exploits what it seeks to criticize. For instance, it pretends to be severe about the false idols of our era, but it is exceedingly religious about show biz and success. Lots of psychedelic shocks and comic-strip effects. Ann-Margret is appealing when she doesn't have to fling herself about. Roger Daltrey plays Tommy. (4/7/75) (Ziegfeld.)

**Topele** (1971)—An Israeli film. (Embassy 72nd St.)

**The Touch** (1971)—A Bergman film from a great period, like "Persona" and "The Passion of Anna." The story, by him, is about the incursion of a German-American Jew—played by Elliott Gould—into the lives of a calm Swedish couple, played by Bibi Andersson and Max von Sydow. He has an affair with Bibi Andersson. This film is the best about kinds of love that Bergman has ever made—exact and very touching. (Elgin; June 1-2.)

**Touch of Evil** (1958)—Orson Welles' marvellous, garish thriller, which has something to do with drugs and police corruption in a border town. The credits appear over a brilliant opening sequence (which, incidentally, contains the key to the mystery). Welles, padded and false-nosed, plays a bloodhound detective. The cast, assembled as perversely as in a nightmare, includes Marlene Dietrich as the madam of a Mexican bordello, Charlton Heston, Joseph Calleia, Akim Tamiroff, Joseph Cotten, Janet Leigh, Zsa Zsa Gabor, and Mercedes McCambridge. (Elgin; May 28.)

**Twentieth Century** (1934)—John Barrymore in one of his best comedy roles—as an egomaniac theatrical producer—and Carole Lombard in the giddy, glamorous role that established her as a comedienne. Howard Hawks directed this great hardboiled farce, from Hecht and MacArthur's adaptation of the Bruce Milholland play. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 30.)

**Two Daughters** (1961)—Satyajit Ray at his

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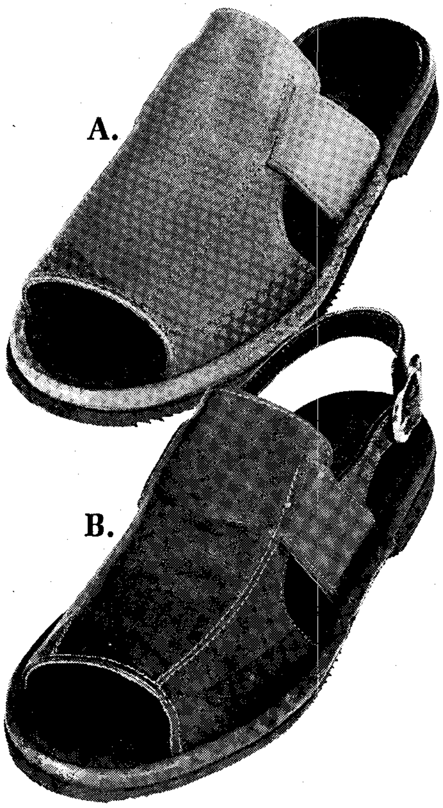

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most splendid in two short-story films based on works by Rabindranath Tagore. The first, "The Postmaster," is a small masterpiece; the second, "The Conclusion," has some defects of rhythm, so it is merely wonderful. In Bengali. (Bleecker St. Cinema; May 29.)

**Variety** (1925)—A German classic of sadomasochism in a circus setting, with the master masochist actor Emil Jannings as an acrobat who leaves his wife for a foreign girl (plumply erotic, saucer-eyed Lya de Putti); he forms a trapeze act with the girl and a younger acrobat (Warwick Ward)—who inevitably seduces her. The movie, directed by E. A. Dupont and photographed by the great, imaginative Karl Freund, is not, however, to be equated with its far from original story; the restless, subjective camera and the fast editing make the film an almost voluptuous experience. It has been extremely influential; von Sternberg's "The Blue Angel" and Ingmar Bergman's "The Naked Night" are both indebted to it. (A remake in 1935, with Hans Albers and Annabella, was negligible.) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 29.)

**Walkabout** (1971)—Edward Bond, the remarkable English playwright who wrote "Saved," was attracted to do the screenplay of this intelligent and vivid story, which shows representatives of a rundown English class of sophisticates in collision with the natural élite of the Australian aborigine. It is nominally about three children—two English, expensively school-trained, one a young Abo, who piteously kills himself for love of the sometimes rather prim but intoxicating English schoolgirl. Taken from the novel by James Vance Marshall, directed by Nicolas Roeg, who has been a very talented cameraman. (D. W. Griffith; June 3.)

**Walkover** (1965)—A Jerzy Skolimowski film, with the director himself playing a young prizefighter. Skolimowski's ostentatious film technique alienates one from the material; one may admire the film, but it's hard to like. In Polish. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 28.)

**The Wind and the Lion**—Theodore Roosevelt (played by Brian Keith) sends the Marines into Morocco to rescue an American (played by Candice Bergen) kidnapped by the last of the Barbary pirates (led here by Sean Connery). Directed and written by John Milius. (Music Hall.)

**Women in Love** (1970)—Ken Russell's purple pastiche—a gothic sex fantasy on themes from D. H. Lawrence. It's frequently impressive, but if you want to know what the characters are about, you'd do well to read the book first. With Glenda Jackson, Alan Bates, and Oliver Reed. (D. W. Griffith June 1.)

**Young and Innocent** (1937; known as "The Girl Was Young" in the United States)—Hitchcock reworks "The 39 Steps," this time using a very young hero and heroine. Once again, the hero (now Derrick de Marney) is accused of a murder he didn't commit; he tries to track down the real killer while the police track him. The bewildered teen-age girl (Nova Pilbeam) who tries to help him is too earnest a conception to be very amusing; the film is pretty fair Hitchcock, though not as sexy or as witty as "The 39 Steps." The bravura sequences include the hero crashing a children's party and a nifty sinister joke at the climax: The heroine knows only one thing about the villain—that his eyes twitch. She goes to a dance at a big hotel, and we see the blackface band; the drummer's eyes fill the screen—and twitch. Hitchcock takes the joke even further: as the drummer sees the police enter, he gets nervous, and his rhythm goes so crazily off that the people have to stop dancing. With Basil Radford, Percy Marmont, and Mary Clare. Hitchcock turns up, looking very young, as a press photographer, holding a tiny camera in front of him, like a talisman. (Quad Cinema; June 1-3.)

**Young Frankenstein**—A farce-parody of Hollywood's mad-scientist movies. To go to when your rhythm is slowed down and you're too tired to think; you have to let this Mel Brooks comedy do everything for you, because that's the only way it works. If you accept the silly, zizzy obviousness, it can make you laugh helplessly. Gene Wilder is the old Baron's scientist-grandson, Peter Boyle is the new Monster, and Madeline Kahn is the scientist's fiancée, who becomes the Monster's bride. The picture is in black-and-white, which holds it visually close to the films it takes off from. It's Brooks's most sustained piece of moviemaking—the laughs never let up. (12/30/74) (Quad Cinema; through June 3.)

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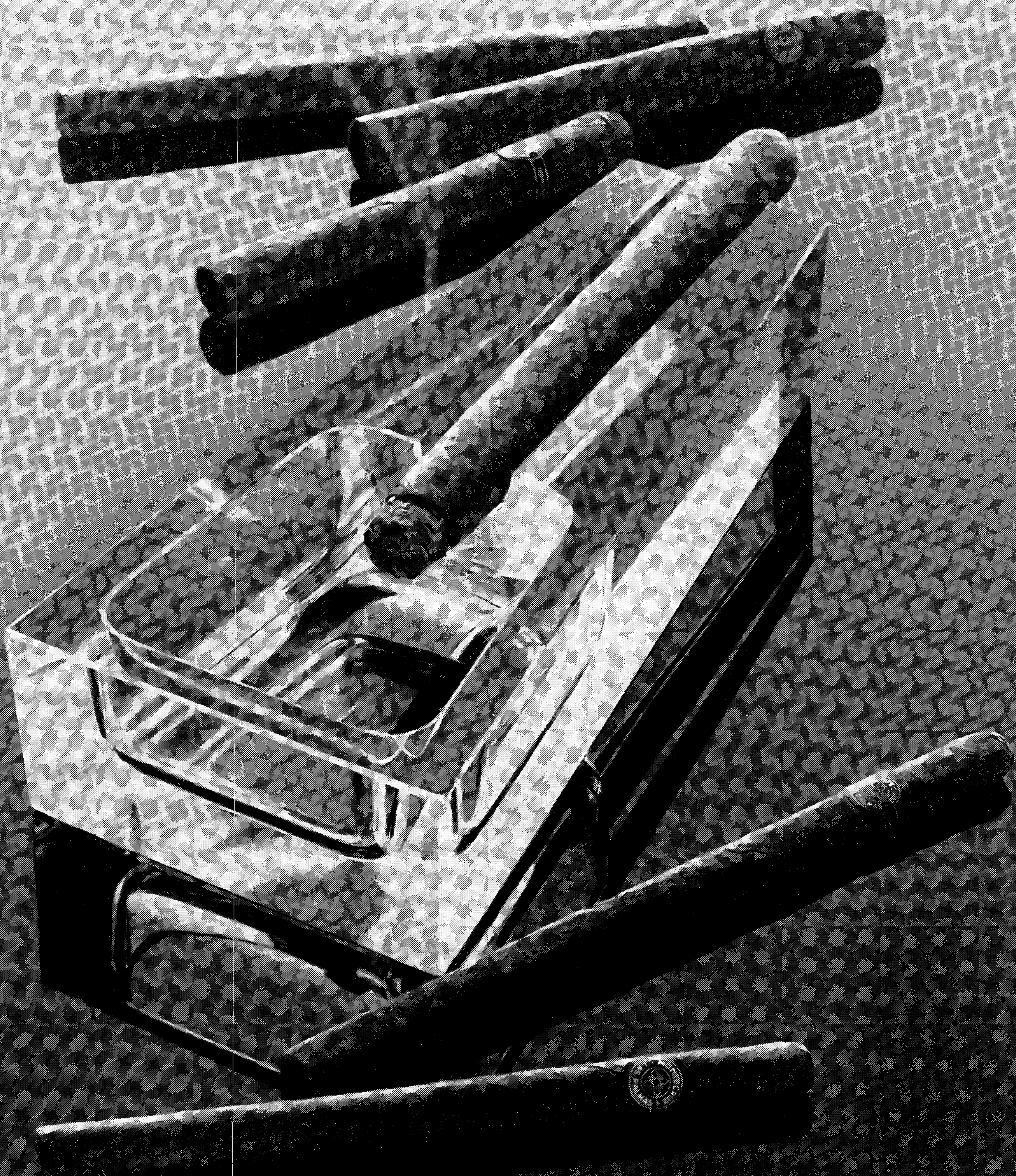

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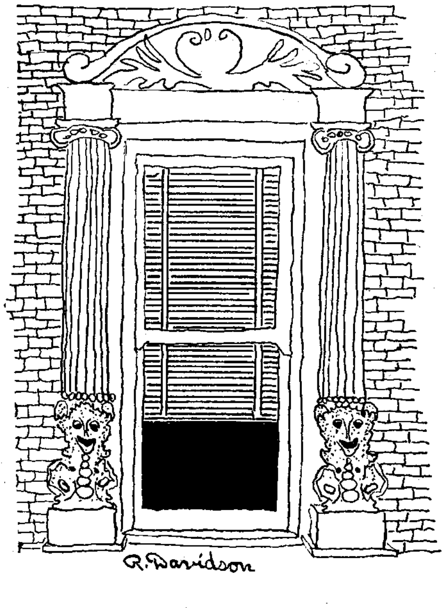
THE NEW YORKER

# THE TALK OF THE TOWN

## *Notes and Comment*

ON the evening after the resolution of the incident involving the capture by Cambodian forces of the American merchant ship Mayagüez near Tang Island, in the Gulf of Siam—an incident in which thirty-nine Americans were returned to safety and the lives of forty-one Americans and unknown numbers of Cambodians were lost in military actions—the White House threw a party for the Shah of Iran and Empress Farah. The Shah, without mentioning the incident directly, complimented President Ford on his handling of it. "I wanted to come to meet the President of this country, for whom we have developed, since he assumed this high office, a sentiment of respect for a man not shrinking in front of events," he said in a toast. "And may I congratulate you for the great leadership and the right decisions that you took for your country. And may I add for all the people who want to live in freedom, this is precisely what this world needs—courage, dignity, and love of the other human being." The Iranians, of course, have loomed large on the world economic scene since the establishment of the Organization of Petroleum Exporting Countries, and, as it has turned out, they have also started to loom large in social circles in the United States; Iranian diplomats are suddenly to be found all over the social pages of America's newspapers. Back in Persia, the Shah has set up a "court" in the manner of a despot of another century. His Ministers kiss his hand when they enter his presence, and address him as "Your Imperial Majesty." In addition, he has recently suspended all political parties except the one that his Prime Minister heads, and in the last ten years he has increased Iran's military budget by well over two thousand per cent. In any event, President Ford, in a return toast, described the Shah as "one of the world's great statesmen." The entertainment that evening was by Ann-Margret, who performed what Donnie Radcliffe and Jeannette Smyth, of the Washington *Post*, reported to have been a " 'razzmatazz' review of Las Vegas-style songs." (Ann-Margret has lately been playing in Las Vegas.) Also there, sitting next to Nancy Kissinger at dinner, was Andy Warhol, the well-known figure in New York's more gregarious art circles. His presence evoked a world that was as strange in its way as Ann-Margret's Las Vegas and the Shah's Iran. Still another White House guest that evening was Bob Hope, who had been, in a manner of speaking, a member of the *Nixon* court, and used to swap jokes with Vice-President Agnew on the telephone. After the Shah left, the party livened up. Pearl Bailey took over, and soon, Radcliffe and Smyth reported, the President "was jumping up and down and doing the bunny hop, hanging on to her for dear life, while Betty Ford stood by and clapped delightedly and the crowd followed suit." Americans differed widely in their responses to the Mayagüez incident. Some were elated; some were solemn; some were ashamed. We cannot imagine what responses, that evening at the White House, floated through the mingled atmospheres of Persia, Washington, Las Vegas, Hollywood, New York, and Tang Island.



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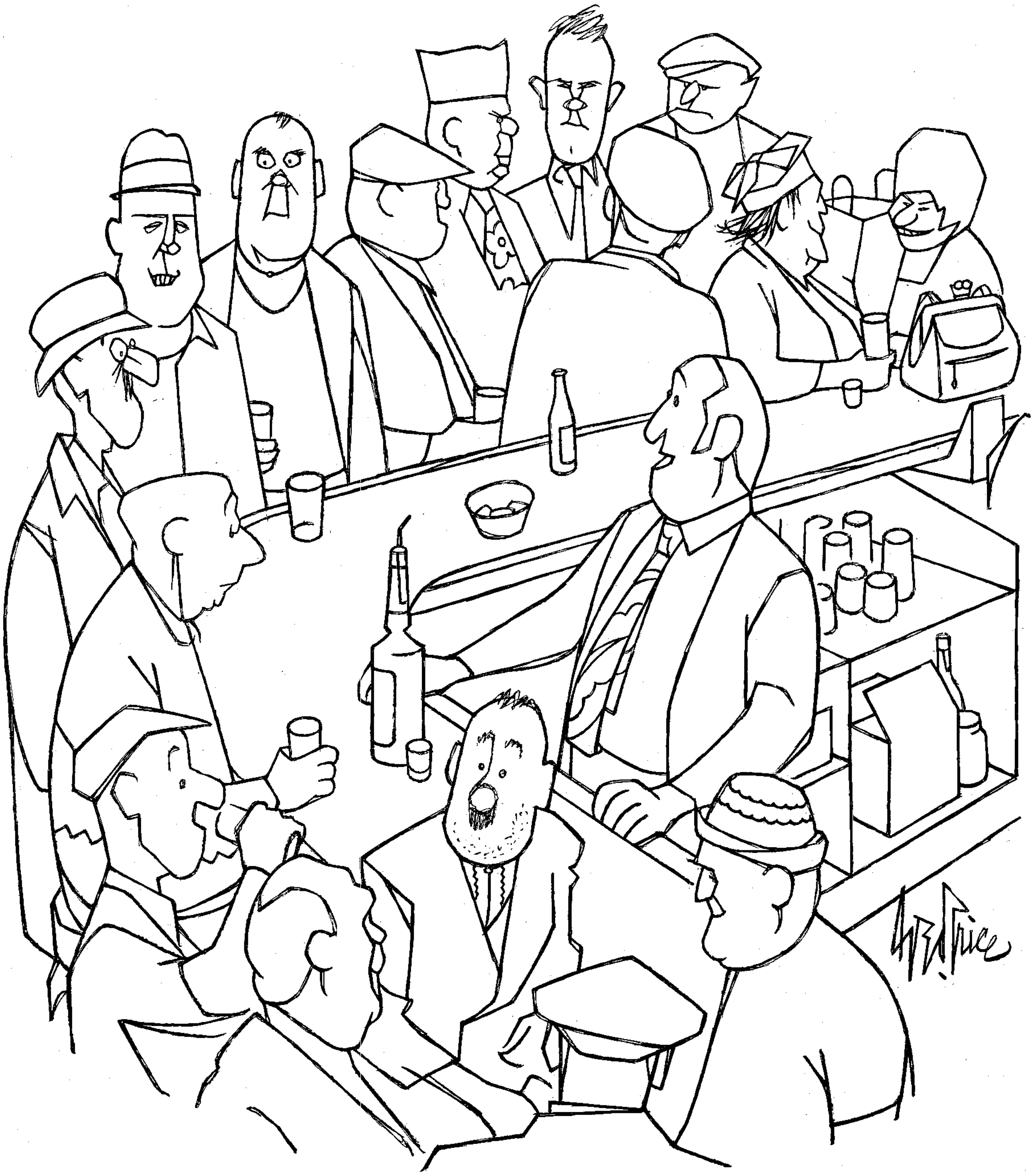
## *Feller's Scenic Studio*

CANAL PLACE is a cobblestone street in the southwest Bronx, parallel to the Penn Central tracks, painted in the sombre palette of urban decay (Warehouse Sienna, Auto Parts Umber, Blight White, Foreclosure Gray), and it is lined with dingy old factory buildings that are no longer manufacturing whatever it was they used to manufacture. No. 381 Canal Place, a former paper plant, is no exception: "Feller Scenery Studio, Inc.," says a new sign on one end. We stepped inside the old plant one morning recently, and we gasped. It was light, bright, as huge as a hangar. There was hammering and sawing and the humming of machines; the smells of freshly cut wood and wet paint, sprays and chemicals; cranes moving overhead; half-built stairs and boats, giant balloon shapes and old-fashioned airplanes; a chaos of construction—dozens of men doing all sorts of work. Yet the whole place was cheerful, clean, orderly, and serene.

We looked for Peter Feller, the boss and founder, and were directed to some offices on a balcony. Feller greeted us in his office—a large, pleasant, neat room with one wall of blueprinted work schedules and another wall with a display of handsome antique wooden tools—and offered to give us a tour. Feller is a lean, muscular man with a deep-bass voice, brushed-back black hair, a graying Gable-ish mustache, and an air of calm, confident control; he displays the qualities of both a master carpenter (which he has been for much of his life) and a master sergeant (which he was during the Second World War). The result seems to be a canny and enthusiastic craftsman-lead-



*"Al Disbrow? I believe he went into the V.I.P. Lounge."*

er, economical in speech and motion, who swiftly perceives the nature of the problem and has faith in the inevitability of a simple, workable solution. Feller was wearing a blue shirt (with glasses hanging from a black cord around his neck), blue trousers, and a rather spiffy pair of custard-yellow shoes. An aide came to the door and reported, "Matt says it *can* be flameproofed, and we *can* get a certificate."

Feller told him what to do and how soon, adding what sounded like "I'd like an iron-on bouclé for the drop only—six-foot dead-wrap around the roller. You know what I'm saying?" The aide seemed to know, and left, and Feller stood up. "Right now," he said, starting the tour, "we're doing the Bob Fosse musical 'Chicago,' two Bicentennial parades with floats for Disney (one for Florida, one for California), and a one-night Josh Logan tribute, among other things. Our business is highly competitive. There are seven studios around New York, all bidding on the drawings. We get about fifty per cent of the business."

Mr. Feller led the way downstairs and into a long room stacked high with fresh lumber. "Raw material comes in here through that main door," he said. "Then it's distributed to the various areas where specific materials are used. That crane up there carries five tons. So does that elevator under your feet. There's a flow, a circuit, even if you can't see it." We walked past a welding area ("That's the iron shop") toward the middle of the main room. "This is two hundred and thirty feet by a hundred and fifty feet, and it's twenty-seven feet high. Those overhead cranes can hit any spot on the floor. There are about sixty men working here right now; we have had as many as a hundred and fifty, depending on the number of shows we're doing." He hopped over some wooden frames. "This is like walking through the jungle," he said. "How's your agility?" He paused on top of a platform. "I've always had the feeling this is where the theatre is at. Most of these men are as creative as anybody in the theatre; there's no just plain worker here."

A man came by carrying a cutout under one arm. Feller told him that it was going to be sprayed, and the man headed for the paint shop. "That's for the Logan show," said Feller. "Most of these men have been with me since they were kids. Some are third- and fourth-generation; others are from the minorities, whom we've been able to hire since the unions loosened up on their restrictive clauses. Anyway, it's a remarkable group." He turned and pointed toward two large inner windows on the balcony. "Those are the drafting rooms," he said. "The drawings go from there to the individual foremen down here. I watch the whole thing from up there. When I first moved here, five years ago—we used to be next to Yankee Stadium—and rebuilt this place and put in those windows, some of the people felt watched, and they used to shoot their staple guns up at me." He smiled. "After a while, though, they realized that I'm not looking at them—I'm looking at the job."

We climbed over a large circular wooden structure. "This is 'Chicago,' " said Feller. "The bandstand is going to rise up through the middle of this." We came to a couple of elaborate wooden skeletons of funny airplanes. "These are for Disney," he said. "That's what we're good at," he added. "There's not too much engineering in all this; it's mostly experience and guesswork. It's not a business; it's a— a custom craft." We paused beside part of the hull of a ship. "One of the few secrets we have is we've learned how to take apart and assemble sections. We know the size of every load-in door of every theatre. We'd better; otherwise it could be embarrassing." He grinned, and we moved on. "Every show has problems—every show has a bugaboo—and the shows you're most proud of are usually the ones where you're so relieved when it's over and it works. The lovely part is you never do anything twice. I've participated one way or another in about four thousand shows. They tend to blur. If you ask me about a show from ten years ago, I may not remember it by name, but if you show me a picture of the set, I'll tell you the name."

Feller declined to identify any of his favorite shows. "The most innocent remark in this business has caused people not to speak for twenty years," he explained. "It's very easy to hurt people. Everyone has suffered mightily in this business."

We walked around a big locomotive cutout and into an area where a man in white coveralls and mask was working with what looked like a vacuum cleaner. "This is fabrication," said Feller. "That machine blows foam, and then we carve it and cover it with fibreglass. You can make *anything* with it. Everybody used to use wire and wood and fabrics and glue, but this saves hours and hours of labor." He raised his voice for the benefit of the worker. "Of course, he earns ten times as much, so it evens out." They both laughed. We moved on. "Most shows these days are built very porously, with foam and fibreglass," said Feller. "When some new material comes along, we jump on it, and lots of old materials phase themselves out." There were stacks of flats and props against a wall. "Shows usually go to New Jersey and get burned after they close, but we save some that are going on the road. That's 'Over Here!' There's 'Scapino,' 'Sgt. Pepper.' " Feller trotted up some stairs to a huge platform suspended high over the main room. A fifteen-foot gorilla lay sketched on brown paper on the floor. Large, oddly shaped paintings on muslin were drying nearby. "The muslins are for 'Chicago,' " said Feller. "Aren't they beautiful? Sort of German Expressionist. They're painted with aniline dyes; they'll be mounted on plastic and lit from both front and back. They'll glow. It's a very complicated, handsome show. Tony Walton's the designer. The designers come up here and work all the time—changing, correcting, aiding and abetting the artists. Nothing leaves the floor until the designer approves. Our painters are marvellous; they can do anything. They can paint these"—he pointed at the muslins with admiration—"then they adjust their heads and go downstairs and do boring letters."

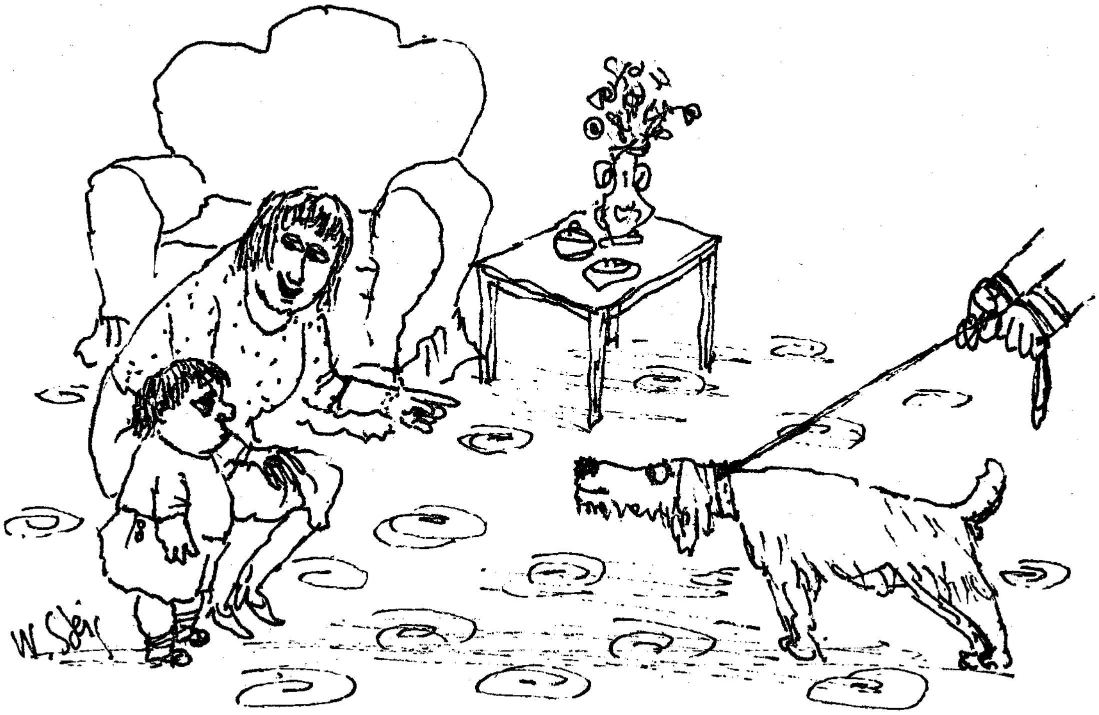
We asked Feller if he ever received premonitions about shows by working on the sets.

"Oh, yes," he said. "You get a sense of whether a show is going to be good. Partly from knowing who's doing it, and partly from a feeling of whether it's the right timing for that kind of a show. Of course, some shows rehearse up here at night on the actual set. I see every show, whether it's ours or not. I always look at the set first, of course, but I'm in love with show business anyway."

Had he always felt that way?

"No," he said. "I was forced into this business in the Depression. My dad built scenery—mostly for the opera. But he worked for all the studios: McDonald, Throckmorton, Reisig—that was the first studio that built scenery *and* painted it. I got out of Bryant High School, in Long Island City, at sixteen, and I wanted to go to college. My father said we couldn't afford it, but he did say, 'I owe you the ability to make a living,' and he helped me get a job as an apprentice at Vail Scenic, on Forty-seventh Street between Tenth and Eleventh. I did everything—even swept floors. Sometimes I still do. My first show at Vail's was 'Jumbo,' with Jimmy Durante, at the Hippodrome. I helped build a huge turntable. There was a bandstand on top of an arch in the show, and one night the elephant accidentally stepped on the turntable, stampeded, and brought down the arch."

We went down the stairs, past a group of artists painting large blue circus-style letters on white panels, and around a man who was carving full-sized wagon wheels out of foam. "When the war came," Feller continued, "I went into the Army. Irving Berlin was putting together 'This Is the Army,' and I applied for it. When Berlin saw my name, he remembered that my father had worked with him on 'Yip Yip Yaphank' in the First World War, and he hired me. I be-



*"Dog."*

came head technician for the show, toured around the world as a master sergeant. After the war, I was head carpenter—he's the one who takes charge of the set after it leaves the studio, and assembles it on the stage—for the Playwrights Company, Leland Hayward, Feuer and Martin, and George Abbott. I worked nine years for the Imperial Scenic Studio, and then I started this."

We walked through a curtained area where a bank of bright lights was blazing. "Those lights make heat to set off the catalyst in fibreglass," said Feller. Then we went down an alleyway that led to a stockroom full of what appeared to be walls of bookshelves, carved stone cupids, panelled walls—all of which turned out to be thin plastic shells. "This is our Vac-Form business," said Feller. "It's a mail-order thing. We can make two hundred cupids a day, or whatever, using repeating molds." We dashed up some stairs and down a hall, past large tables piled with fabrics. "Here's where we sew draperies," said Feller. "We have carpenters who can sew as well as any seamstress."

Three girls were having sandwiches for lunch in a room packed with gleaming plastic armor. "We make it for the Metropolitan Opera," said Feller, "and for anybody else who wants it."

"We can make anything," added one of the girls. "Humpty-Dumpty, the Tin Man—anything."

Down another hall now, with Feller in the lead, saying, "There's pressure all the time. All shows are a crisis. But I've been doing it for forty years, and either it kills you or you realize you're going to get through it and everybody will be friends at the end." We passed a fancy red barber chair that was sitting in the middle of the hall. "That's from 'Mame,'" said Feller. "My wife cuts my hair in that chair."

"She comes all the way up here to cut your hair?" we asked.

"No," said Feller. "She comes out that door."

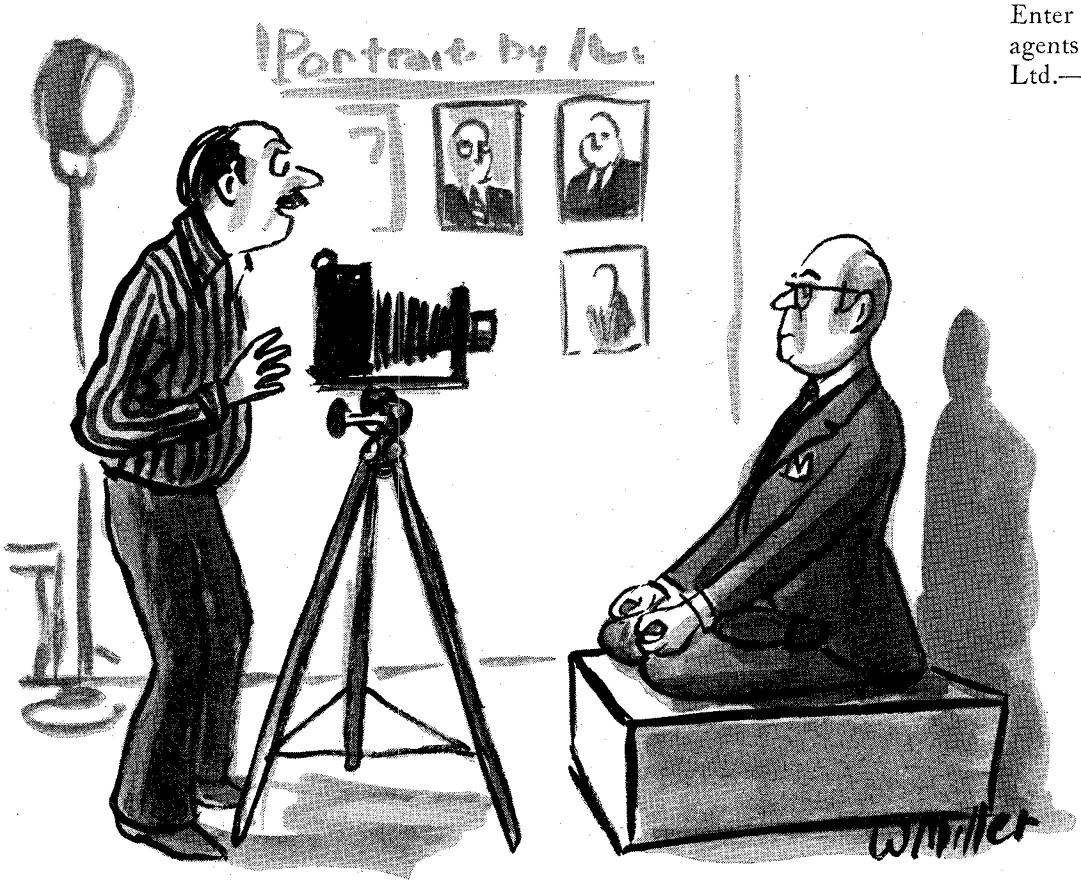
"Where?" we asked.

"There," said Feller, pointing to a brown door. "We live there. Why not? I have to be here twenty-four hours a day, so I live over the store."

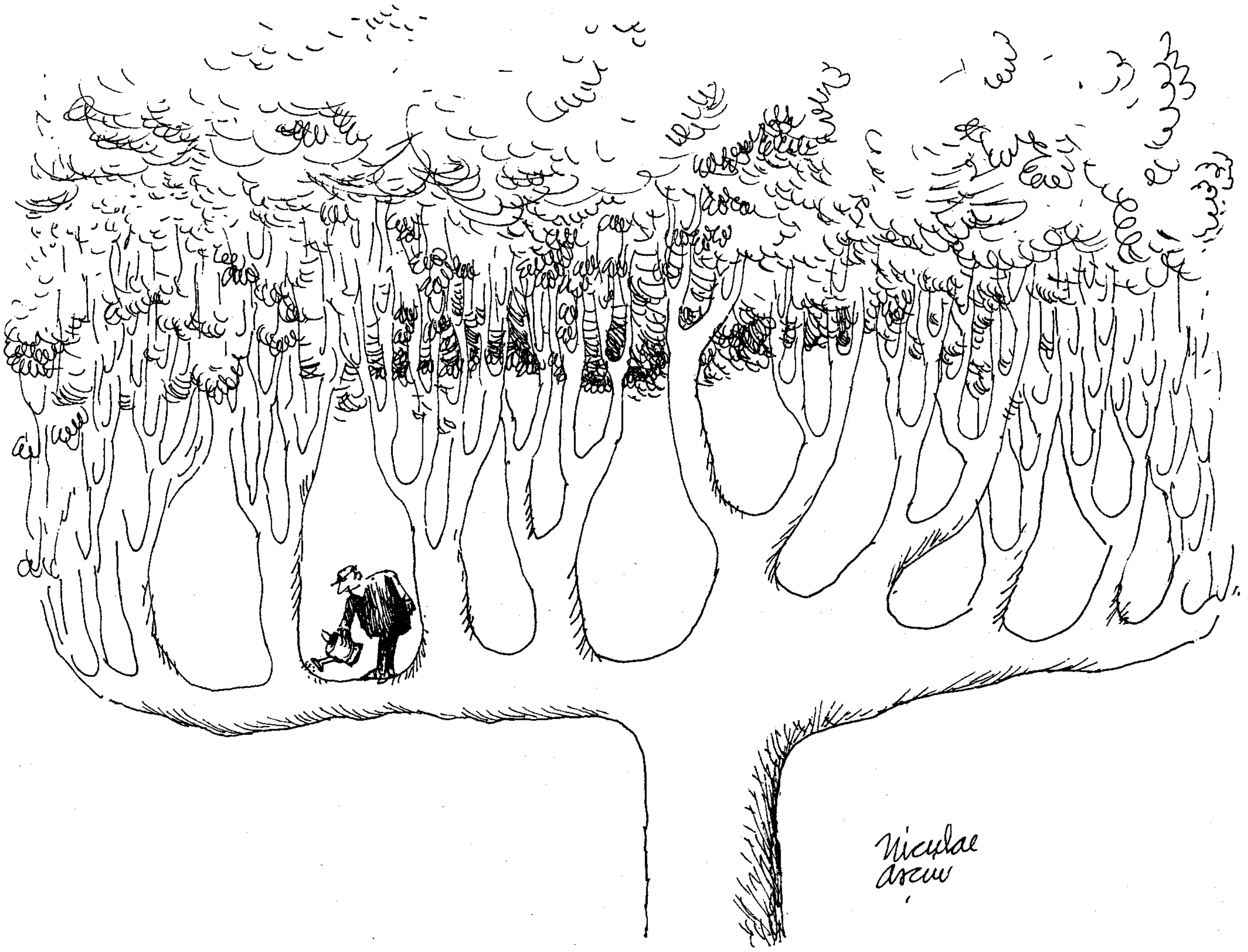
## *Hemingway Inks $1 M Pact with Fabergé*

ONCE upon a time—let's say nine months ago—Margaux Hemingway, a granddaughter of Ernest, was nineteen, gorgeous, six feet one, a bartender, promoter of ladies' freestyle hotdoggers, and professional ski bum, out in Ketchum, Idaho. Even before that, she was christened Margot Hemingway, but she changed her name when her parents told her they had been nipping Château Margaux, the famous wine, some nine months before her birth. Then—let's see—what happened? She came to New York on Friday, September 13, 1974, to seek her fortune—a day that happened to be the birthday of Errol Wetson, thirty-four, dynamic young founder of Wetson's Hamburgers and later of Le Drugstore, the ill-fated New York nitery. Still later, Errol judged a national beauty contest in Colombia. On September 13, 1974, as luck would have it, while snacking in the Plaza's romantic Palm Court, Margaux and Errol met. Smitten with her charms, Errol thereafter arrived at her door with roses and champagne—but no hamburgers. (Errol sold his interest in the burgeoning chain in 1969.) Errol and Margaux hit it off, but M. went back West to think things over. "I told her, 'Go back, sow your oats,'" Wetson told this department last week. "'Either I'll come out, or we'll meet halfway, or something.'"

Margaux returned to the Apple. Enter Peggy and Marianne Nestor, agents and sisters, from Gemeaux, Ltd.—"Gemini" in French, and Marianne's sign. Reënter Errol, now Margaux's fiancé and manager. Follow big modelling spreads in *Vogue*, *Town & Country*, *Sports Illustrated*; *Vogue* and *Town & Country* covers; spreads in *People*; a *Women's Wear Daily* write-up. *People* calls Margaux "model-about-town," features her in two spreads in single issue. One shows her getting a fashionable frizz haircut. The other shows her hosting a cocktail-hoedown party for musicians Seals & Crofts. "She praised both their music," *People* reports, "and commitment to the Bahai faith." *WWD* calls Margaux "Hee Haw." Enter Richard Barrie, executive vice-president and chief operating officer of Fabergé, Inc., makers of Fabergé and Brut products, etc., and owners of Brut Productions, a movie company that has made "A Touch of Class" and is making "Hugo the Hippo," a full-length animated



*"Now just concentrate on the mantra I gave you, and when your face is aglow with understanding we'll start shooting."*



feature, starring the voices of Burl Ives, two of the Osmonds, Paul Lynde, and Robert Morley. Fabergé, Inc.'s, 1974 assets: $173.9 million. "Peggy Nestor called me up two months ago," Barrie told this department last week. "At the time, I had no particular interest in Margaux, but I said I'd be happy to see her pictures. I saw the pictures and thought she was beautiful, but the timing was wrong—we had nothing for her at the moment. About a week later, I realized she might be perfect for the exciting brand-new fragrance line we are introducing early next year: a young, vivacious, pretty, and very feminine scent. Three or four weeks later, we had a deal."

The deal, said to be the largest single advertising contract ever involving a female personality, gives Margaux a million, in return for her exclusive talents for all advertising and promotion in the fragrance, fashion, and related fields. The contract has options that could run through 1980 and could lead to movies for Brut Productions. Scene of Barrie's confidences to this dept. last week: a hastily arranged press conference at Barrie's countrified thirty-eighth-floor Manhattan office, overlooking leafy Central Park. Hasty arranger of the press conference: Yale-educated Robert Zarem, fast-moving press agent extraordinaire. Barrie's handsome workroom is built to remind him of Pittstown, N.J., where he raises twenty quarter horses. Office has cactuses; a Western trophy saddle, won by Barrie on a Barrie horse in a cutting contest; a Winner IV electronic tennis game; a record-player, with "Stampede," by the Doobie Brothers, on the turntable. For press conference, office also had crate of Château Margaux '55 (a year rated aces by wine buffs; also year of M.'s entrance into real world), purchased from Sherry-Lehmann, top wine merchants, only that morning for $395; a crate of Château Margaux '67 ($301.85); caviar; smoked salmon; photogs; a Channel 5 news team; reporters from *Time* and *Newsweek;* a fellow from *Interview;* Peggy; Marianne; Errol; Bill London, Margaux's lawyer (formerly Errol's); and Margaux. Miss Hemingway has nice blond hair, a well-built jaw, noticeable eyebrows, and an incipiently Carol Channing-y voice. She was wearing an off-the-shoulders, filmy, full-length floral chiffon number. She looked O.K. Errol sported a tan suit, white button-down shirt, black tie, and black-and-white display hankie. Richard Barrie had opted for a white suit, brown-on-brown shirt, and colorful tie.

"I'm breathless," said Margaux.

"Husky voice," said *Newsweek.*

"Husky girl," said *Time.*

"Some story, eh?" said Bill London. "She's a fabulous comedienne, she paints, sings, would be great in films. Nine months ago, she was a hick from Idaho with a pretty face."

"We're betting everything we have on this marriage," said Richard Barrie.

"Things are cooking," Margaux told this dept. exclusively. "Last night, I sent a telegram to The Kitchen, in Ketchum. That's the restaurant everyone goes to before they go skiing. They'll put it on the wall. They put everything on the wall. It said, 'You can't take the country out of the girl, but you can put the country into this New York town. I'll be coming home. Love you-all.' "

# THE FROST IS ON THE NOGGIN

I ONCE asked the retired fly cop Dashiell Hammett, a former Pinkerton employee who'd switched to writing for the pulps, a technical question about surveillance. In his experience as a sleuth, I inquired, was a person under suspicion ever conscious of being shadowed? Hammett responded with an anecdote. It seems that a certain New York jewelry concern had a drummer called Finsterwald—a Teutonicism for "Darkwood"—whose honesty it had reason to question. Finsterwald was about to go South on a sales trip, bearing two cases of valuable samples the firm believed he was planning to steal, and Hammett was detailed to keep an eye on him. Conspicuous for his height, emaciation, and snow-white thatch, Hammett was an unlikely choice for the job, but, as it happened, all the other operatives were out breaking strikes or retrieving gold falcons or whatever gumshoes of that era busied themselves with.

Finsterwald, closely followed by Hammett, entrained for Philadelphia and on arrival there checked into a hotel. Hammett got a room two doors away, ate dinner at an adjacent table in the coffee shop, and yawned in concert with him in the lobby until bedtime. The next morning, the salesman took off for Hagerstown, where he and his shadow went through the same uneventful routine. In the ensuing five days, the pair progressed in succession to Richmond, Raleigh, Knoxville, Columbia, and Macon. Nowhere in his zigzag pattern was Finsterwald ever out of Hammett's sight for a moment during waking hours, nor did he call on a single prospect. His manner was unhurried and devoid of the slightest hint of furtiveness. Not once by word or deed did he exhibit any awareness that he was under scrutiny.

Midafternoon on the eighth day of the trip, according to Hammett, he was sitting in a park in Savannah, idling through a newspaper and observing Finsterwald as the latter dozed on a bench nearby. Distracted by some item of unusual interest in the paper, he forgot his quarry for an instant. Suddenly a voice sounded at his elbow. Finsterwald, a diffident smile on his face, was addressing him.

"Excuse me, but you look familiar. Haven't I seen you somewhere before?"

"Why, no—not that I recall," Hammett returned blandly.

"Strange," mused the salesman. "Oh, well, probably a resemblance . . . Mind if I sit down here?"

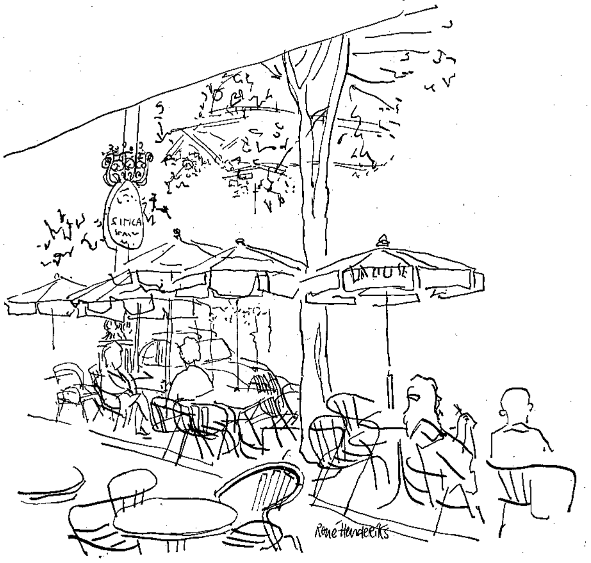
Hammett bade him do so, exchanged profundities about the beauty of Savannah, and, upon mutual agreement that its climate, while balmy, aroused thirst, accompanied him to a tavern. After several beers, Finsterwald began oozing bonhomie. He deemed Hammett a capital fellow, one who knew a hawk from a handsaw and could be relied on in a pinch. It was only a guess, but he felt intuitively that his companion might not be averse to making a little easy moola. Affirming that his pores were ever open for a proposition, Hammett asked what he had in mind. The drummer thereupon unfolded a complex scheme that involved stowing the jewelry samples in a Miami railroad checkroom and mailing the claim tickets to Hammett, who would convey the cases to a fence in Zanesville and rendezvous with him in Altoona to split the swag. Amid much cackling, the bargain was sealed over a couple of boilermakers, and they parted—Finsterwald to visit a Turkish bath and Hammett to turn him in at the nearest police station for conspiring to commit larceny.

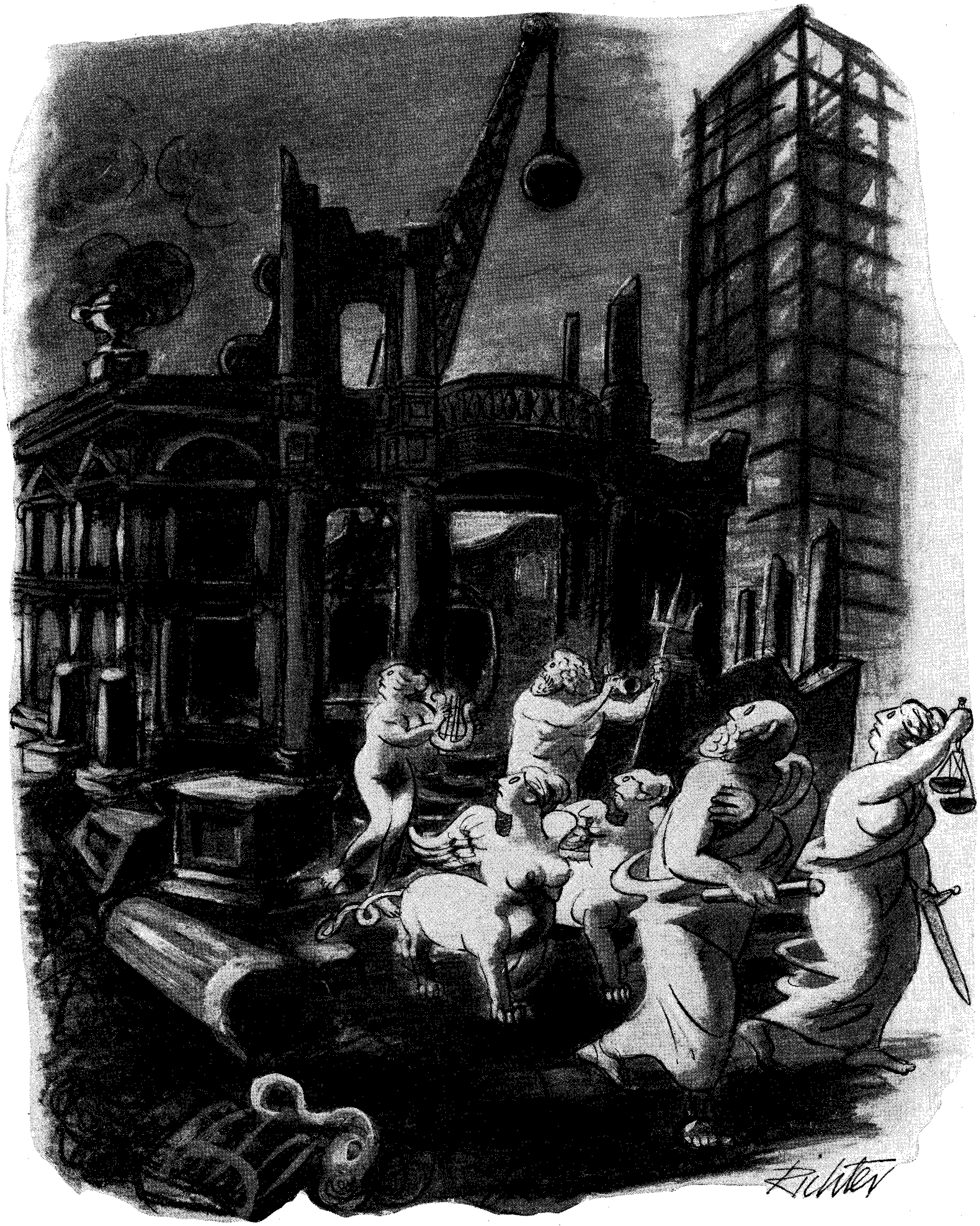
"And if I know what goes on in stir," Hammett concluded, "that bird spent the next couple of years scratching his head and saying to himself, 'Jeez, it was foolproof—how did they ever catch on? What did I do wrong?'"

Any likelihood that I was about to be drawn into a similarly bizarre situation was farthest from my mind when, several weeks ago, I read a striking report in the London *Times*. "The West Germans are rapidly becoming a nation of shoplifters," it said. "One prosperous businessman stole, over a long period, all the food he wanted for a party he was giving. A titled woman, wearing a fur coat worth thousands of marks, was found to have the lining stuffed full of stolen food. . . . One man shopper took a fancy to a frozen chicken, and went to the extraordinary length of concealing it in the crown of his hat. He was detected at the cash desk, but only because he fell unconscious while waiting to pay for those goods he had decided to declare. The frozen fowl nesting on top of his head had slowed down the blood circulation to his brain."

Not long after I read the foregoing, I happened to notice in the Third Avenue supermarket where I shop a remarkable person contemplating the showcase of frozen foods. Gaunt, well over six feet tall, and chin-whiskered, he was clad in a rusty Prince Albert set off by a silk hat of the type known as a tile. Whether it was his expression of deep melancholy or his posture as he stood grasping his lapels, he reminded me of someone, but I could not remember who. Clearly oblivious of my gaze, he opened the showcase door and withdrew two packages—a Stouffer's beef pie and a Sara Lee cheesecake. At that juncture, some old gaffer maneuvering his wagon jostled me. I stepped aside with an apology, and when I turned back the tall stranger had vanished into the detergents and soap powders. I assumed I had seen the last of him, but no—on reaching the express checkout lane I beheld him directly ahead. The clerk was bagging his sole purchase, a Teflon scouring pad, and, mystified, I watched him exit through the automatic doors. Where were the foodstuffs he'd selected, the beef pie and cheesecake? And who in tarnation was he? There was an enigmatic quality about the man, an elusiveness, apart from his identity, that unsettled me.

Had I consulted my astrological forecast, as I should have, it would have told me I was entering a period of suspense, which shortly became apparent. Three days thence, the counterman of a delicatessen on Nineteenth Street was slicing a quarter of Novy for me. The ambient air was heavy





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with the fragrance of whitefish, Maatjes herring, and freshly minted bagels, and, crowded around me, a bevy of dynamite chicks, each lovelier than Faye Dunaway, awaited their turn with nostrils flaring. All of a sudden, like a chill wind, I felt an alien presence, and there stood the same wraithlike figure by the frozen-food locker, clasping an icy carton of wonton soup atop two packets of Chinese snow peas and water chestnuts. I stared at him for what must have seemed an eternity, because the counterman loosed an enraged bellow.

"What next, Mister, what next?" the counterman cried. "People are waiting!"

"Yes, and they're famished!" echoed one of the beauties. "What's eating you, chum? You look like you seen a ghost."

She was right, in a sense, for in that instant I had witnessed an uncanny sleight-of-hand performance—the disappearance of all three eatables into the man's uplifted hat. By the time I squirmed through the press, clutching my Novy, his only visible selection, a bar of halvah, had been rung up on the register and he was speeding down the block. Burning to ascertain whether the refrigeration would fell him as it had the kraut shoplifter, I took off in hot pursuit. Our contest was unequal; the gelid ice cap seemed to act on him like adrenalin, though possibly he may have raised his sugar level with the halvah. Whatever the cause, I lost him somewhere near Gramercy Park, but the chase was not wholly unproductive. In one of several buildings where he could have gone to earth, I found a mailbox reading Eban Locnil. It didn't promise much at first, but, thanks to a pipeful or two of Latakia and an aptitude for cryptography, it rearranged itself into Abe Lincoln, and I knew a moment of elation. So that was why the chap had seemed familiar. Well, I resolved grimly, *ruat caelum*, I was going to discover how this dishonest Abe had flouted the most elementary laws of physiology.

The opportunity came that Saturday, in the hurly-burly of weekend shopping. Poring through the bins of Nussbaum's Gourmeteria, on Second Avenue, for a breakfast kipper, I overheard a woman railing against the rudeness of a customer who, she asserted, had practically wrenched a broiler out of her hand. "He's some kind of a poultry freak, the muzzler!" she shrilled. "He's there right now at the meat counter! An old-fashioned weirdo in a high hat."

Sparse though it was, her description warranted a rundown, and I tiptoed into the next aisle. The sight that met my eyes was well-nigh past belief. Disdaining easy choices like goose liver and chicken wings, my Presidential doppelgänger was about to execute a *coup de théâtre* by forcing a butterball turkey into his headpiece. Providentially, he did not see me, and I ducked back. That was all to the good. If there was to be a confrontation, I wanted it on my own terms.

CHRISTIANSON

"Reach for the sky, Locnil." The words I had rehearsed since quitting Nussbaum's sounded less puissant at the entrance of his brownstone, but they gained menace from the briar pipe I jammed into his back. He stiffened, and before he could resist I herded him into the foyer. Then I did some quick thinking. If he lamped a Dunhill in my mitt instead of a police special, the jig was up, so I shifted it to my coat pocket. I wasn't sure if he'd buy it, but he bought it. All the way up in the poky little elevator, he spoke only once.

"You the fuzz?"

"Uh-uh, just someone who knows his way around the circulatory system and needs a few answers. This your pad?"

He nodded, fiddled with the locks, threw on a switch. Then, as the room flooded with light, he swung around, his eyes twin clouded agates. "All right, what's bugging you?" he snarled. "Talk fast. I've got a turkey melting on my head."

"Boohoo, you're breaking my heart," I growled. "Sit down, Lincoln, and keep your hands on your lapels. That way nobody gets hurt."

His face fell apart. "How did you know me?"

"I wasn't born yesterday. Anyway, there aren't too many gees around that look like rail-splitters. Once I ruled out Raymond Massey and Arthur Miller, there was only one other person you could be."

"Listen, you," he said, his twin agates narrowing. "I got a hunch you've been tailing me. I'm positive we've seen each other in the past."

"Maybe you were a king in Babylon and I was a Christian slave," I chaffed him. "But enough with the yocks. Where did you get the idea?"

"I don't read you. What idea?"

"Of wearing a heated wig on your sconce for insulation—to counteract the deadly frost that you knew would cause syncope, from cerebral anemia."

He figured the odds a long moment, decided I had him. "You win, Doc," he said. "But how did you tumble? Tell me where I goofed."

"For one thing, at the meat counter in Nussbaum's. You stepped out of character, my friend. The Great Emancipator would never have snatched a broiler from a lady."

"Yeah, I guess I overplayed my hand. What else?"

I flicked aside his muffler, exposing the electric cord leading under his hat. "At first, I thought you had a can of Sterno up there, or a small hibachi. Then I spotted this when you were heisting the gobbler. That cinched it, Locnil."

Rarely have I seen such desolation on a human countenance; staring out at me, all pretense flown, was a mute hunted animal. He silently extended his wrists. "O.K., I'm ready. Let's go."

I extracted my pipe, tapped out the dottle, and rose. "Smarten up, fellow," I said. "I told you—I'm not a lawman. Nor am I, in spite of your awed expression, that implausible creation of Jacques Futrelle's, The Thinking Machine."

"Then who are you, in God's name?" he whimpered.

"Merely an insomniac," I said. "A reader of the London *Times* who can't rest until he solves their news reports." And went out the door.

—S. J. Perelman

# THE FIRST YEAR OF MY LIFE

I WAS born on the first day of the second month of the last year of the First World War, a Friday. Testimony abounds that during the first year of my life I never smiled. I was known as the baby whom nothing and no one could make smile. Everyone who knew me then has told me so. They tried very hard, singing and bouncing me up and down, jumping around, pulling faces. Many times I was told this later by my family and their friends, but, anyway, I knew it at the time.

You will shortly be hearing of that new school of psychology—or maybe you have heard of it already—which, after long and far-adventuring research and experiment, has established that all of the young of the human species are born omniscient. Babies, in their waking hours, know everything that is going on everywhere in the world; they can tune in to any conversation they choose, switch on to any scene. We have all experienced this power. It is only after the first year that it is brainwashed out of us, for it is demanded of us by our immediate environment that we grow to be of use to it in a practical way.

It is not a new theory. Poets and philosophers, as usual, have been there first. But scientific proof is now ready and to hand. Any day now, it will be given to the world, and the world will be convinced.

Let me, therefore, get my word in first, because I feel pretty sure, now, about the authenticity of my remembrance of things past. My autobiography, as I very well perceived at the time, started in the very worst year that the world had ever seen so far. Apart from being born bedridden and toothless, unable to raise myself on the pillow or utter anything but farmyard squawks or police-siren wails, I was further depressed by the curious behavior of the two-legged mammals around me. There were those black-dressed people, females of the species to which I appeared to belong, saying they had lost their sons. I slept a great deal. Let them go and find their sons. It was like the special pin for my nappies, which my mother, or some other hoverer dedicated to my care, was always losing. These careless women in black lost their husbands and their brothers. Then they came to visit my mother and clucked and crowed over my cradle. I was not amused.

"Babies never really smile till they're three months old," said my mother. "They're not *supposed* to smile till they're three months old."

My brother, aged six, marched up and down with a toy rifle over his shoulder:

The grand old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men;
He marched them up to the top of the hill
And he marched them down again.

And when they were up, they were up,
And when they were down, they were down,
And when they were neither down nor up,
They were neither up nor down.

"Just listen to him!" the women would say. "Look at him with his rifle!"

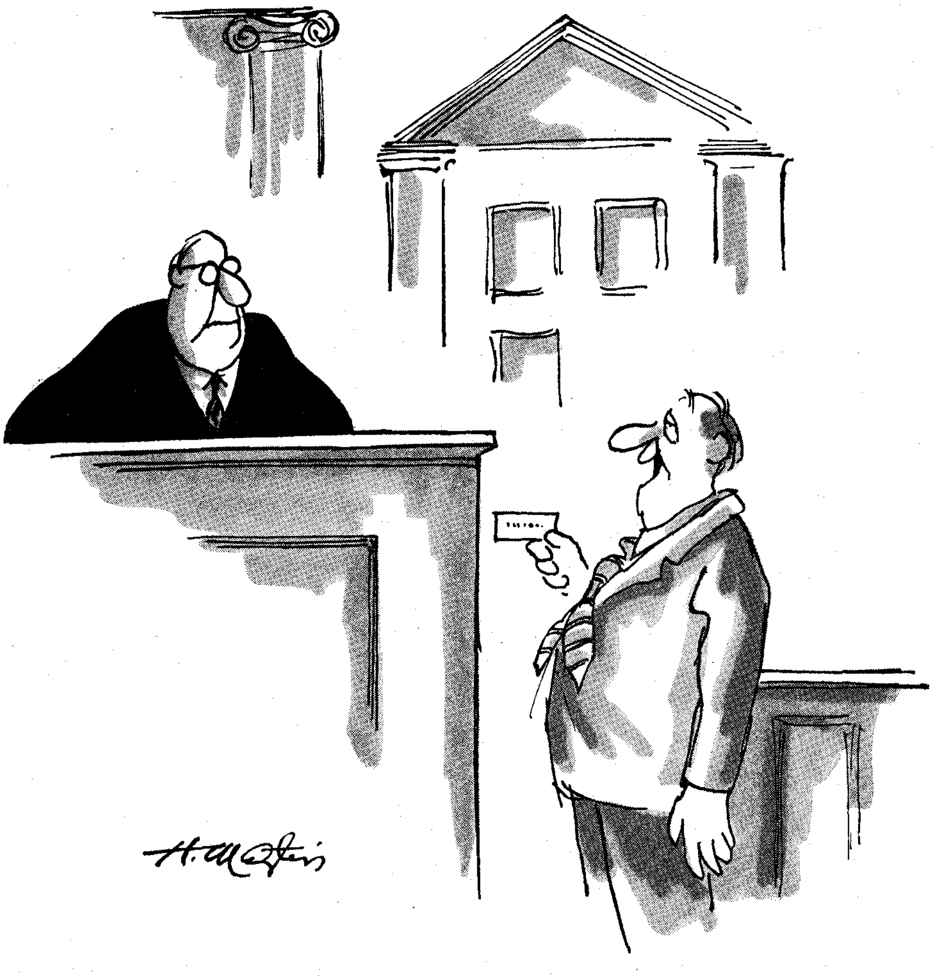
I WAS nine days old when Russia stopped fighting. I tuned in to the Czar—a prisoner, with the rest of his family—since evidently the country had put him off his throne and there had been a revolution not long before I was born. Everyone was talking about it. "Nothing would ever induce me to sign the treaty of Brest-Litovsk," the Czar said to his wife. Nobody had asked him to.

At this point, I was sleeping twenty hours a day to get my strength up. And, from what I discerned in the other four hours of the day, I knew I was going to need it. The Western Front, on my frequency, was sheer blood, mud, dismembered bodies, blistering crashes, hectic flashes of light in the night skies, explosions, total terror. Since it was plain I had been born into a bad moment in the history of the world, the future bothered me, unable as I was to raise my head from the pillow and as yet only twenty inches long. "I truly wish I were a fox or a bird," D. H. Lawrence was writing to somebody. Dreary old creeping Jesus. I fell asleep.

Red sheets of flame shot across the sky. It was the twenty-first of March, the forty-ninth day of my life, and the German spring offensive had started before my morning feed. Infinite slaughter. I scowled at the scene, and made an effort to kick out. But the attempt was feeble. Furious, and impatient for some strength, I wailed for my feed.

The grand old Duke of York
He had ten thousand men . . .

I never heard a sillier song. Over in Berlin and Vienna, the people were



*"If it please the Court, I have a get-out-of-jail-free card."*

starving, freezing, striking, rioting and yelling in the streets. In London, everyone was bustling to work and muttering that it was time the whole damn business was over.

The big people around me bared their teeth; that meant a smile, it meant they were pleased or amused. They spoke of ration cards for meat and sugar and butter.

"Where will it all end?" they asked.

I went to sleep. I woke and tuned in to Bernard Shaw, who was telling someone to shut up. I switched over to Joseph Conrad, who, strangely enough, was saying precisely the same thing. I still didn't think it worth a smile, although it was expected of me any day now. I got on to Turkey. Women draped in black huddled and chattered in their harems. Yak-yak-yak. This was boring, so I came back to home base.

In and out came and went the women in British black. My mother's brother, dressed in his uniform, came coughing. He had been poison-gassed in the trenches. "*Tout le monde à la bataille!*" declaimed Marshal Foch, the old swine. He was now Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Forces. My uncle coughed from deep within his lungs, never to recover but destined to return to the front. His brass buttons gleamed in the firelight. I weighed twelve pounds by now; I stretched and kicked for exercise, seeing that I had a lifetime before me, coping with this crowd. I took six feeds a day and kept most of them down by the time the Vindictive was sunk in Ostend Harbor, on which day I kicked with special vigor in my bath.

In France, the conscripted soldiers leapfrogged over the dead on the advance and littered the fields with limbs and hands, or drowned in the mud. The strongest men on all fronts were dead before I was born. Now the sentries used bodies for barricades and the fighting men were unhealthy from the start. I checked my toes and my fingers, knowing I was going to need them. "The Playboy of the Western World" was playing at the Court Theatre in London, but occasionally I beamed over to the House of Commons, which made me drop off gently to sleep. Generally, I preferred the Western Front, where one got the true state of affairs. It was essential to know the worst, blood and explosions and all, for one had to be prepared, as the Boy Scouts said. Virginia Woolf yawned and reached for her diary. Really, I preferred the Western Front.

In the fifth month of my life, I could raise my head from my pillow and hold it up. I could grasp the objects that were held out to me. Some of these things rattled and squawked. I gnawed on them to get my teeth started. "She hasn't smiled yet?" said the dreary old aunties. My mother, on the defensive, said I was probably one of those late smilers. On my wavelength, Pablo Picasso was getting married, and early in that month of July the Silver Wedding of King George V and Queen Mary was celebrated in joyous pomp at St. Paul's Cathedral. They drove through the streets of London with their children. Twenty-five years of domestic happiness. A lot of fuss and ceremonial handing over of swords went on at the Guildhall, where the King and Queen received a check for fifty-three thousand pounds to dispose of for charity, as they thought fit. *Tout le monde à la bataille!* Income tax in England had reached six shillings in the pound. Everyone was talking about the Silver Wedding, and ten days later the Czar and his family, now in Siberia, were invited to descend to a little room in a basement. Crack, crack went the guns; screams, and blood all over the place, and that was the end of the Romanovs. I flexed my muscles. "A fine healthy baby," said the doctor, which gave me much satisfaction.

HOT FRANKS
ICE-POP
ICE
PLU
B TOBEY

*Tout le monde à la bataille!* That included my gassed uncle. My health had improved to the point where I was able to crawl in my playpen. Bertrand Russell was still cheerily in prison for writing something seditious about pacifism. When I tuned in, as usual, to the front lines, it looked as if the Germans were winning all the battles yet losing the war. And so it was. The upper-income people were upset about the income tax at six shillings to the pound. But all women over thirty got the vote. "It seems a long time to wait," said one of my drab old aunts, aged twenty-two. The speeches in the House of Commons always sent me to sleep, which was why I missed, at the actual time, a certain oration by Mr. Asquith following the Armistice on November 11th. Mr. Asquith was a greatly esteemed former Prime Minister, later to be an earl, and had been ousted by Mr. Lloyd George. I clearly heard Asquith, in private, refer to Lloyd George as "that damned Welsh goat."

The Armistice was signed, and I was awake for that. I pulled myself onto my feet with the aid of the bars of my cot. My teeth were coming through very nicely, in my opinion, and well worth all the trouble I was put to in bringing them forth. I weighed twenty pounds. On all the world's fighting fronts, the men killed in action or dead of wounds numbered 8,538,315, and the warriors wounded and maimed were 21,219,452. With these figures in mind, I sat up in my high chair and banged my spoon on the table. One of my mother's black-draped friends recited:

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

Most of the poets, they said, had been killed.

NEXT February, on my first birthday, there was a birthday cake with one candle. Lots of children and their elders. The war had been over two months and twenty-one days. "Why doesn't she smile?"

My brother was to blow out the candle. The elders were talking about the war and the political situation. Lloyd George and Asquith, Asquith and Lloyd George. I remembered recently having switched on to Mr. Asquith at a private party where he had been drinking a lot. He was playing cards, and when he came to cut the cards he tried to cut a large box of matches by mistake. On another occasion, I had seen him putting his arm around a lady's shoulder in a Daimler motorcar, and generally behaving toward her in a very friendly fashion. Strangely enough, she said, "If you don't stop this nonsense immediately I'll order the chauffeur to stop and I'll get out." Mr. Asquith replied, "And pray, what reason will you give?"

The guests arrived for my birthday. It was so sad, said one of the black widows, so sad about Wilfred Owen, who was killed so late in the war, and she quoted from a poem of his:

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?
Only the monstrous anger of the guns.

The children were squealing and toddling around. One was sick and another wet the floor. All was mopped up. I banged my spoon on the table of my high chair. Someone was quoting:

But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year,
And I to my pledged word am true,
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

More parents and children arrived. One stout man, who was warming his behind at the fire, said, "I always think those words of Asquith's after the Armistice were so apt."

They brought the cake close to my high chair for me to see, with the candle shining and flickering above the pink icing. "A pity she never smiles," said one aunt.

"She'll smile in time," my mother said, obviously upset.

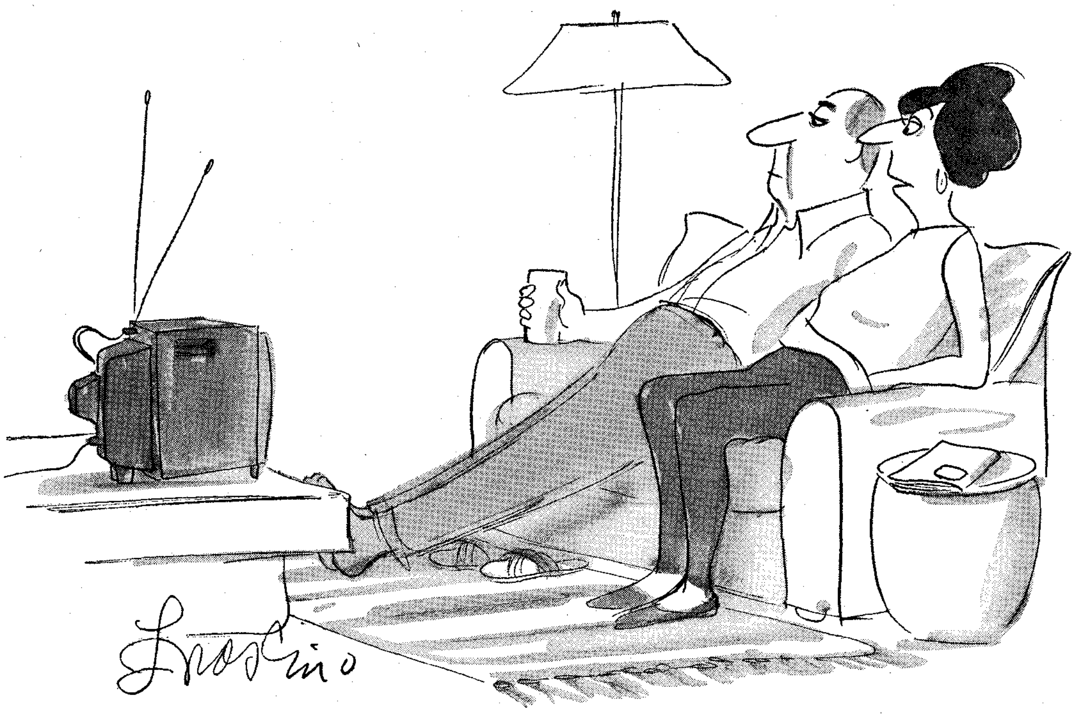
"What Asquith told the House of Commons just after the war," said that stout gentleman with his backside to the fire. "So apt, what Asquith said. He said that the war has cleansed and purged the world, by God! I recall his actual words. 'All things have become new. In this great cleansing and purging it has been the privilege of our country to play her part.' "

That did it. I broke into a decided smile, and everyone noticed it, convinced that it was provoked by the fact that my brother had blown out the candle on the cake. "She smiled!" my mother exclaimed. And everyone was clucking away about how I was smiling. For good measure, I crowed like a demented raven. "My baby's smiling!" said my mother.

"It was the candle on her cake," they said.

The cake be damned. Since that time I have grown to smile quite naturally, like any other healthy and house-trained person, but when I really mean a smile, deeply felt from the core, then to all intents and purposes it comes in response to the words uttered in the House of Commons after the First World War by the distinguished, the immaculately dressed, and the late Mr. Asquith.

—MURIEL SPARK



*"Maybe it's just me, but tonight it seems everybody on television is lying."*

• •

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Resting is a popular housing alternative in these days of tight mortgage money.—*Akron (Ohio) Beacon Journal.*

You just find a nice soft bench in the park.

# FOUR POEMS

### GOODBYES

Goodbye, goodbye, to one place or another,
to every mouth, to every sorrow,
to the insolent moon, to weeks
which wound in the days and disappeared,
goodbye to this voice and that one stained
with amaranth, and goodbye
to the usual bed and plate,
to the twilit setting of all goodbyes,
to the chair that is part of the same twilight,
to the way made by my shoes.

I spread myself, no question;
I turned over whole lives,
changed skin, lamps, and hates,
it was something I had to do,
not by law or whim,
more of a chain reaction;
each new journey enchained me;
I took pleasure in place, in all places.

And, newly arrived, I promptly said goodbye
with still newborn tenderness
as if the bread were to open and suddenly
flee from the world of the table.
So I left behind all languages,
repeated goodbyes like an old door,
changed cinemas, reasons, and tombs,
left everywhere for somewhere else;
I went on being and being always
half undone with joy,
a bridegroom among sadnesses,
never knowing how or when,
ready to return, never returning.

It's well known that he who returns
never really left,
so I traced and retraced my life,
changing clothes and planets,
growing used to the company,
to the great whirl of exile,
to the great solitude of bells tolling.

### WATER

Everything on the earth bristled, the bramble
pricked and the green thread
nibbled away, the petal fell, falling
until the only flower was the falling itself.
Water is another matter,
has no direction but its own bright grace,
runs through all imaginable colors,
takes limpid lessons
from stone,
and in these functionings plays out
the unrealized ambitions of the foam.

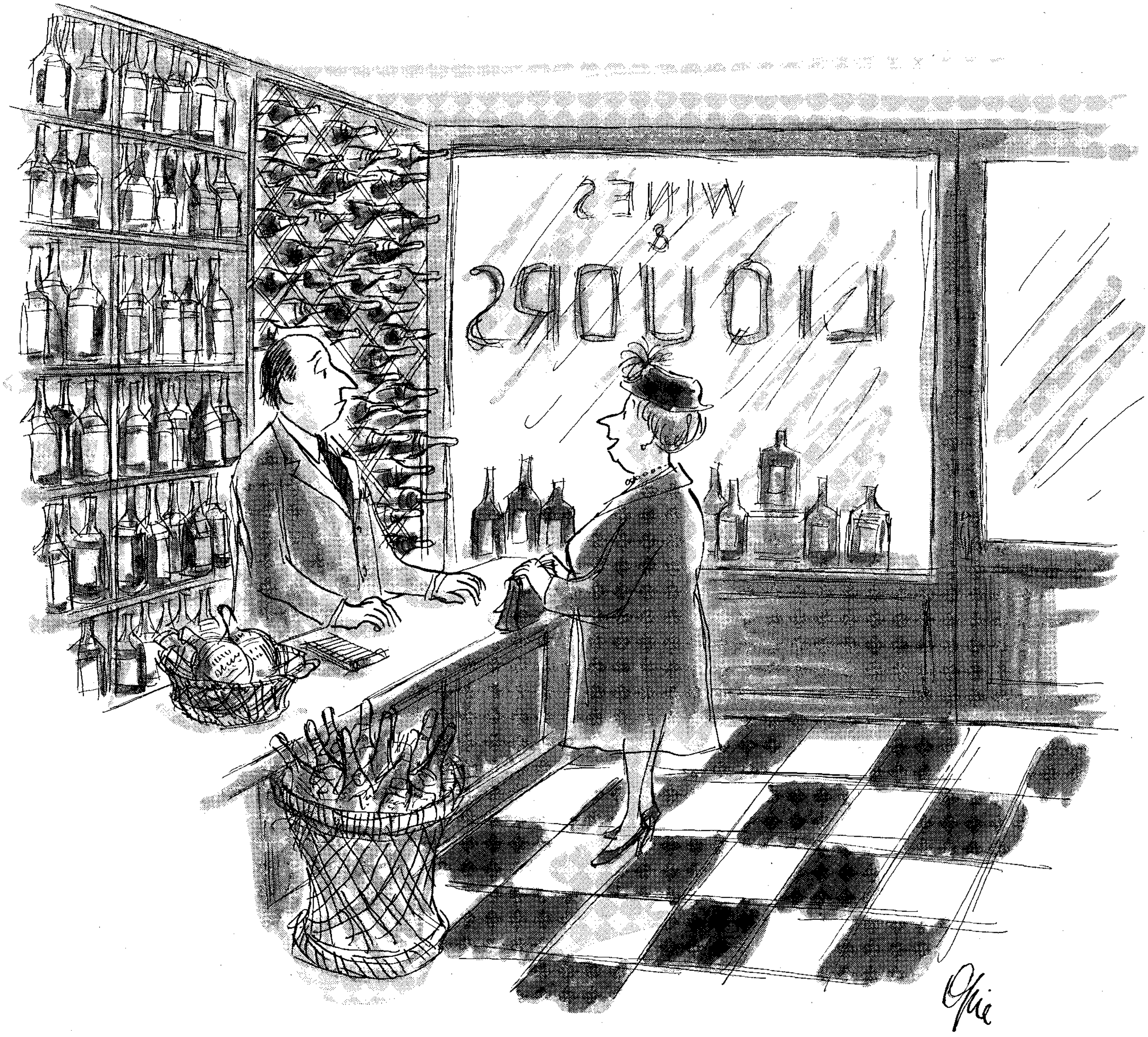
### ALSTROEMERIA

In this month of January, the alstroemeria,
the flower entombed underground,
comes up out of hiding to the high wastes.
A blush of pink shows in the rock garden.
My eyes take in
its familiar triangle on the sand.
I wonder,
seeing
its pale petal
tooth, the perfect
cradle with its secret spots,
its smooth symmetrical fire—
how did it ready itself underground?
How, when there was nothing there but dust,
boulder or ash,
did it sprout, eager, clear, prepared,
protruding its grace into the world?
What was that underground labor like?
When did the form become one with the pollen?
How did the dew seep down
as far as that darkness
and the sudden flower ascend
like a warm flush of fire
till, drop by drop, thread by thread,
the dry places were mantled
and in the rosy light
the air moved, scattering fragrance,
as if from earth alone, dry and deserted,
there had sprung up
a fullness, a flowering,
a freshness multiplied by love alone?

So did I think in January,
looking at yesterday's dryness; while now,
timidly, crisply grows
the gentle multitude of alstroemeria;
and across what once was stone
and dry plain,
the ship of the wind passes, rippling
the fragrant flowering waves.

### TO THE SAME PORT

Valparaiso has feelers,
cups with a huge capacity,
interlacing nets.
And underneath the tangle
of the whole sea when it unrolls,
where the scales of single fish
are growing, one by one,
or where bloodstained harpoons
rest asleep, quivering
with dreams of blood and salt,
or further away, into the heart
of the poet,
Valparaiso penetrates
and searches and finds
and opens and leaves
a net hidden
in the continuity;
then surprising lances go flying,
yellow
machines,
the hungry petrels,
the meagre room
among the hills,
sustained by
one clear painted petal.
And in the sky, too,
the bird of afternoon



*"Can you recommend a reasonably priced Médoc that's above suspicion?"*

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or the hurtling plane, tempered
like a bullet from the moon,
all things
above
feel
the fine waves from the port,
and silently
the star turns itself
toward the sparse bay,
to the suspended houses,
to grief, to helplessness,
to all the joy
of the sea's edge, of the poor siren,
of the marine city
which the brutal sea has not worn down,
which the punishing land has not buried.

Valparaiso has
black connections with the wind,
debts with the dew,
holes which cannot be answered,
precise mayors who walk
their sad dogs in the afternoons,
silent, tomblike Sundays,
but no matter, everything,
everything comes clear
when across earth or sea or sky or wire
you feel a shock, a sudden
interruption—
something calls, something falls,
faint dust from a dream,
a beat, light from the water,
an imperceptible
signal,
flour
or salt of the night.
And at that point we turn
our gaze toward
Valparaiso.

—PABLO NERUDA

(*Translated, from the Spanish, by Alastair Reid.*)

# REFLECTIONS

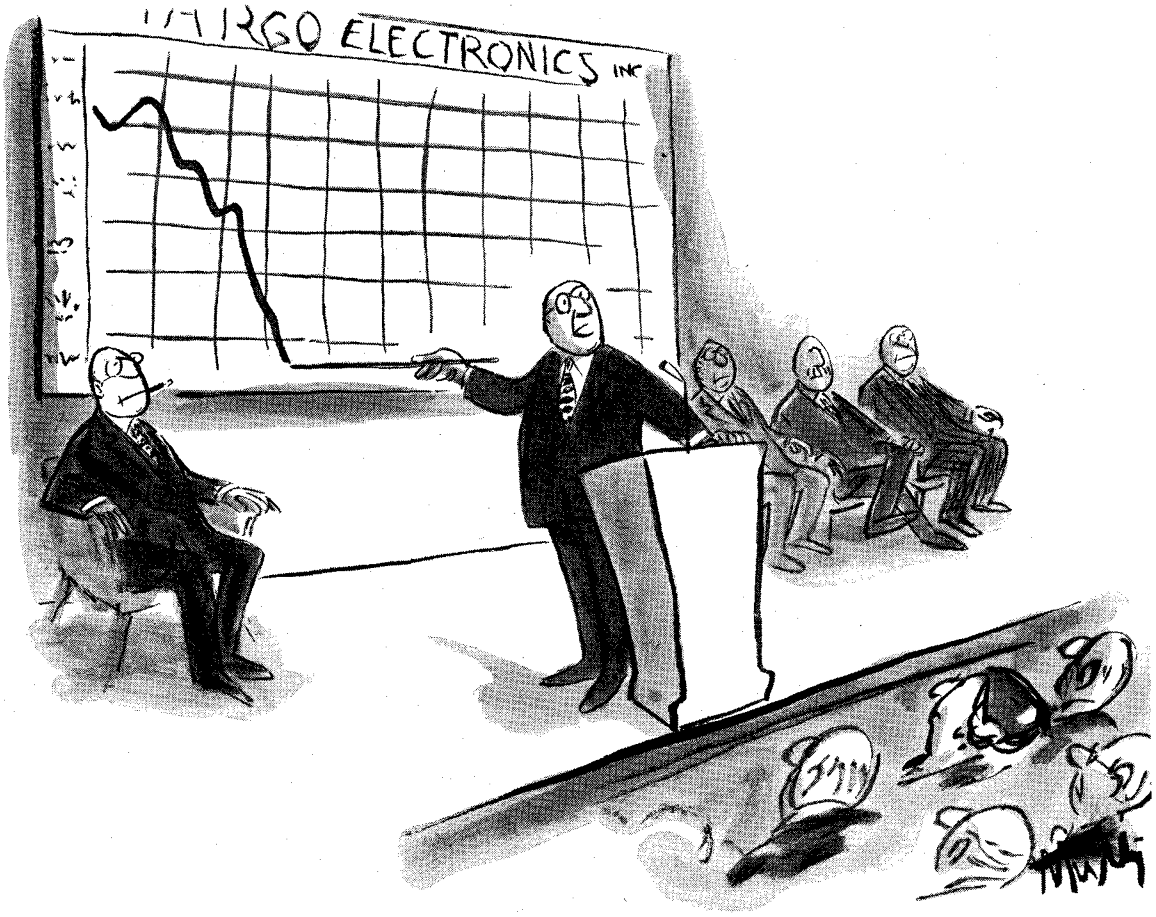
## THE TIME OF ILLUSION

### PROLOGUE

IN the course of the last decade, the United States passed through a protracted internal political crisis that diverted the nation's energy and attention from virtually all other business, embittered every aspect of public life, and finally brought the American Constitutional system to the edge of a breakdown. The crisis had its origins in the intervention of the United States in a civil war in Indo-China—a move that, to the astonishment of the whole nation, grew in the space of a few years from a minor distraction in American foreign policy into an engulfing national obsession—and it reached its conclusion with the resignation of a President of the United States. No crisis in American political history came more unexpectedly than this one. And no crisis was more baffling to those who were caught up in it. At any given moment from the mid-nineteen-sixties until the early nineteen-seventies, most of the nation seemed to believe that the worst was over, with the result that the nation was repeatedly pitched from one phase of the crisis into the next without warning. In fact, so bewildered were Americans by what was happening to them and by what they themselves were doing that many came to believe that both in Indo-China and at home the United States had been overtaken by a wholly accidental and therefore wholly absurd fate. And when the crisis was unmistakably over, many voices were heard recommending that the nation try to forget about it immediately, as though people were ready to accept the notion that the events of recent years defied understanding in retrospect—just as they had defied anticipation and had defied understanding as they unfolded—and so were truly without any discoverable meaning whatever. Yet each phase of the crisis—the war abroad, the strife at home, and the systemic convulsion at the end—grew out of the preceding one, and all were episodes in a single story: a story that encompassed some ten years of American history. Today, looking back over events that no one foresaw, that no one fully grasped when they occurred, and that many would now like to forget, Americans are left still wondering where the trouble came from, what it did to the nation, and what, if anything, it was all for.

The crisis did not first emerge during the Presidency of Richard Nixon, but it came to a climax in those years, and it was his fall—anticipating the fall some nine months later of the regimes that the United States had supported in Vietnam and Cambodia—that marked the ending of the crisis. The Nixon Administration was characterized by, among other things, fragmentation. What the Nixon men thought was unconnected to what they said. What they said was unconnected to what they did. What they did or said they were doing at one moment was unconnected to what they did or said they were doing the next moment. And when they were driven from office, they left behind them not one but several unconnected records of themselves. First, there was the record of the Administration as it had presented itself to the public during its time in power. Second, there was the somewhat more complete record of the Administration as it was reflected in the press and on television in those years. And, third, there was the record of the Administration's multifarious covert activities, which was made known only later, as the Administration came to its premature end. Never in American history had as much information about an Administration in power been held in secrecy as was held in secrecy during most of the Nixon years. But never in the history of the world, perhaps, had as much been revealed about the workings of a government as was revealed about the workings of the Nixon apparatus during and after its fall. In a democracy, people must know what is going on, and know it immediately after it happens, if they are to make their judgments about where the country should be going and who should lead it there. In the Nixon years, information about public affairs came in bits and scraps, often out of sequence and after long delays; and the coherence and meaning of the public record was lost. Later, as the record of the Administration's covert activities was made available, some of the gaps were filled in, but by then the parts that had been learned earlier were fading from memory, and people were left with a pile of shreds. It was as though they had been invited to listen to a large orchestral composition, but then had heard each of the instruments separately, one after another, and with long waits in between. They had heard interminable notes, played hour after hour, but they had never heard the composition. In what follows, I will reconnect some of the fragments that are to be found in the various records of the Nixon Administration, in order—as a first step toward understanding what has happened—to make the experience whole; and I will offer some thoughts on the deeper and more enduring American political crisis, of which the Nixon Administration was only a part.

IN November of 1968, when Richard Nixon was elected thirty-seventh President of the United States, the war had already installed itself at the center of the nation's political life. Wherever the shadow of the war had fallen—and it had fallen nearly everywhere—unity of purpose had been lost and hope had died. The political consensus on which President Lyndon Johnson had thought to build a program of reforms in American life had begun to fragment and dissolve. Its base, the Democratic Party, had splintered into warring factions. A movement for racial justice that had gathered strength in the first part of the nineteen-sixties had grown angry and, on occasion, violent; its members, who had been at one with President Johnson on race, had divided with him on the war, and the ground for further coöperation had been lost. A program to eliminate poverty in the United States had been curtailed as federal funds were poured into the war effort. Even the booming, apparently unstoppable American economy was weakened by the enormous war expenditures. But although the war was unquestionably at the root of the nation's political disorders, what was at the root of the war itself was obscure. For one thing, it seemed that the war was as much a symptom of the disorders as it was a cause. No immediate peril had compelled the United States to go to war—certainly not the North Vietnamese. No Vietnamese force had ever posed any threat to America, and



*"I'm sure you're all familiar with the concept of business cycles. Now, at this point in time we are in the lousy part of this particular cycle."*

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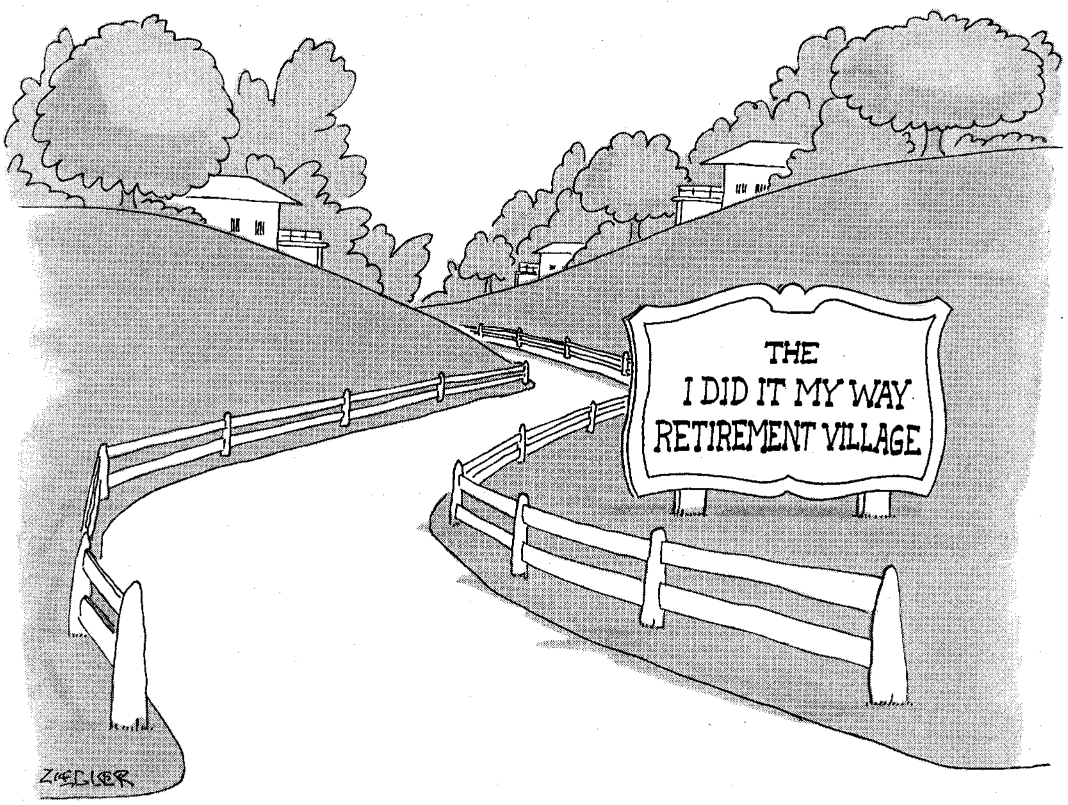
no Vietnamese had ever shown any desire whatever to fight a war against the United States. Nor had there been any clamor for war from the public. Rather, the American government had itself created the compulsion under which it labored in Vietnam. Events in Vietnam had taken on significance for the United States only insofar as American policymakers, guided by global strategic theories, had decided that they were significant. And yet when the government attempted to set forth these theories its explanations had been confused and contradictory. It was not that too few war aims were offered but, if anything, too many. One aim, the government said, was to promote the democratic system: America was in Vietnam to protect the freedom of the South Vietnamese against Communist totalitarianism. A second aim was to uphold certain rules of international conduct: America was in Vietnam to stop aggression. A third aim was to prevent other countries from falling to Communism, for the policymakers were convinced that if the United States permitted the Vietnamese revolutionaries to overthrow the regime in South Vietnam, a chain reaction would be set in motion in which the world's nations would fall to Communism one after another, in a long row, like dominoes (as a popular simile of our day has had it), until only the United States remained free, and then, it was said, the United States, too, might fall: America was in Vietnam, therefore, to protect its own security. A fourth, and final, aim was to protect something that the policymakers called American "credibility." The word was a new one in the political lexicon. It referred not to anything tangible but to an image: an image of vast national strength and of unwavering determination to use that strength in world affairs.

Of all the war aims, the aim of protecting American credibility proved to be the most durable. The defense of freedom and the prevention of aggression had long been principles in American foreign policy, but they had never been strictly adhered to, and the United States had violated them rather often. Besides, it had become difficult after a while to maintain that the United States was defending freedom in South Vietnam, inasmuch as it had soon become clear that there was no freedom in South Vietnam; and it had been difficult to maintain plausibly that the United States was acting to prevent aggression in Vietnam, in view of the fact that all the combatants but the Americans were Vietnamese. As for the domino theory, it had grown out of the experience of another era—the era in which Hitler was taking over Europe—and as the war in Vietnam continued, men inside government as well as men outside had come to the conclusion that the analogy between Europe in the nineteen-thirties and Southeast Asia in the nineteen-sixties was, at best, strained. The doctrine of credibility, however, was rooted firmly in the experience of the modern period. It was rooted in the doctrine that formed the basis for all strategic thinking in the nineteen-sixties—the doctrine of nuclear deterrence. For it was in the credibility of the nuclear deterrent that the United States had placed its hopes for survival in the nuclear age. The government hoped that by creating a formidable impression of national strength and will in the minds of the nation's adversaries it could deter them from launching a nuclear attack. In its application to Vietnam, the doctrine of credibility found expression in a revised version of the traditional domino theory which might be called the psychological domino theory. According to the traditional domino theory, each nation that fell to Communism would endanger its immediate neighbor; according to the psychological domino theory, the ill effects of a nation's fall would not necessarily be on neighboring nations but would be on nations all over the world, which by merely watching the spectacle would lose their confidence in the power of the United States. Allies, it was said, would be discouraged from relying on American power, and foes would be emboldened to challenge it. The United States would, in a word, lose credibility. In this thinking, Vietnam became a "test case" of the United States' will to use its power in world affairs. If the United States could not muster the "determination" to prevail in Vietnam, it was believed, then it would be showing, once and for all, that it lacked the determination to prevail in any conflict anywhere. And, since in the official view credibility was indivisible, a collapse of credibility in the sphere of limited conflict would cast doubt on the credibility of American power in other spheres of competition as well, including even the all-important nuclear sphere. Thus, according to the doctrine of credibility, the United States was engaged in a global public-relations struggle in which a reverse in any part of the world, no matter how small, could undermine the whole structure of American power.

By the mid-nineteen-sixties, the war had outlived every aim but the protection of credibility. In March of 1965, Assistant Secretary of Defense John McNaughton, who specialized in thinking through the rationale of American involvement in Vietnam, set forth the war aims in terms of percentage points, and he wrote that seventy per cent of the reason for being in Vietnam was "to avoid a humiliating U.S. defeat (to our reputation as a guarantor)." These words were, of course, a formulation of the doctrine of credibility. Only twenty per cent was "to keep SVN [South Vietnam] (and the adjacent) territory from Chinese hands." The word "adjacent" had reference to the traditional domino theory. And a mere ten per cent was "to permit the people of SVN to enjoy a better, freer way of life." In January of 1966, in another summation of the war aims, he wrote, "*The present U.S. objective in Vietnam is to avoid humiliation.* The reasons why we *went into* Vietnam to the present depth are varied; but they are now largely academic. Why we have *not withdrawn* is, by all odds, *one* reason. (1) To preserve our reputation as a guarantor, and thus to preserve our effectiveness in the rest of the world. We have not hung on (2) to save a friend, or (3) to deny the Communists the added acres and heads (because the dominoes don't fall for that reason in this case), or even (4) to prove that 'wars of national liberation' won't work (except as our reputation is involved)." By that time, maintaining "our reputation as a guarantor"—maintaining American credibility—was one hundred per cent of the United States' reason for being in Vietnam.

In the nineteen-sixties, then, policymakers in Washington had identified a strategic objective that in their view justified the tremendous price that the nation was paying for the war—a price that, as it turned out, included the embitterment of the nation's politics, the crippling of President Johnson's cherished domestic reforms, and the deepening crisis of the Constitutional system. But if the government was willing to wage war indefinitely for this objective, the public, it seemed, was not. One explanation of this unwillingness may be that the government had been strangely shy about rallying the public to its cause. Instead of trying to educate the public concerning the importance of the war, the government had consistently attempted to hide the true scope of the war effort. President Johnson had habitually spoken as though his fondest wish was to disengage from Vietnam. In the 1964 Presidential campaign, he had repeatedly indicated that he would never send American troops to fight in Indo-China, and he had been elected in a landslide over the Republican candidate, Senator Barry Goldwater, who had called for "victory" in the war. So profound was the government's conviction that the war effort was necessary that, when it found spontaneous support from the public lacking, it schemed to create incidents that could be used to stir up the public's wrath against the foe, and even went as far as to deliberately provoke the North Vietnamese into actions against American forces which could be used to justify escalation of the American effort. The United States had never gone to war in quite this way before. In past wars, American troops had gone into battle with the full, vocal support of the public behind them, but the American soldiers who were sent to Vietnam went into battle in silence, behind a screen of official evasions and deceptions. This time, the usual patriotic sentiments were not encouraged. How could they be? The government was pretending that the country was not at war.

A situation full of extreme danger for Constitutional democracy had arisen. The government, impelled by strategic objectives that the public did not understand, was moving deeper and deeper into an unpopular war on its own initiative. On both the political left and the political right, there was bafflement and distress. The challenge from the right came first, in the form of Barry Goldwater's Presidential candidacy. It gained the enthusiastic support of a large minority but then was turned back in the Johnson landslide. Goldwater had apparently given the public a fright with his talk of victory—and for a very good reason. A majority of the public evidently feared what the Administration also feared: that the measures necessary for a swift victory over the Vietnamese foe might draw the Chinese or the Russians, or both, into the war, and thereby precipitate a nuclear catastrophe. Johnson had capitalized on this fear during the cam-



paign in an underhanded television commercial that first showed a little girl holding a flower in her hands and then showed a nuclear explosion and then urged a vote against Senator Goldwater. Nuclear dread, which had shaped the strategy of the war to begin with, was now shaping the public's reaction to the war. The public seemed to sense that in the nuclear age patriotic war fever might lead to pressure for reckless military action that could result in annihilation.

The challenge to the war policy from the left developed a few years later, and it proved to be more formidable. The left had no more taste than the right had for the drawn-out, if limited, warfare that the Johnson Administration was asking the country to support, but whereas the right wanted to end the war by winning it, the left wanted to end the war by withdrawing from it. If the right could see no reason for restraining the war effort, the left could see no reason for any war effort at all. (And some people took a position that combined the objections of the right and the left: they held that the country should "either win or get out.") A fateful gap had opened between the executive branch and the public. The people and their President had ceased to understand each other. The President, trapped in a world of his own by his inscrutable war aims, felt first misunderstood and then betrayed. He came to believe that what distressed the country was not his war policy but his personal style; he began to entertain the notion that a campaign to improve his public image would recapture his lost support. But, twist and turn as he would, he remained pinioned by the war. An atmosphere of rage began to seep through the White House. Bewildered by the breadth and persistence of the opposition to him, President Johnson became conspiratorial-minded. He began to imagine that the anti-war movement was in league with the Soviet Union, and to imagine that some of his aides were plotting against him. Image-making and political manipulation having failed, he turned, in his anger, to repression. The C.I.A., the Army, and the F.B.I. were sent out to spy on the domestic opposition. These moves were unknown to the people at large, but other repressive acts were soon on full public display. At the Democratic Convention in August of 1968, in Chicago, the police of a city controlled by Democrats went on a bloody rampage while the leaders of the majority faction of the Democratic Party looked on; the Convention hall swarmed with undercover agents, who harassed opposition delegates and newsmen; and the Convention proceedings were crudely and openly manipulated by the majority. An Administration was suffering from an affliction that was new in the American experience. Its symptoms were rage, isolation, secretiveness, and a proclivity for repressive action, and its cause was a war whose necessity only Presidents and their advisers, it seemed, were able to fully understand.

*"That was lovely, but tell me—which comes first, the words or the music?"*

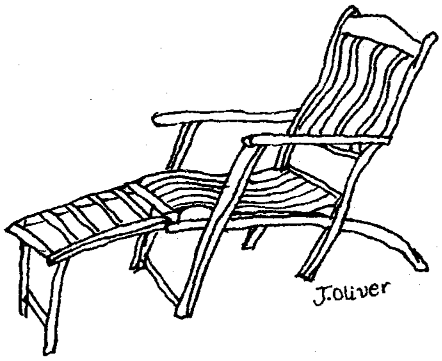
Meanwhile, the opposition to the Johnson Administration was deepening. The war-issue was at the heart of its protest, but many of its members were bothered by a great deal more than the war. The anti-war movement in the United States coincided with a youthful rebellion against established authorities which was worldwide. A number of observers, looking for some experience common to all young people which might help to explain this unexpected and apparently spontaneous world movement, noted the speed and impact of modern communications and also pointed out that the generation coming of age in the nineteen-sixties was the first to have grown up in the presence of nuclear weapons, and concluded that the threat of human extinction must somehow underlie their rebellion. If the young were upset in some general sense by the way the world they had inherited was arranged, it was hardly without reason, these observers remarked; and they suggested that if the new generation was absorbed in pleasures of the moment and tended to be uninterested in thought or in culture or in anything else that was meant to endure beyond a single generation, it might well be because they were the first generation to doubt that the human species had a future.

The question of human survival did not often arise in direct form in the strife of the nineteen-sixties, but it was in the air. For looming over the tumultuous American scene of those years was the remote and shadowy but all-pervading presence of the bomb. The bomb was lodged at the very center of the angry President's bloated power; the bomb was in the background of the government's obsession with the strange war in Vietnam; and the bomb had shaped the mood of the new generation. For some two decades, nuclear weapons had stood outside the flow of everyday business in the political world. Now it was as though they were coming closer, and were starting to pose their awful questions more insistently. Not yet overtly present in the mainstream of political thought and political action, they were indistinctly present as an atmosphere, and as the framework within which the events of the Nixon years would turn.

## I—UNITY

ON Election Night, a beaming President-elect Nixon went before the television cameras and said, "That will be the great objective of this Administration at the outset: to bring the American people together. This will be an open Administration, open to new ideas . . . open to the critics as well as to those who support us. We want to bridge the generation gap. We want to bridge the gap between the races. We want to bring America together." The generous tone of the President's remarks was widely welcomed, and to some it was a source of relief; for to a remarkable degree Nixon was a political unknown on the day he was elected to office. It wasn't for lack of exposure to him that the public did not know him well: he had been a prominent figure in national politics for twenty years, having served in the House of Representatives, in the Senate, and as Vice-President, and had shown himself to be, among other things, an uncompromising opponent of Communism wherever he might find it. But in the course of the Presidential campaign of 1968 he had made his politics unknown. During the campaign, he had drawn back from many of his old positions while putting forward few new ones, so that his campaign was a process of erasure more than of disclosure. On the issue of the war, he had consistently favored strong military action since at least 1954, when, as Vice-President, he had advocated direct American military intervention, but in the campaign he held that to take a position on the war at variance with President Johnson's would be irresponsible, and he therefore vowed to remain silent. In accepting the Republican nomination, he had said, "We all hope in this room that there's a chance that current negotiations may bring an honorable end to that war. And we will say nothing during this campaign that might destroy that chance." But, having said that, he went on to take the Democrats to task for the long duration of the war, and seemed to advocate putting an end to it even before the November election. "If the war is not ended when the people choose in November," he said, "the choice will be clear." And he said, "Those who have had a chance for four years and could not produce peace should not be given another chance." On the subject of how he would end the war, he said only, "How do you bring a war to a conclusion? I'll tell you how Korea was ended. . . . Eisenhower let the word go out—let the word go out diplomatically—to the Chinese and the North [Koreans]—that he would not tolerate this continual ground war of attrition. And within a matter of months they negotiated."

Mr. Nixon's statements on the war accorded with the clearly expressed wishes of the public, for by the fall of 1968 the country had made its decision to put an end to the war. The executive branch of the government, acting virtually on its own and by stealth, had made the decision to get the United States into Vietnam. The nation as a whole, using every available channel of public action and public debate, had made the decision to get out. In the spring of 1968, the anti-war movement had achieved a stunning victory: the retirement of President Johnson, who, in the face of strong opposition from Senator Eugene McCarthy in the early Democratic primaries, had suddenly announced that he would not run for reëlection, that he was calling a halt to the air and naval bombardment of most of North Vietnam, and that he hoped the cessation of the bombing would lead to peace talks with the Vietnamese foe. Then, only two months later, the movement had suffered an equally stunning reversal: the assassination of the man who in the course of the later primaries had become its principal political hope—Senator Robert Kennedy. Kennedy's assassination neutralized the movement as an electoral force; for the movement's strong suit in national politics had been its power to win victories in the Democratic primaries, and when Kennedy was killed the victories he had won, which would have given him his strength at the Democratic Convention, could not be transferred to another candidate. At the Convention in Chicago, what was left of the leaderless anti-war forces was defeated, and Vice-President Hubert Humphrey, a man who was linked in the public's mind with President Johnson's war policies, was sent into the field against Mr. Nixon. The anti-war movement, having retired one President, had been unable to offer a candidate of its own to the public in a national election. Nevertheless, the nation had gone through its convulsion and made its decision on the war, and Humphrey, too, now advocated an end to the war.



Mr. Nixon saw it as his responsibility to take no specific position on how the war should be ended, and on other matters, too, he was clear about his ends but vague about his means. He announced his support of racial equality but, apart from some references to a plan for promoting "black capitalism," did not propose any specific programs. He declared his intention of ending the wave of crime that had afflicted the United States in recent years, but his most often mentioned method of doing it was to "appoint a new Attorney General"—something that any new President who represents the opposition party does automatically. Bernard Nossiter, a staff writer for the Washington *Post*, wrote shortly before the election that Vice-President Humphrey's campaign lacked a theme. Mr. Nixon's campaign had a theme—which was to bring an end to the war and disorder of the Johnson years—but it lacked any clue to how he proposed to carry it out.

Nevertheless, the Nixon campaign strategy was a popular one, even among many observers who had not supported Mr. Nixon in the past. Some of these observers saw in his ambiguity an abandonment of an "old Nixon," whom they had not cared for, and the emergence of a "new Nixon," more to their liking. The "old Nixon" had been a vigorously partisan figure who sometimes engaged in ruthless or unfair tactics, such as accusing his opponent of virtual treason or putting out false campaign literature under his opponent's name, but the "new Nixon" was capable of saying, "I want the Presidency to be a force for pulling our people back together once again, and for making our nation whole by making our people one." In early October, the columnist Walter Lippmann, who had written of President Johnson that "the root of his troubles has been pride, a stubborn refusal to recognize the country's limitations or his own," gave compelling reasons for believing that the "new Nixon" was real. "I believe that there really is a 'new Nixon,' a maturer and mellower man who is no longer clawing his way to the top, and it is, I think, fair to hope that his domi-

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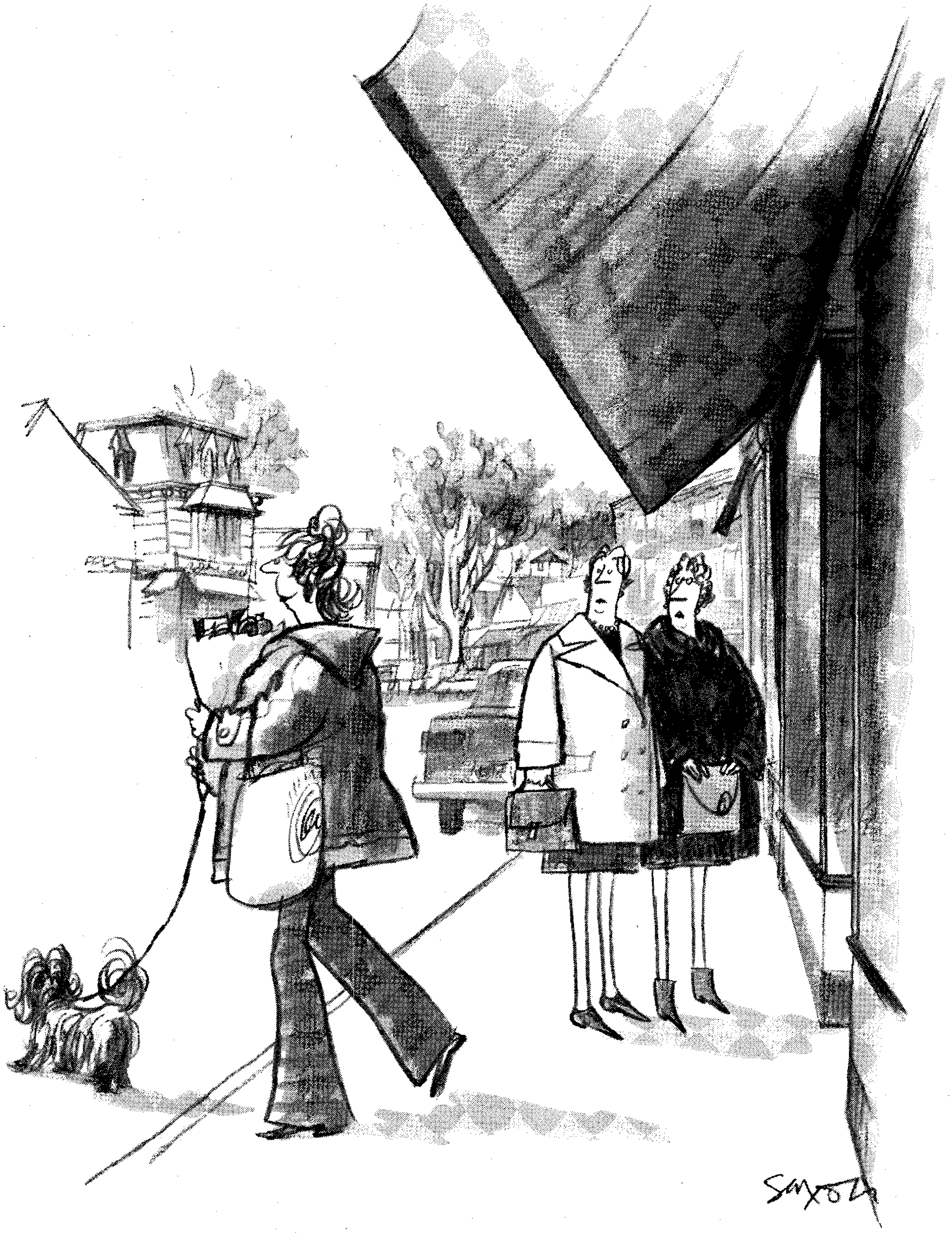
nating ambition will be to become a two-term President," he wrote. "He is bright enough to know that this will be impossible if he remains sunk in the Vietnam quagmire. Ending the war is indispensable if he is to become a successful President. And at home, he must, as he knows well, move out to find common ground with the active minorities who are dividing and might paralyze the nation." Lippmann went on to recommend a vote for Nixon. So widespread was the notion that Nixon had in effect re-created himself politically that few observers in the press looked to his past conduct in politics as a guide to his future behavior. And a country that only a few months earlier had watched the Democratic Convention in Chicago found Mr. Nixon's new tone a welcome contrast. Kenneth Crawford, a columnist for *Newsweek*, believed that Nixon wanted "to steer a middle course, emulative of the Eisenhower Administration," adding, "Indeed, restraint is the name of Nixon's game." And the columnist Joseph Kraft, apparently thinking along very much the same lines as Lippmann, wrote that a "crisis of authority" had arisen, and that the Democrats were "not yet ready to abandon the illusion that the world can be run from a single place" and so were "not equipped to back away from the true source of the crisis in authority." Therefore, he wrote, "it makes sense to vote for Richard Nixon and the Republicans." As he and millions of others saw it, a vote for Nixon was a vote for decentralization and modest aims after a period of inflated Presidential power and excessive national ambition.

Through most of the campaign, Mr. Nixon had enjoyed a wide lead in the polls. But in the final weeks his lead began to shrink, and his campaign underwent a sudden shift in tone. It seemed to break into several parts, and to begin to speak in several voices. One of them was the voice of Governor Spiro Agnew, of Maryland, Mr. Nixon's running mate. His language had been characteristically rougher than Nixon's, but now it reached new levels of stridency. On one occasion, when hecklers shouted "Humphrey! Humphrey! Humphrey!" at one of his campaign appearances, he retorted, "You can renounce your citizenship if you don't like it here, so why don't you leave?" And he added that when the Republicans took office, people like those hecklers were going to "dry up and disappear." Three days later, when Mr. Nixon encountered a disruption, he said, "I'm delighted to hear these differences." His response was in keeping with the tone he had tried to maintain in his campaign. In a major speech on the Presidency, for example, he had said, "It's time we once again had an open Administration. . . . We should bring dissenters into policy discussions, not freeze them out." But in the very last days of the campaign, when Agnew was accusing Humphrey of conciliating people who "condone violence and advocate the overthrow of the government," Nixon's own tone began to slip, and he aligned himself with Agnew's remarks by saying that Humphrey had a "personal attitude of indulgence and permissiveness toward the lawless." In another last-minute shift, he began to accuse Humphrey of being insufficiently concerned about military unpreparedness. "Let me tell you that I am the one who stands for a stronger United States and Mr. Humphrey who stands for a weaker one," he said now. He was making the point for the first time in the campaign.

These contradictions and abrupt reversals, which caused considerable puzzlement when they occurred, were to be explained partly by an unusual system of speechwriting that Mr. Nixon had adopted. Instead of choosing speechwriters who would achieve as much consistency in theme and style as possible in the speeches they wrote for him, he chose two of his principal writers for their ability to draft speeches in opposite styles. One of the two was Raymond Price, a former editorial-page editor of the *Herald Tribune*, and he wrote florid, inspirational, high-minded speeches. He was known around the campaign as Mr. Outside, because what he wrote was designed to please a broad range of people, and not just those in the narrow circle of Mr. Nixon's traditional supporters. He was also known as Nixon's "liberal" writer. The other principal speechwriter was Patrick Buchanan, formerly an editorial writer for the Saint Louis *Globe-Democrat*, who was the first full-time member of Mr. Nixon's Presidential-campaign staff; he wrote abusive, combative, vigorously partisan speeches, and produced what one former colleague called "bang-bang-socko stuff." He was known around the campaign as Mr. Inside, because his speeches were designed expressly to please the hard-core supporters. He was also known as Nixon's "conservative" writer. The candidate had established this two-track system because, as Buchanan explained a while later, he wanted to be free at any given moment to choose between "both viewpoints."



*"That's Dolores Granger. She gave up everything for love."*

The campaign's change of tone as the election approached troubled many of those who had been pleased to see the emergence of a "new Nixon." They were afraid that his apparently magnanimous, conciliatory mood might be giving way to the harshness of the "old Nixon," and the country had had enough of anger in the White House under President Johnson. These doubts, however, were largely banished when, on Election Night, Nixon made his promises to run an open Administration and to bring the nation together.

THE message coming out of the President-elect's entourage in the months between Election Day and Inauguration Day was of a piece with the theme he had set on Election Night. Mr. Nixon held a widely publicized meeting with Vice-President Humphrey and congratulated him on his campaign. He invited a delegation of black leaders to meet with him in his hotel suite in New York, and one of those who went reported afterward that the President-elect had promised to "do more for the Negro people than any President has ever done." Senate Majority

Back then, I was a kid in love, making a big promise for the future.
Well, it's our eighth anniversary, and through those years I've grown into a man with feelings no kid could ever have known.
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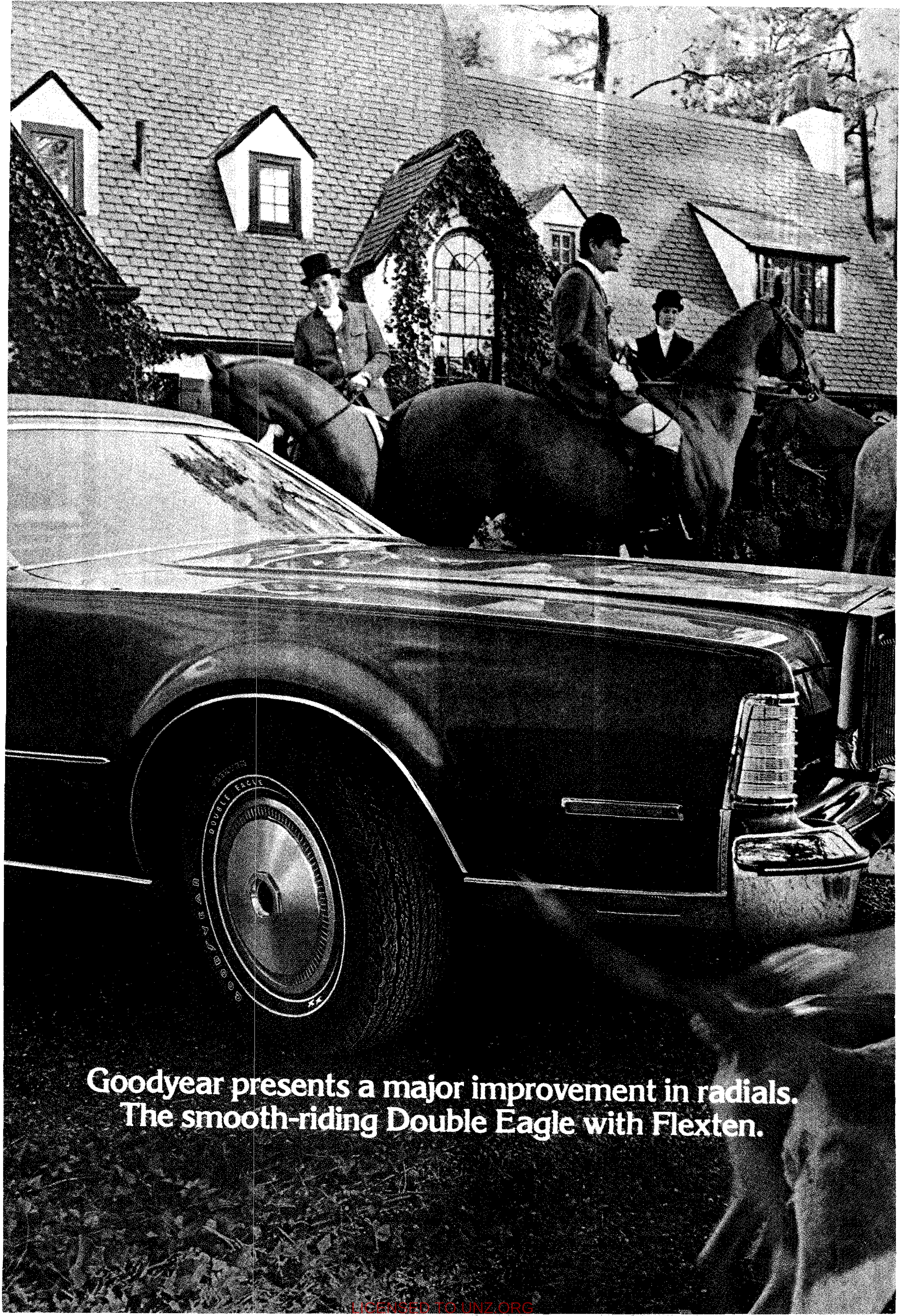
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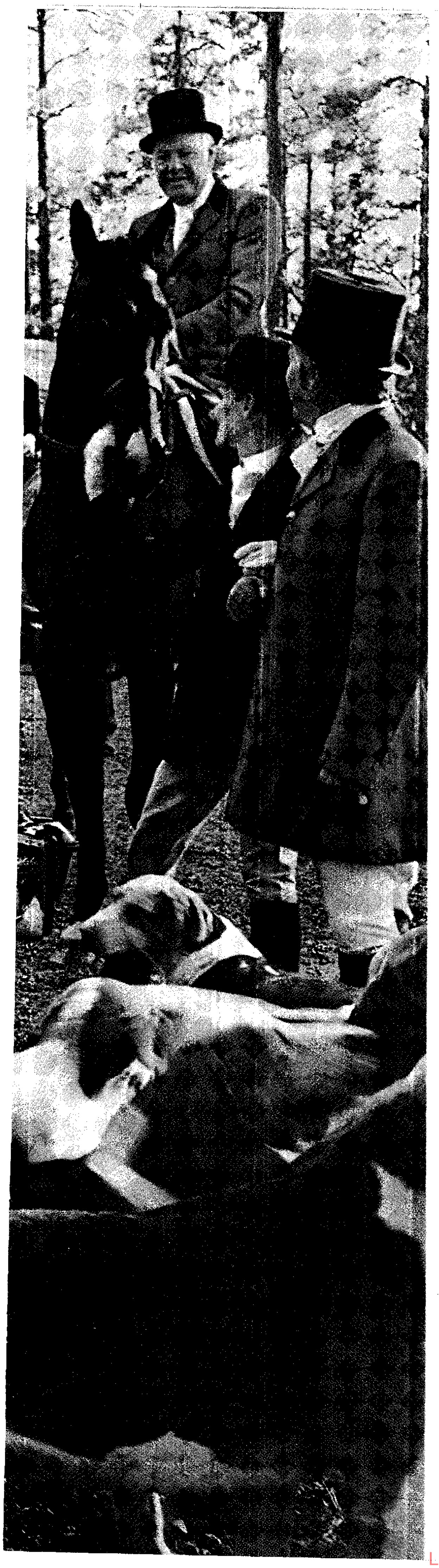
GOODYEAR
Goodyear presents a major improvement in radials.
The smooth-riding Double Eagle with Flexten.



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A ride of extraordinary comfort.

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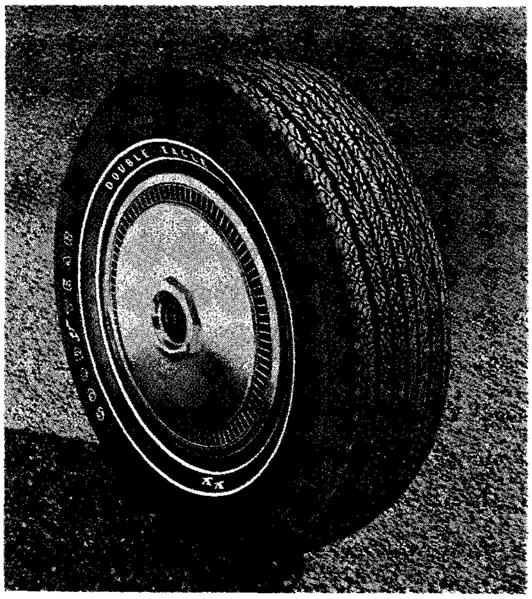
You see, Flexten has a greater capacity than steel to give, to allow for irregularities in the road. And so, a Flexten-belted radial will give a smoother, quieter, more comfortable ride than any steel-belted tire we've ever made. How much so, you'll have to feel to believe.

The second remarkable fact about Flexten is its strength. Pound for pound, it's five times stronger than steel. So it follows you'll be riding on the strongest radial we've ever made.

More comfort. And peace of mind. Things you thought you couldn't buy at any price.



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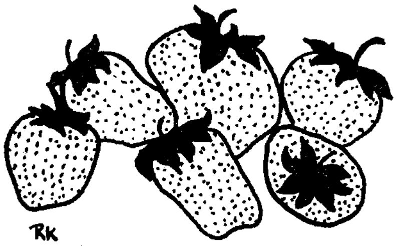
Leader Mike Mansfield, encouraged by the President-elect's conciliatory mood, announced that he looked forward to a stronger role for the Senate in foreign policy during the Nixon years. (During the Johnson years, the Senate had declined considerably as a force in foreign affairs.) In an editorial titled "New Bipartisan Era?," the Washington *Post* wrote of Nixon, "He knows that if his Administration is to succeed in the sphere of foreign policy he will have to have the coöperation of the Democratic Congress, and especially of the Foreign Relations Committee, where the power to approve treaties and to confirm foreign-relations personnel is centered." It was learned that several Democrats were under consideration for high positions, including Cabinet posts. The President-elect also moved to reassure the nation in other ways about the Cabinet. In the Johnson Administration, the Cabinet, like the Senate, had lost much of its power, and the White House staff had grown in importance. During the campaign, Mr. Nixon had announced his intention of reversing the trend. He had said he wanted "a Cabinet made up of the ablest men in America, leaders in their own right and not merely by virtue of appointment—men who will command the public's respect and the President's attention by the power of their intellect and the force of their ideas." And in the course of a description of what he didn't want he had gone on to say, "Such men are not attracted to an Administration in which all credit is gathered to the White House and blame parcelled out to scapegoats, or in which high officials are asked to dance like puppets on a Presidential string."

Now, a little more than a month after the election, he announced, in a televised ceremony that had no precedent, his choices for the Cabinet. On a stage at the Shoreham Hotel, in Washington, the nominees sat in two rows facing the camera. Mr. Nixon stood at a microphone to one side, and praised the Cabinet as a group and then praised each man singly. "These are strong men, they're compassionate men, they're good men," he said. "I don't want a Cabinet of yes-men," he continued, and he said that each man would bring an "extra dimension" to his job. These assurances were all the more welcome because few of the new men were well known to the country and few had political bases of their own. On an earlier occasion, when the President-elect announced the appointment of Henry Kissinger, a Harvard professor, as his chief adviser on foreign affairs, he said, apparently in an effort to lay to rest any fears that Mr. Kissinger might grow too powerful, "I intend to have a very strong Secretary of State." His nominee for Secretary of State was William Rogers, who had served as Attorney General in the Eisenhower Administration but even so was not well known to the public. The President-elect also took steps to reassure the public that he meant to run a candid Administration. He appointed Herbert Klein, an old friend and longtime adviser, to serve as communications director in his new Administration, and Klein, at his first meeting with the press after his appointment, said, "Truth will become the hallmark of the Nixon Administration. . . . We will be able to eliminate any possibility of a credibility gap in this Administration." His words reinforced a promise that the candidate had made in his acceptance speech when he said, "Let us begin by committing ourselves to the truth—to see it like it is, and tell it like it is—to find the truth, to speak the truth, and to live the truth."

While the nation's eyes were fixed on the ceremonies attending the introduction of the Cabinet, the members of the new President's staff took their posts virtually unnoticed, as was suitable for men whose position was to be strictly subordinate in the new scheme of things. Scores of articles were written about the backgrounds and qualifications of the Cabinet Secretaries, but very little was written about the qualifications of the staff—except Mr. Kissinger, whose appointment was widely remarked on and widely applauded. The appointment of two men who had worked closely with Mr. Nixon for years and who consulted with him as regularly, perhaps, as any other members of his entourage—H. R. Haldeman, the new chief of staff, and John Ehrlichman, who would serve as the President's legal counsel—attracted relatively little attention. An article in the *Times* headlined "NIXON RULES OUT AGENCY CONTROL BY STAFF AIDES" said, "Sensitive to the possibility of empire building within his own small cadre of assistants, he plans instead to organize his White House staff in a way that will encourage and not inhibit direct communication between his Cabinet officers and the President." Rowland Evans and Robert Novak, two syndicated columnists who were reputed to have excellent sources within the budding Administration, confirmed the *Times* report. "The Nixon team hopes to change the whole character of the White House staff operation," they wrote. "What Nixon is driving for has eluded many Presidents before him: to use his own staff strictly as an information-gathering device and leave [to] his Cabinet all the major policy advice." Kissinger, in particular, they said, would be restricted to a modest role: "Kissinger will never propose or advocate a particular policy, but will only present 'options.' " And Haldeman, in a rare public pronouncement, told a reporter that there would be no dominant figure on the Nixon staff comparable to the man who headed the staff of President Eisenhower for six years in the nineteen-fifties. "There will be no Sherman Adams," Haldeman said.



THE mood of the Inauguration was more sober and expectant than celebratory. Downtown, some six thousand demonstrators chanted such slogans as "Peace now!" and "Work, study, get ahead, kill!" and "Four more years of death!"—a reminder of the torment that the country had just been through and now expected to leave behind. Already, they seemed like voices from another era—disgruntled remnants out to ruin the new atmosphere of peace and conciliation. The President's delivery of his Inaugural Address was solemn, as befitted one of the less exultant moments in the nation's history. Warning that "the American dream does not come to those who fall asleep," he advised Americans to "lower our voices," and to free politics "from inflated rhetoric that promises more than it can deliver; from angry rhetoric that fans discontents into hatreds; from bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading." Apparently referring to his plans with regard to the war in Vietnam, he said, "The greatest honor history can bestow is the title of peacemaker." And concerning the racial question he said, "The laws have caught up with our conscience. What remains is to give life to what is in the law." Mr. Outside had done a good deal of the work on the speech, and some of the passages were rhapsodic in tone, and even seemed to fall into the category of "inflated rhetoric" that the President had just advised against. "We can build a great cathedral of the spirit—each of us raising it one stone at a time, as he reaches out to his neighbor, helping, caring, doing," the President said. And he closed with the words "We have endured a long night of the American spirit. But as our eyes catch the dimness of the first rays of dawn, let us not curse the remaining dark. Let us gather the light." If the tone of these remarks was out of keeping with the mood of the occasion, their content was welcome, and had the effect of confirming the generous and open mood of the new Administration. They seemed to indicate that the President was leaning toward the "viewpoint" of Mr. Outside. The next day, Chalmers Roberts, a staff writer for the Washington *Post*, wrote some lines that were characteristic of much of the reaction to the speech: "There was no note of partisan political triumph, no call to arms to win an unpopular war, no demand for a crackdown on dissent here at home. . . . In short, the new President's speech was intended to be in tune with the times and with the mood of the voters who put him in the White House. He had heard their voices, at least their majority voice, and he was reflecting it."

ON Election Night, during the transition, and on Inauguration Day, President Nixon had seemed to be moving decisively to set the tone of his Administration. He would take special care to avoid the afflictions of the Johnson Administration in its last years. His would be a government of national unity. The war abroad and the strife at home were to be brought to an end. Where Johnson had been deceptive, the new President would be straightforward; where Johnson had been angry, he would be mellow; where Johnson had been secretive, he would be open. New ideas would be welcomed, old enmities forgotten. The Cabinet would enjoy great independence, the staff would be subordinate, and the Congress would be restored to its rightful place as a co-equal branch in the conduct of foreign affairs.

A widespread conviction took hold that the country would now enjoy a period of national cooling-off under the leadership of a modest, unpretentious, hardworking, practical-minded Administration. Column after column, picking up the President's Inaugural theme, announced that the period of turmoil was over, and that the country was about to get back to what William Shannon, of the *Times*, had called, a few weeks before the Inauguration, "the known and familiar." Although many people were horrified by the record of the immediate past, they looked to the future with a touch of complacency. They tended to share the opinion of Ben Wattenberg, who had just left the White House after serving for two and a half years as an aide and speechwriter to President Johnson, and who, a day before the Inauguration, had written, in an article called "Upbeat Auguries Belie the Alarmists," "In all, we have lived through a somewhat gloomy time. Incessantly during the last year we heard from Democrats, Republicans, and independents alike that 'America faces its greatest crisis of a hundred years.' Is this uptight view of our future valid? . . . Nixon will be facing a series of new and developing situations. . . . It would seem as if these new situations would markedly change life in America—for the better." Among the favorable new situations he foresaw were a further increase in the number of blacks above the poverty level, an end to the war, and a decline of left-wing radicalism. Nothing that the Nixon people said belied such expectations. Concerning the mood of the new Administration, one columnist summed up the general impression when he wrote, "The incoming Nixon men seem relaxed and almost mellow. . . . There is none of the moralistic sense of good guys replacing bad guys."

HOWEVER, if a cure for the political diseases that had afflicted the Presidency and the nation in the Johnson years was all but universally expected, the measures for effecting the cure had not been announced. Once the new President was installed in the White House, a period of waiting for specific policies began. As Joseph Alsop put it in the heading of a column in the Washington *Post* two days after the Inauguration, "NIXON'S CALL FOR TRANQUILITY MUST BE MATCHED BY ACTION." The country waited to learn how the President was going to get the country out of the war, how he was going to stop the wave of crime, how he was going to do more for black people than any other President in history, and how he was going to bridge the credibility gap. During the first few months of the Administration, the Nixon men tended to evade these questions. In response to inquiries about their political philosophy, they tended to say only that they were "pragmatists" or "realists." When Henry Cabot Lodge, the President's appointee to the Paris peace talks on the Vietnam war, was asked for his views on the negotiations, he answered, "I'm not a hard-liner. I'm not a soft-liner. I try to be a realist." As a policy for ending the war, though, he proposed merely that the demilitarized zone between North and South

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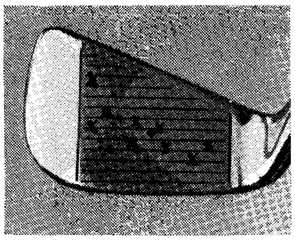

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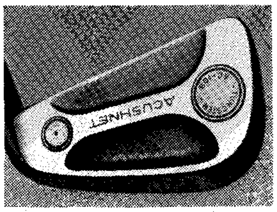

## Refinements.

Although Titleist irons are the best-selling irons in America, we're continually looking for ways to make them better. Here are some things we've done recently:

We've changed the loft slightly on the 5, 6, 7, 8, 9 and pitching wedge. Now you get maximum distance on perfect shots, as well as unmatched distance on mis-hits.

We've beveled the leading edge. This allows you to hit it a little fat and still get a good shot. It also gives improved performance under difficult turf and playing conditions.

We've contoured the soles so you can ground the clubs on any line.

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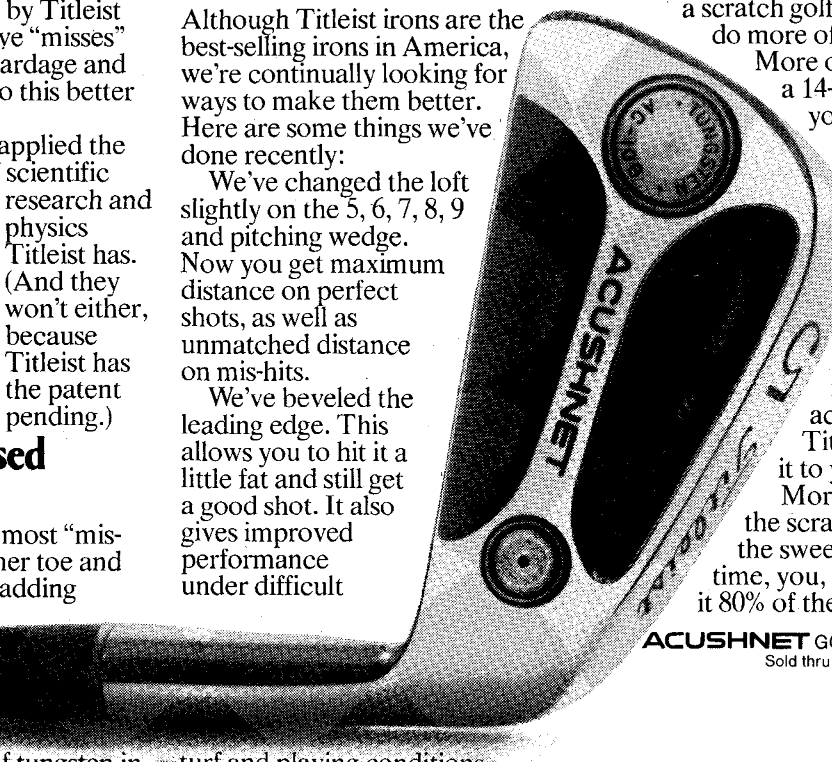

## A word to the 14-handicapper.

Titleist irons do the same thing for a 14-handicapper they do for a scratch golfer. They just do more of it more often.

More of it: If you're a 14-handicapper, you usually miss the sweet spot by a greater margin than the scratch golfer. You need an even bigger boost in yardage and accuracy. And Titleist irons give it to you.

More often: Where the scratch golfer misses the sweet spot 59% of the time, you, dear friend, miss it 80% of the time.

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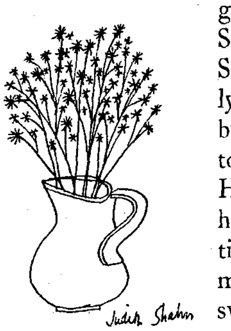
## Titleist irons improve most of your shots. The perfect ones they leave alone.

Vietnam be neutralized; the North Vietnamese were uninterested, since the plan would require them to cut off supplies to their troops in the South. The Nixon men began to speak as if the disorders of the last few years had arisen because there had been too much philosophizing in government, and not enough action. At the Justice Department, for instance, Kevin Phillips, a young assistant to John Mitchell, who was the new Attorney General, described the problems of criminal justice as primarily administrative. "The main problem is that there is no real command system," he said. And he said, "Mitchell is a terrific administrator, and that's just what this place needs most." What it didn't need, Phillips went on, was idealists who made a lot of promises they couldn't fulfill. "It's time we got these hypocrites out of town and began administering," he said. Richard Kleindienst, the newly appointed Deputy Attorney General, said of Ramsey Clark, the outgoing Attorney General, "Ramsey Clark is a nice guy, but he just wouldn't act. As a result, the Ramsey Clark administration did a lot of theorizing about crime, but it didn't take action. We're going to act, and act fast."



The idea that a team of bright, efficient administrators was coming in to clean up a mess left by woolly-headed idealists and impractical philosophers was reinforced by a dizzying whirl of "reorganization," or "structuring," which soon got under way in the White House. For each national problem, it seemed, the White House had an administrative answer. New organizations began to proliferate. In foreign affairs, Henry Kissinger was placed in charge of a strengthened National Security Council, which would coördinate White House foreign-policy planning. In domestic affairs, Daniel Patrick Moynihan, a Harvard professor who had served in the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations, was made executive director of a Council on Urban Affairs. This council was described by some as a National Security Council for domestic policy; at the same time, George Romney, the new Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, was described as retaining full authority over his field. (If urban affairs was the new Administration's central domestic preoccupation, it may have been in part because urban renewal—what was often referred to simply as "the cities"—had become a lively and fashionable political issue in the late nineteen-sixties, and had been the subject of innumerable magazine articles, television specials, and university seminars.) Vice-President Agnew was placed in charge of a new organization, an Office of Intergovernmental Relations, which was to serve as a link between the federal government and state and local officials. And an organization called the President's Advisory Council on Executive Organization was set up to plan still more reorganization.

Toward the end of February, the President sent his first message to Congress on domestic affairs. Some of the Johnson Great Society programs, apparently, were to be continued, but others had fallen prey to reorganization. Hubert Humphrey was asked how he thought the Administration was doing after one month in office, and he answered that he thought it was doing well but had "no real program" yet. The wait for the Nixon policies continued.

EARLY in 1969, the President drew up contingency plans to cope with a possible uprising in the United States.

IN February, the President set off on a grand tour of Europe. For days, the smiling face of the President as he arrived in one European capital after another filled the newspapers. The trip, like so many things he had done since taking office, was strong on atmosphere and weak on substance. He described the trip to five European capitals as a series of "working visits," and said he was going to Europe "to listen." Asked whether he had any broad aim in making the journey, he answered, "I am not going to Europe for the purpose of lecturing the Europeans, of telling them that we know best, and of telling them to follow us."

WHILE the President was away, the fighting in Vietnam intensified, and upon his return from his European tour he was asked at a press conference whether the United States would renew the bombing of North Vietnam. Instead of replying directly, the President placed the blame for the intensified fighting on the North Vietnamese, and added, "I will only say, in answer to that question, that the United States has a number of options that we could exercise to respond. We have several contingency plans that can be put into effect." These were ambiguous words, and did not seem to jibe very well with his promises as a candidate to bring the war to a quick conclusion, but in the absence of any stronger suggestion that the President had changed his mind about ending the war the public remained unalarmed. Indeed, when the President was asked at his press conference whether the American public would endure the continuation of the war for many more years, he answered, "Well, I trust that I am not confronted with that problem when you speak of years." The President seemed to answer the questions put to him ably, and the *Times*, in an editorial exemplifying the friendly mood that now existed between the President and some of those who had not previously supported him called his performance a "*tour de force*." American casualties were in the hundreds each week, but in the new mood of reconciliation and calm that had been established by the President the country had taken its mind off the war and was already enjoying a postwar relaxation of tension. The President himself had ordered a study of what should be done with funds released by the war's ending. Mr. Kissinger was privately assuring journalists that the war would be brought to an end soon. Discussion of whether or not to grant amnesty to war resisters had begun. The newspapers—exhausted, like everyone else, by the war and everything to do with the war—had turned their attention with grateful relief to other issues: "the cities," the Middle East, the Atlantic Alliance. These were serious matters, but after the delirium of the war years they had an air of tameness and normality which was welcome. They were "the known and familiar." "Public pressure over the war has almost disappeared," one reporter wrote in early March. The *Times* was reflecting a consensus of many educators when, in February, it reported that only an end to the war stood "in the way of a dramatic escalation by President Nixon of the urban and egalitarian-minded Johnson policies" in support of federal aid to education.

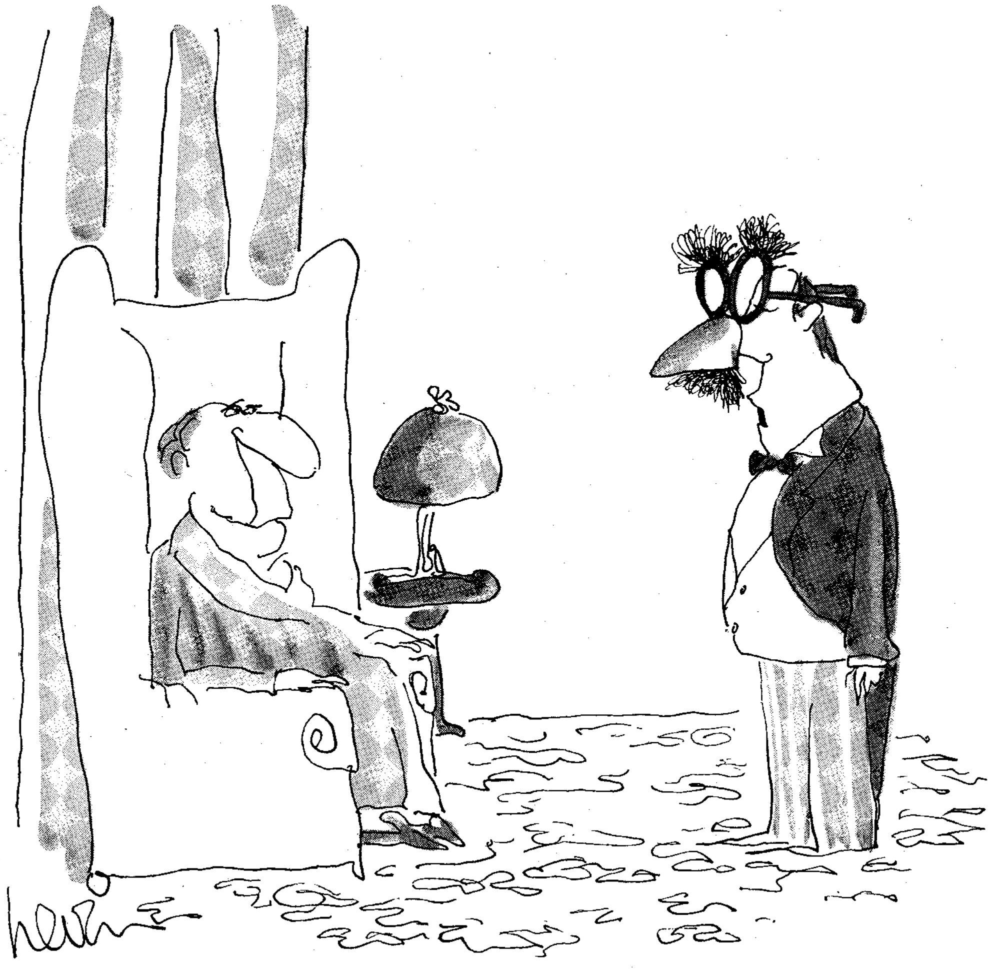
IN mid-April, the Republican National Committee released a statement that seemed to indicate that the anticipated pacification of American political life by the Nixon Administration had been successfully accomplished. "In his first ninety days," the committee announced, "President Richard M. Nixon has made a dramatic impact on the national spirit. With quiet dignity, efficiency, and purpose, he has visibly altered America's mood and has changed the direction of Government for generations to come."

IN March, 1969, while the country was waiting to learn how the President was going to shape his broad aims into policies, he had taken the boldest action of his Presidency to date—but had taken it secretly. He had expanded the war in Indo-China. Ordering a military action of unprecedented secrecy, he launched a bombing campaign against enemy forces in Cambodia. To keep track of the secret bombing, the military was obliged to set up an improvised command system, outside ordinary channels, that extended from the Commander-in-Chief down to the pilots and bombardiers. Some high military officials knew of the bombing, and some did not; the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff did, for instance, but the Secretary of the Air Force did not. In the field, records were falsified or destroyed. No one ever sat down to figure out exactly how to handle the record-keeping, and the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff later said that a chaotic system of covert reporting "just grew up." Looking back on it afterward, General Creighton Abrams, the commander of American forces in Vietnam at that time, said, "From a purely administrative viewpoint . . . the whole thing had become too complicated. I could not keep these things [where the planes were bombing] in my mind, so I had to have specialists who kept them; and what we had to do for this case, and that case, and that case."

The secret project soon acquired a secret domestic arm. In early May, a story in the *Times* revealed that American planes were bombing Cambodia. The leak of secret information greatly worried the new President. The war was by far the most important issue facing the country, and the full story of the President's actions had the potential for disabusing the public of the idea that the Administration meant to end the war quickly, and therefore had the potential for destroying the atmosphere of "quiet dignity" and calm which the Administration was then claiming as one of its accomplishments. The President, H. R. Haldeman, and Henry Kissinger arranged to have certain of their own colleagues and five newsmen wiretapped, at least partly in the hope of discovering the source of the leak. (Kissinger supplied the names of several of his aides for tapping.) No Cabinet Secretaries were tapped, but several of the men closest to them were. They were William H. Sullivan, Deputy Assistant Secretary of State for East Asian and Pacific Affairs, and Richard Pedersen, Counsellor of the Department of State, close associates of Secretary of State William Rogers; Air Force Colonel Robert Pursely, a top military assistant to Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird; and James McLane, a White House aide with close ties to Robert Finch, the Secretary of Health, Education, and Welfare. The newsmen included Joseph Kraft and representatives of two of the most important news organizations in the country: Marvin Kalb, of CBS news; William Beecher and Hedrick Smith, of the *Times*. (The fifth newsman was Henry Brandon, Washington correspondent of the London Sunday *Times*.) Even though it was the leak that had spurred the program of surveillance, what it amounted to was about as effective a program of spot-checking the private conversations of official Washington as one could put together with a handful of wiretaps, provided that one did not go as far as to tap congressmen or Cabinet members or the chief editors of the news organizations. And, of course, whenever any of these people spoke with the people who were being tapped, one would hear them, too.

All the taps except one were carried out by the F.B.I., at the request of John Ehrlichman, without warrants. The exception was the tap on Joseph Kraft. That was placed by the chief of security of the Republican National Committee, with the assistance of a Secret Service employee, under the direction of John Caulfield, a retired New York City policeman. (Kraft did not, however, entirely escape the attention of the F.B.I. When he made a trip to Paris that spring, he was followed by William C. Sullivan, Assistant Director of the F.B.I., who arranged with local authorities for microphone surveillance of Kraft's hotel room.) Caulfield, whom Haldeman had hired after interviewing him at the Nixon campaign headquarters in New York, had as his primary duty supervising political investigations of the personal lives of potential candidates of the opposition party. (Ehrlichman had got his start in politics as a spy for Richard Nixon in the camp of a competing Republican candidate in the Presidential primaries of 1960.)

Leaders of democratic nations in wartime ordinarily have the comfort of knowing that their countrymen have freely chosen to share among themselves the terrible burdens of waging war. But President Nixon, by secret-



*"Will that be all, sir?"*

ly ordering the bombing of Cambodia, had in effect taken the entire burden of the war on his own shoulders. The tension, anger, rage, and grief of war, ordinarily diffused among a whole people, became compressed into the narrow zone of the White House. The President had turned the Oval Office into an emotional high-compression chamber. And if he soon began to regard the United States' success in the war as a matter of his personal vindication, and began to despise personally those who opposed him over the war, it may have been because the war was now literally "his war." He had made it so by excluding the public from knowledge of his plans. The President, by his own actions, had isolated himself from the country. The gap that had been opened between the public and the executive branch in the Johnson years had been opened again. But President Nixon's deceptions, although they were no greater in scale than President Johnson's, were different in kind, for when President Johnson escalated the war, the public had at least known that the war was being escalated, though it did not know by how much, whereas when President Nixon escalated the war, the public, owing to his assurances, believed that the war was coming to an end. In the United States in which the public lived, the war was almost over, and an open, trustworthy, even "mellow" White House was turning the nation toward peaceful pursuits. In the United States in which President Nixon lived, however, the war was growing, tension was building, and the level of suspicion had become so intense that he felt driven to spy on his own subordinates. The President had wanted to bring the country together, and he was bringing it together, but around an illusion—the illusion that the war would soon end. A country that was looking forward to imminent peace was being led by a President who was heading deeper into war. In his secret, embattled, isolated world, the country might be called upon at any moment to muster its determination for new military campaigns, but for the time being the determination was all his own. He had been in office less than four months.

As the war had continued, so had student protests against it. But in recent months the protests had taken a strange turn. Students had begun "occupying" buildings of their own universities. The strategy of the militant students who led these particular protests was complex. It was to try to provoke the university authorities into calling the police, who might then club and beat the students in the seized buildings, thus shocking and "radicalizing" the moderate majority of students by supposedly demonstrating that the power of the university rested on illegitimate force, just as the government's did in Vietnam. The strategy often succeeded. University officials often did call in the police, who often did club and beat the students, thereby radicalizing moderate students who might otherwise have kept out of it all. This sequence of events was repeated over and over around the country. To a public convinced that the war was coming to an end, the students' actions seemed not only illegal and outrageous but gratuitous. To many people, in fact, the war and the anti-war movement were like two symptoms of a single disease, and now that the people were convinced that one symptom—the war—was about to disappear, they were all the more eager to have this second symptom disappear, too. Now that the war was regarded by most people as "no longer an issue"—so the phrase went—the students seemed intent on prolonging the hated period of "national division" out of sheer perversity.

One important voice on the subject was the editorial page of the *Times*. "The crisis is nationwide," the *Times* editorialized in March. "It stems from the adoption of terroristic methods as a substitute for rationality." And in an editorial in May the *Times* wrote, "The left fascists are determined to rule or ruin. . . . The choice is now relatively simple. Either the administrators, faculty, and responsible student majority call the would-be professional revolutionaries to order, or the community at large will do so." The editorial was not a call to vigilantism. On the contrary, the *Times* was concerned for the independence of the universities and feared that student rebellion might provoke a repressive response—perhaps from the Nixon Administration. In other editorials, the *Times* advised the Administration to let university authorities handle the situation in the universities. The *Times*, of course, shared the general conviction that the war would soon end, and, having reported the belief of many educators that the Nixon Administration would then turn to the "dramatic escalation . . . of the urban and egalitarian-minded Johnson policies" in support of federal aid to education, it was perhaps afraid that the student rebellions would so anger the Administration as to jeopardize this happy turn of events.

The President, however, was attracted to the subject of student protest. His decision to expand the war and to expand it secretly had important consequences for his conduct of domestic politics. He had initiated new military campaigns, but how could he rally the people to victory when he had promised to end the war swiftly if it had not already been ended by Election Day, now six months past? But if President Nixon could not rally the people against the enemy abroad, he could vent the natural passions of a wartime leader on the anti-war protesters at home. The strong feelings building up in the White House, blocked from direct expression, could be displaced to this secondary object. And to the public the protesters were, if anything, more acceptable than the Vietcong as a target of Presidential anger, for, unhappy though the public had grown with the war, it had perhaps grown even more unhappy with the rebellion against the war.

On March 20th, in Chicago, in an action that was bound to antagonize the anti-war movement, a federal grand jury, acting with the approval of John Mitchell's Justice Department, indicted eight leaders of the tumultuous demonstrations at the Democratic Convention in 1968. (Eight policemen were also indicted.) The demonstrators were accused of having violated a law recently passed by Congress which made it illegal to cross state lines to incite a riot. Soon the "Chicago Eight" became a *cause célèbre*. Two days after the indictments were handed up, the President, in one of the first major statements of his Presidency, addressed himself to the subject of student rebellion. He sounded an apocalyptic note. "It is not too strong a statement to declare that this is the way civilizations begin to die," he said. "The process is altogether too familiar to those who would survey the wreckage of history. . . . As Yeats foresaw, 'Things fall apart; the center cannot hold.' " As though heeding those who advised that the Administration stay out of university affairs, the President said that the federal government would not become involved. Then he immediately involved it, by announcing, in the same statement, that Secretary Finch, of H.E.W., had written a letter to the nation's college and university presidents. One section of the letter read, "I ask that you bring to the attention of your students the applicable provisions of these laws and advise them of the procedures you intend to follow in complying with them." (Finch was referring to recently enacted statutes that denied government loans and scholarships to students convicted of crimes in campus disorders.)

As the spring advanced, the Administration's tone grew more and more menacing. At the beginning of May, Attorney General Mitchell said, "This Administration has tried to be patient in the hope that students, faculty, and local officials working together would put an end to all this chaos, but the time has come for an end to patience." By June, the President was in a state of extreme excitement and alarm. He had already said more on this subject than on almost any other, although it was a subject that by his own account the federal government would leave alone. In early June, at a speech at General Beadle State College, in Madison, South Dakota, he said, "Our fundamental values [are] under bitter and even violent attack." And he went on, "We live in a deeply troubled and profoundly unsettled time. Drugs, crime, campus revolts, racial discord, draft resistance—on every hand we find old standards violated, old values discarded." Mentioning "the forces and threats of force that have racked our cities and now our colleges," he continued to raise the spectre of civil war in America, and, rattling the federal sword in advance, pointed out that if the students and the government should go to war the government would be the victor: "Force can be contained. We have the power to strike back if need be, and to prevail. . . . It has not been a lack of civil power, but the reluctance of a free people to employ it that so often has stayed the hand of authorities faced with confrontation." The next day, he spoke again, this time at the graduation exercises of the United States Air Force Academy. Declaring that in contemporary America "it's open season on the armed forces," he broadened his assault on the rebellious students to include another menace to the United States: "skeptics and isolationists." He meant members of Congress—most of them liberal

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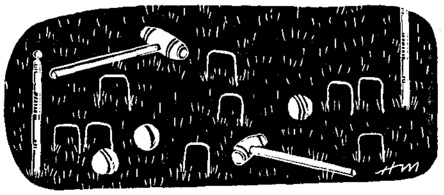
Democrats—who had just recently begun to ask publicly when or if the war was going to be brought to an end. "The skeptics and isolationists . . . have lost the vision indispensable to great leadership," he said. And he said, "Our arms must be mighty, ready for instant action, so that no potential aggressor may be tempted to risk his own destruction. . . . When a war can be decided in twenty minutes, the nation that is behind will have no time to catch up. . . . The weak can only plead, magnanimity and restraint gain moral meaning coming from the strong." For a President who only four months earlier had promised peace and warned against "bombastic rhetoric that postures instead of persuading," these were rough words.

ABOUT a week after the President's speeches at General Beadle State College and the Air Force Academy, and several weeks after he had begun wiretapping newsmen, Cabinet aides, and White House aides, the Justice Department filed a brief in Federal Court in connection with the Chicago conspiracy trial which, after revealing that the government had used electronic surveillance to monitor the conversations of several of those who had been indicted, asserted that, even without a warrant, the government had the power to wiretap anyone who in its judgment was out to "attack and subvert the government by unlawful means." The members of Nixon's entourage had been preoccupied with the subject of wiretapping even before they came to power. In 1968, Congress had passed a law permitting the Justice Department to place wiretaps on American citizens in certain cases, provided that it first obtained a court warrant in each case. Attorney General Ramsey Clark, however, had declined to use this new grant of authority, because he considered it un-Constitutional. As a candidate, Mr. Nixon had made it clear that one of the things his Attorney General would do would be to make good use of the wiretapping power, and when Attorney General-designate Mitchell was asked at his confirmation hearing how his stewardship would differ from Clark's, he had answered that he would not shrink from using wiretaps. Now, in the court brief, the Justice Department was asserting a power to wiretap without first obtaining a warrant. The attorneys for the defendants in the conspiracy trial in Chicago were outraged, and they declared, "For the first time in American history, a member of the President's Cabinet has publicly—and proudly—stated that he has, in open violation of his oath of office, taken the law into his own hands." The Chicago defendants and their attorneys had no way of knowing, of course, that the President and, in some cases, the Attorney General had already ordered a program of warrantless wiretaps, not only against radicals who were thought to be out to "attack and subvert the government" but against newsmen and White House aides, and that the Justice Department's argument in court would provide, if not a legal justification, then, at least, an assertion of a justification, for the record, in case the wiretapping became known. The mere assertion in court that something is legal doesn't make it legal—even provisionally—but the Justice Department's claim set the stage for the Administration to argue one day that the courts had not yet ruled on the point.

IN the early summer, the Administration turned its attention to domestic affairs, and the long-awaited specific programs began to emerge. On June 26th, Attorney General Mitchell went to Capitol Hill to testify against a renewal of the Voting Rights Act of 1965, which was due to expire in August of 1970, and to suggest a greatly weakened bill in its place. The Voting Rights Act had been one of the most effective pieces of civil-rights legislation passed in the Johnson years: under the act the registration of black voters in the South had gone up more than a hundred per cent in four years. Mitchell's testimony was the first of a series of moves by the Administration in the area of civil rights. The moves were not covert, but they were often presented misleadingly. The President began to act to weaken civil-rights programs while continuing to speak as though he supported them. When it had been made known that, as President-elect, he had promised to do more for black people than any President before him, his commitment had enjoyed wide support within his Administration. But earlier, during the fall campaign, he had announced that he opposed the use of the federal government's principal method of promoting integrated schools: enforcing federal desegregation guidelines by cutting off federal funds for schools that were out of compliance. On one occasion, he had said to a Southern television audience, "To use the power of the federal Treasury to withhold funds in order to carry [desegregation] out—then I think we are going too far." And he had implied that he would work to change that. This commitment, too, had found wide support in his Administration. The apparent contradiction between the two commitments had been one of the many ambiguities displayed by the "new Nixon" in late 1968. But whereas during that period the difference between his shifting points of view had been only a matter of words, the difference was now reflected in a sharp division of bureaucratic forces which ran from top to bottom of an Administration. For if the President had not made his position on civil rights clear to the public, neither had he made it clear to the executive branch. As spring passed into summer and no directive that would settle the matter came out of the Oval Office, each aspect of the Administration's civil-rights policy became an object of intense internal bureaucratic struggle. At issue was not merely whether to go forward with or to hold back on racial integration but whether to comply with or to break the law—or, as President Nixon had put it in his Inaugural Address, whether or not "to give life to what is in the law." In the matter of integrating schools, the law was unambiguous. In May of 1968, the Supreme Court had ruled that plans for desegregation must be carried out, and that the plans must be shown "realistically to work," and "to work now." Two warring factions took shape within the Administration. Favoring compliance were, among others, Secretary Finch, of H.E.W.; most members of the civil-rights office of H.E.W.; and most members of the civil-rights division of the Justice Department. Favoring noncompliance through delay were Attorney General Mitchell; the leaders of the Republican Party in the South; and some members of the White House staff. Mitchell, a former law partner of the President's, favored the Southern strategy, and he was known to be the most influential of the President's advisers. Among those who said so was Mitchell himself. During the campaign, he had met with a group of friendly congressmen and had told them, with a bluntness characteristic of him, "I'm running the show. I bring more business into the firm than he [Nixon] does. When I tell Dick Nixon what to do, he listens. I'm in charge." Political considerations weighed in on the side of noncompliance. The Administration saw very



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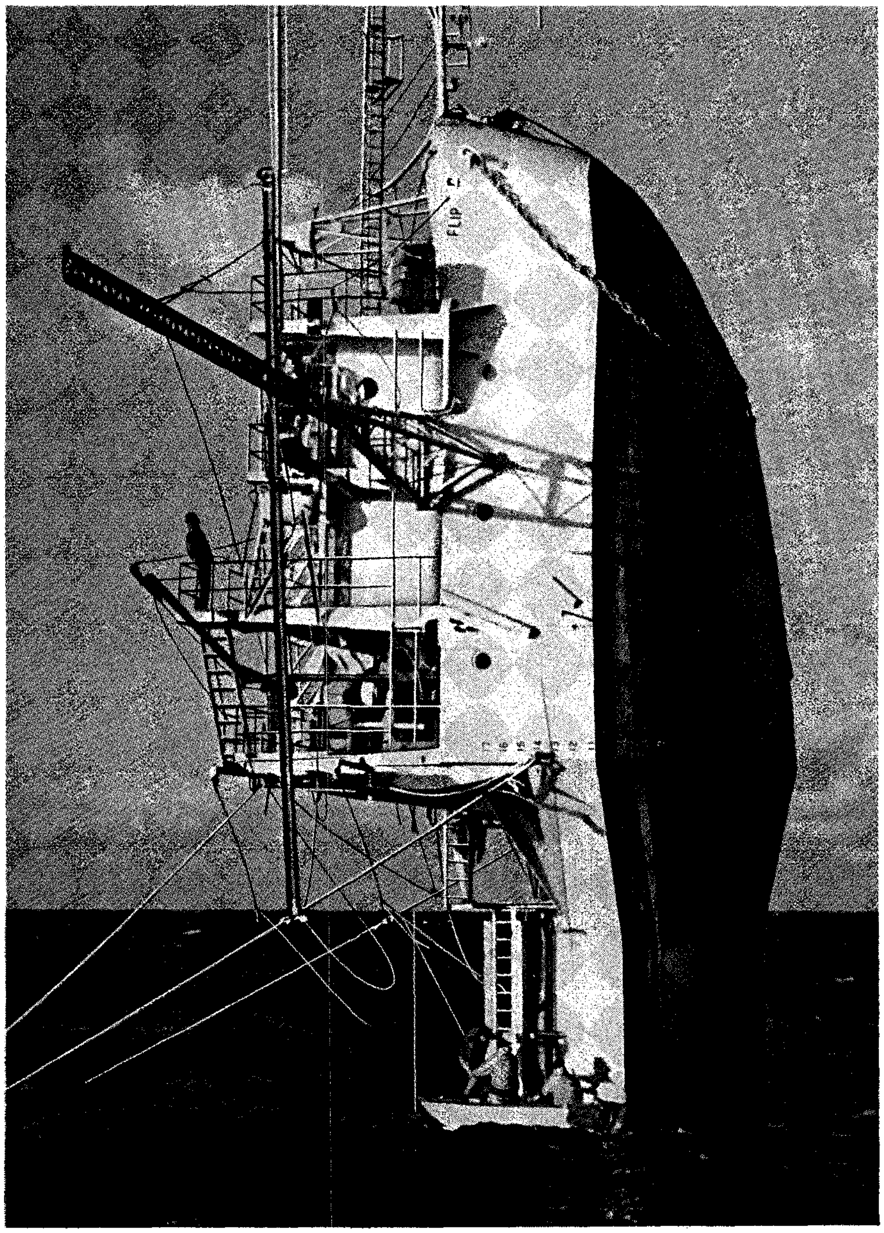

*FLIP, a floating instrument platform designed by Scripps Institution, literally tips on end to gather information that may help forecast North America's weather.*

## Probing the secrets of the North Pacific

A very strange fleet has been working in the lonely waters of the North Pacific. It includes a 355-foot vessel that can float vertically like a giant thermometer, an instrument-packed buoy 30 feet in diameter, a Navy P-3 patrol plane, an earth satellite and a research craft with an IBM computer on board.

This fleet is engaged in a long-range project called NORPAX (North Pacific Experiment). It involves eight universities and is jointly financed by the Office of Naval Research and the National Science Foundation.

Since most of North America's weather systems result from conditions originating in this area, NORPAX was established to study the subtle relationships between the atmosphere and the ocean in this critical part of the world.

Each part of this curious fleet gathers data on such factors as the temperature, speed, depth and salinity of the ocean currents and the corresponding conditions of the atmosphere above them. This data is then fed to either the shipboard computer or directly to the computer at the Scripps Institution of Oceanography, where all the information obtained is processed against known data.

"Reliable long-range weather prediction is still years away," says Dr. William Nierenberg, Director of Scripps, "but the computer is helping us see the cause and effect patterns that will one day make such forecasting possible."

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## Matching people and jobs

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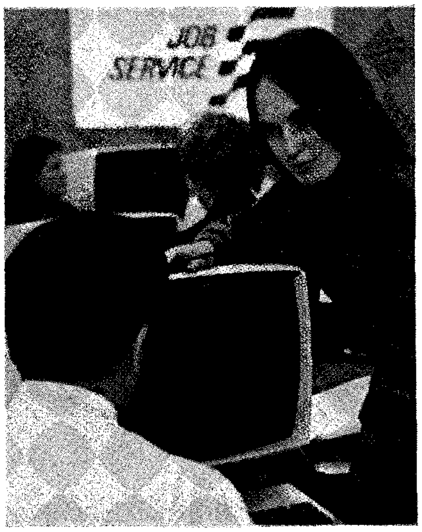

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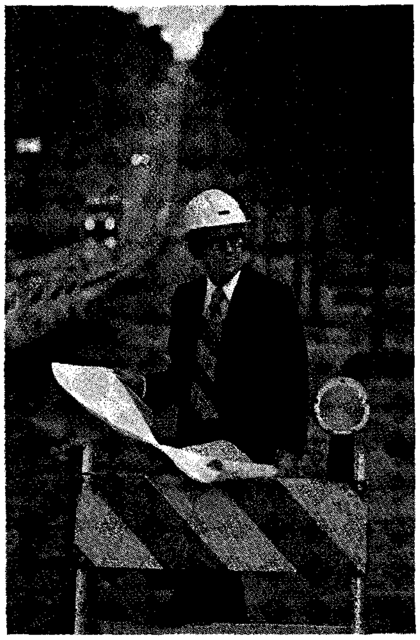

*Tom Webb, Secretary of Transportation, examines blueprint of a Florida road improvement project.*

"We can think about the future, instead of being bogged down in the effort to cope with current transportation problems," says Secretary of Transportation Tom Webb.

He estimates that this system has also produced many millions of extra dollars over the last five years: partly by lowering costs, partly by reducing the need to tie up money far in advance, but mainly because his staff has been able to show state and federal officials where the money was needed and how it would be used. "We know the exact status of everything in production, of projects about to go into construction, and of those being planned as far out as 20 years."

Elsewhere, construction projects may be plagued by constant delays and the huge cost overruns that go with them. In Florida, with the help of the computer, many projects are being completed 2 to 5 years *ahead* of schedule. And the cost of the system has already paid for itself several times over in savings.

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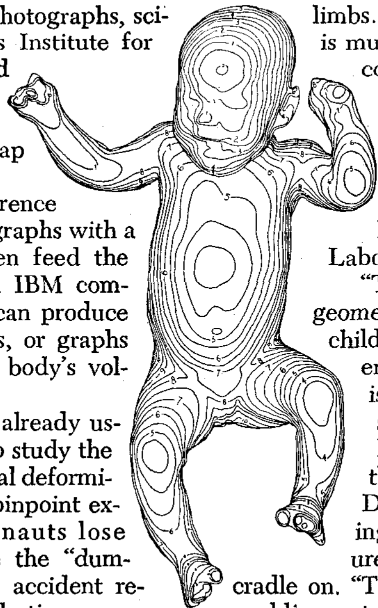
# Maps of the body that may show us its future.



With just four photographs, scientists at the Texas Institute for Rehabilitation and Research in Houston can now make an accurate contour map of your whole body. They identify reference points on the photographs with a plotting device, then feed the information into an IBM computer. The system can produce maps, cross sections, or graphs that show how the body's volume is distributed.

The Institute is already using this technique to study the development of spinal deformities in children, to pinpoint exactly where astronauts lose weight, to improve the "dummies" used in auto accident research, and to help plastic surgeons and the designers of artificial limbs. But its ultimate potential is much greater. It may give us completely new ways to diagnose, predict and prevent deformity. And possibly even disease, according to Dr. R. E. Herron, director of the Institute's Biostereometrics Laboratory.

"There is information in the geometry of the body form of a child at birth which is inherently tied to what that child is going to be when adult," says Dr. Herron."We've hardly begun to measure the subtleties of growth." Dr. Herron is now conducting research which will measure those subtleties, from the cradle on. "The computer," he says, "is enabling us to extend our research into a wide range of uncharted fields."

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# Saving energy at shopping mall

An IBM computer is helping conserve energy at McAlister Square, a 13-acre enclosed shopping mall in Greenville, S.C. By monitoring the mall's heating and air conditioning system, the computer has helped reduce power costs while maintaining comfort levels for shoppers. The computer cuts down on peak demand and total power consumption by switching off blower motors when they are not essential.

"If we didn't have the computer, I would hate to see our power bills today," says Edmund M. Apperson, executive vice president of the Caine Company, which manages the mall. "I estimate our savings at 20 to 25 percent since we installed the computer. And at no time is the comfort of our customers and employees affected."

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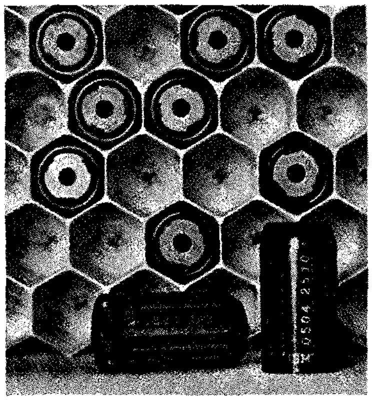

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Large data users such as insurance companies and financial institutions will derive particular benefits from this breakthrough, called the IBM 3850 mass storage system.

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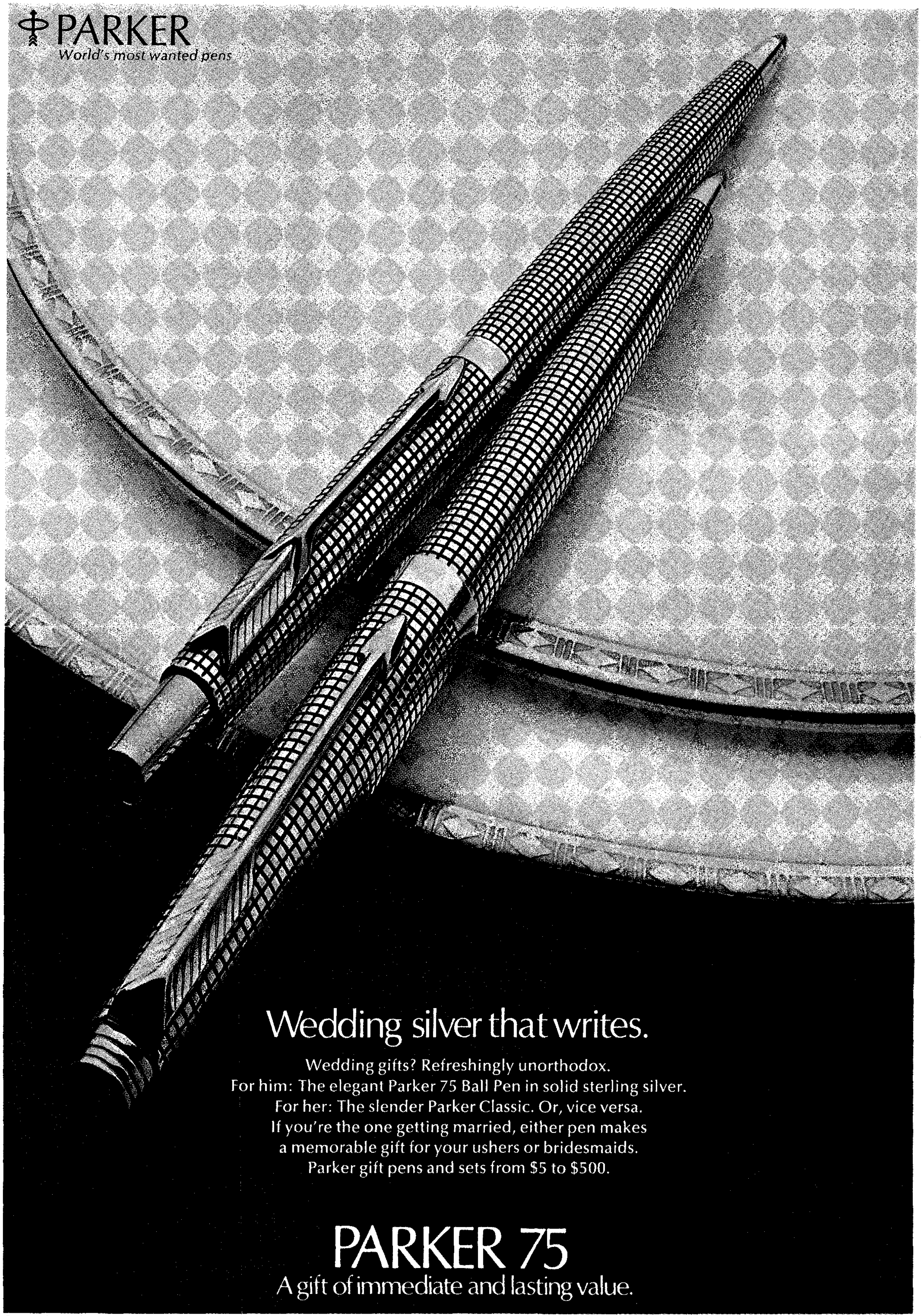
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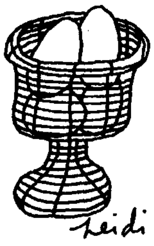
little hope of winning the votes of blacks, no matter what it did in regard to civil rights, but it hoped that by putting a "Southern strategy" into effect it could win the votes of Southern whites.

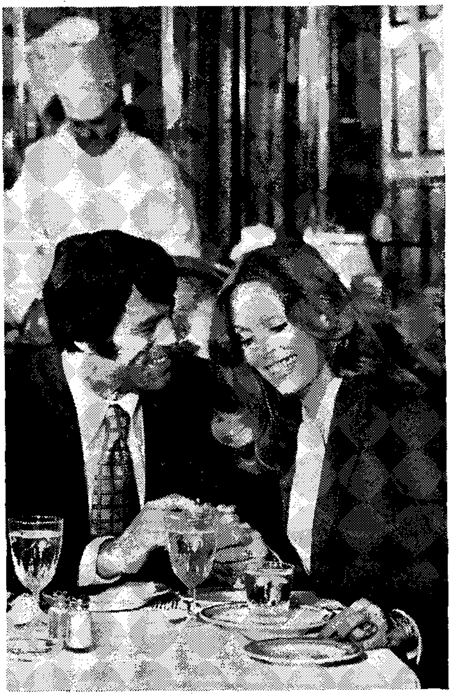
During most of the spring, the pro-compliance forces had had the upper hand, but by the beginning of summer the Mitchell forces had begun to prevail. On July 3rd, a week after Mitchell had given his testimony, a bulletin from H.E.W. and the Justice Department stated that federal guidelines for integration in 1969 would be enforced, but added that "in some districts there may be sound reasons for some limited delay." One civil-rights leader—Roy Wilkins, the head of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People—accused the Administration of "breaking the law," and went on to say, "It's almost enough to make you vomit." In August, Finch capitulated, and joined in a plan to send Justice Department lawyers into court to oppose plans already drafted by men in his own department for the integration of thirty-three school districts in Mississippi. The chief technical expert on desegregation plans in the Office of Education, in Finch's own department, had assured the Fifth Circuit Court of Appeals that "each of the . . . plans is educationally and administratively sound," but now Finch reversed the Department's position, and wrote, in a letter to Chief Judge John Brown, of that court, that the plans "must surely, in my judgment, produce chaos, confusion and a catastrophic educational setback to the 135,700 children, black and white alike, who must look to the 222 schools of these Mississippi districts for their only available educational opportunities." The Justice Department followed this letter up by bringing witnesses to court to testify against the plans. A rebellion broke out in the Justice Department, and sixty-five of a total of seventy-four lawyers in nonsupervisory positions in its civil-rights division signed a letter of protest to Attorney General Mitchell.



By the fall, the public record abounded with words and actions of the Nixon Administration concerning the racial issue in the United States, and they showed the Administration to be involved in a full-scale retreat in the area of civil rights. The issue was one of those that had had a strong bearing on the President's promise to bring the country together; the division "between black and white" had always been included in the litany of the nation's divisions. Yet in the course of the summer the Administration's actions stirred very little interest and did next to nothing to dispel the impression that the White House really meant what it had said about bringing the country together. One reason may have been that, although a policy had clearly taken shape, it was never announced. In fact, Administration spokesmen had steadfastly denied that a retreat was under way. In April, Secretary Finch had stated that no change in the federal guidelines for integration was contemplated. In June, he had said there would be "no softening or modifying" of the guidelines, though he added that they were being reëvaluated to provide "a more realistic time approach." Attorney General Mitchell, who had worked all summer to weaken civil-rights programs, said in a mid-August speech that racial discrimination was morally, legally, and socially wrong, and had to be "substantially eliminated if we are to survive as a nation of free and independent people." Now, in September, the President said, "There are those who want instant integration and those who want segregation forever. I believe that we need to have a middle course between those two extremes." These statements and others like them apparently carried greater weight with the press and with the public in 1969 than the news of what the Administration was actually doing.

Soon the Administration's two major efforts to weaken civil-rights programs were blocked by other branches of the government. In October, the Supreme Court, in language that closely resembled its 1968 decision, ordered integration of the Mississippi districts "at once." And a few months later the Congress rejected the weakening modifications proposed by Mitchell and renewed the Voting Rights Act in a stronger form than ever. Oddly, the Administration, having testified against the act in the House, had failed to follow up with its usual lobbying efforts to block passage in the Senate. In its first moves on civil rights, therefore, the Administration had challenged the Congress not to renew an act that enjoyed great popularity with the members, and had been overruled; and it had challenged the Supreme Court to repudiate a clear ruling of only one year back, and had again been overruled. It had moved to undercut the two main pillars of the civil-rights movement, but in a manner that would predictably fail.

In July, a group of worried civil-



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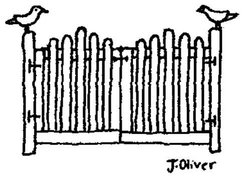
rights workers had met with Attorney General Mitchell, and by way of reassurance he had told them, "You will be better advised to watch what we do instead of what we say." He apparently meant to suggest that the Administration's public statements would be deceptive, and certainly they were. But by the fall it was not what the Administration said that was upsetting the civil-rights workers—for had not Mitchell declared that racial discrimination would have to be "eliminated" if the United States was to "survive as a nation"? By then, it was clear that he would have been giving them sounder reassurance if he had added that the Administration's deeds would be deceptive, too, but that those at whom the deception was aimed would not be the civil-rights workers. Those to be deceived by the Administration's actions were the white Southerners who, disregarding the Administration's promises to give life to the law, rested their hopes on Administration moves—the moves that would predictably fail to halt integration. In the Administration's plan, the words would deceive the civil-rights workers, and the actions would deceive the Southern segregationists, and in the process the political onus for integration would shift from the executive branch of the government to the legislative and judicial branches.

An Administration policy on a major issue—race—had unfolded to a temporary conclusion. It revealed a convoluted style of action. The policy had been improvised through bureaucratic struggle, not planned in advance; it had emerged piecemeal, without formal explanation beforehand or elucidation afterward; it had challenged the law, and the challenge had apparently been meant not to succeed but to fail, and, in failing, to create a politically favorable public image.



ON July 11th, fifteen days after Mitchell testified before the House Judiciary Committee against renewal of the Voting Rights Act, the Administration, in a move in a second important area of domestic affairs, proposed the District of Columbia Court Reorganization Act, a crime bill for the District of Columbia which had been drafted at the Justice Department and was widely understood to be a model for a national crime bill. (There was little change in the situation in Vietnam or elsewhere abroad during this period.) The D.C. crime bill (as the bill was soon referred to) contained, among its many provisions, one that would empower judges in the District to jail some criminal suspects for sixty days before trial, and one that would allow policemen to break into houses without showing a search warrant. The first provision, which came to be known as "preventive detention," would apparently suspend due process, and the second, which came to be known as the "no-knock" provision, would apparently violate the Fourth Amendment's protection against unreasonable searches and seizures. One Constitutional expert in the Senate—Senator Sam Ervin, of North Carolina—condemned the bill as a "garbage pail" of "repressive" legislation, and said, "This bill might better be entitled 'A Bill to Repeal the Fourth, Fifth, Sixth, and Eighth Amendments to the Constitution.' "

Until 1968, the issue of crime had never played an important role in Presidential politics. One reason was that the law assigns the task of criminal law enforcement to local authorities, not to the federal government. (This was why the Nixon Administration had found itself unable to intervene in student disruptions.) Soon after taking office, the President and his men were reminded of the Constitutional limits of their powers in this field by Donald Santarelli, a young lawyer who had drafted many of the President's statements on crime during the 1968 campaign and was chosen by President Nixon to be Associate Deputy Attorney General in charge of the Justice Department's Office of Criminal Justice. In early 1969, Santarelli met with John Ehrlichman, Attorney General Mitchell, and the President, and told them that—as he later recalled the substance of his remarks—"the reach of the federal government's power in law enforcement did not penetrate to the state or local level . . . where most of the street crime people were afraid of existed." And since "the federal government simply did not have the machinery or authority to deal with crime in America outside of the District of Columbia," he told them, "in the rest of America, the only thing we could do was to exercise vigorous symbolic leadership." The idea of exercising "symbolic leadership" struck a responsive chord in the thinking of the President and his advisers. Whereas the men in the Johnson Administration had believed that the roots of crime were to be found in social conditions, and had looked to a combination of improvements in police work, re-form of the penal system, and a wide array of social programs in poverty areas for remedies, the Nixon men believed that the roots of crime were in attitudes—in a moral climate they described as "permissive"—and that a change in attitudes was the remedy. Some of the blame for the spread of the permissive moral climate, they thought, lay with parents who, guided by modern theories of child-rearing, were too lenient with their children; some of it lay with "soft" educators; some of it lay with politicians who "encouraged" criminals by attributing crime to social conditions rather than to the criminals' moral failings; but most of it lay with the judicial system, and especially with the Justices of the Supreme Court. The Supreme Court had given the "green light" to "the criminal elements," Mr. Nixon had said in the campaign. He meant that by handing down decisions that affirmed or expanded the rights of criminal suspects—decisions such as the one in the case of Miranda v. Arizona, in which the Court had ruled that the police must inform all criminal suspects of their rights upon arrest, including the right to remain silent and the right to the presence of an attorney, and that the police must also warn the suspect that "any statement he does make may be used as evidence against him"—the Court had signalled an attitude of leniency toward criminals. The President had never argued that revision of the laws would enable prosecutors to convict and jail so many more criminals that the crime rates would fall. Rather, he apparently meant that statutes like the no-knock statute and the preventive-detention statute would serve as a "symbolic" warning—a red light—to the "criminal forces" (as the President phrased it). New, tough laws, he seemed to believe, would change the moral climate, and in the changed climate crime rates would fall.

If "symbolic leadership" was suited to what the Administration saw as the primarily moral nature of the problem of lawlessness, it was also suited to the public-relations needs of political strategy. Egil Krogh, a deputy counsel to the President with special responsibility for law-enforcement programs in the District of Columbia, later said to a reporter in reference to the Administration's crime bills, including the D.C. crime bill of 1969, "I would call them political law-and-order bills." As for no-knock and preventive detention, "the final legislation reflected the rhetoric of the 1968 campaign," he said; and he went on, "It was my view

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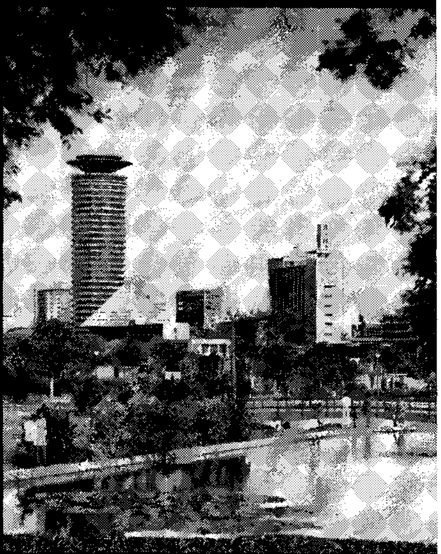

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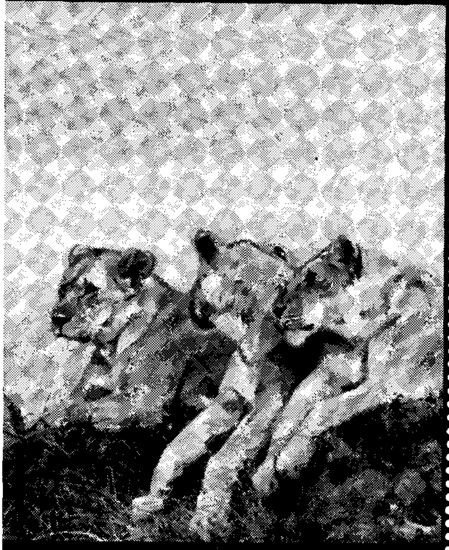

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that while these bills would suggest a tough law-and-order demeanor by the Administration, the legislation itself did not provide an enhanced ability to the police departments or to the courts to reduce crime as such. The no-knock legislation struck me, and also Mr. Ehrlichman, as almost inherently repressive in tone. . . . Jerry Wilson [the police chief of Washington, D.C.] stated to me that he had adequate authority to enter a dwelling where there was a probable cause, and to legislate that power through the no-knock bill was unnecessary. . . . He viewed that more as a sort of law-and-order window dressing rather than as initiatives that would strike at the core of the problem. . . . The political purpose [was], by supporting this legislation, [to appeal to] the sense of anxiety and urgency felt [by some people concerning] the law-enforcement issue rather than really being directed at curbing a real problem." In the area of crime, as in the area of civil rights, the Administration was subordinating the substance of government to the image of government. In many past Administrations, images had been created to enhance policies; now policies were being framed to enhance images. Emergency measures were being taken not to meet emergencies—not to solve "a real problem"—but to seem to meet emergencies. One young aide, after working with the new Administration for a few months on anti-crime programs, came to the conclusion that "all government is seventy-five per cent P.R." In the area of crime, moves were designed to produce an image of "toughness"—even of repressiveness. Some observers at the time took note of the Administration's repressive tendencies, but few supposed that the Administration was elaborately scheming to make itself appear repressive. The D.C. crime bill resembled the Administration's moves in civil rights in another respect, too: it was expected not to pass. The strategy was to propose a bill that the Congress was likely to turn down and then to blame Congress for its "soft" approach to crime. As an Office of Management and Budget paper titled "Crime Control and Law Enforcement: Political Position for 1970 Election" put it a few months later, "the Administration position in the crime field depends on our ability to shift blame for crime bills' inaction to Congress and concurrently to hammer home comprehensive Administration programs." In its efforts to weaken civil-rights legislation, the Administration had succeeded in failing, but this time it failed to fail.

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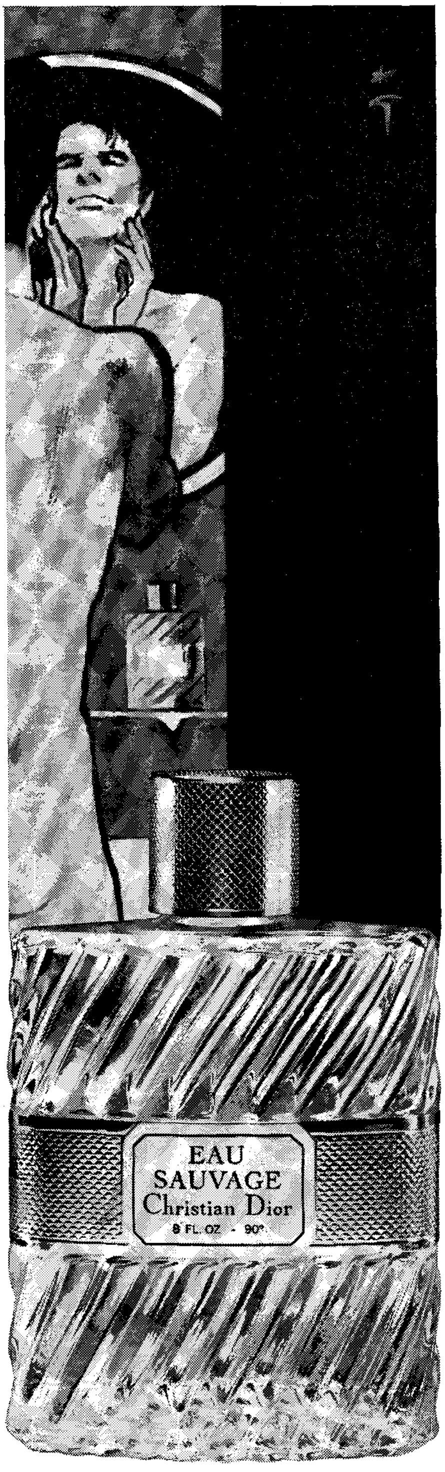
The Congress, apparently afraid of the political consequences of seeming to be "soft" on crime, passed the bill.

ON August 8th, in a move in a third important area of domestic affairs, the President went on all three major television networks in prime time to propose a sweeping program called the Family Assistance Plan. Under the plan, outright grants of money on the basis of income would replace the tangled, heavily bureaucratized welfare system that had grown up under President Johnson. Unlike the civil-rights program and the crime bills, this program did seem to represent a significant attempt to carry through in action the President's promise to bring the nation together in the realm of domestic policy, for the Family Assistance Plan was the sort of program that the President's opposition might be expected to approve. Once again, however, there was a gap between image and substance—between what the Administration said and what it did. The President was under heavy pressure from conservative quarters not to set up a program of "giveaways" that might undermine the recipients' will to find jobs, and, in an apparent effort to satisfy the conservatives, he called the program "workfare" in his speech. It was not a program of "guaranteed income," he said, and he added, "To put it bluntly and simply, any system which makes it more profitable for a man not to work than to work . . . is wrong and indefensible." In fact, the Family Assistance Plan was precisely a program of guaranteed income, and by introducing his new program in this confusing manner the President made a minor detail of the plan—a provision aimed at mildly penalizing recipients who did not work—seem to be its main plank. The debate that followed concentrated on that detail rather than on the central merits of the proposal. Liberals and conservatives both asked, "Is it really 'workfare'?" In liberal circles, the President's reputation as a man concerned with social justice was already low. An atmosphere in which Roy Wilkins was ready to "vomit" was a poor one for any social program of the President's. The directors of the California Community Action Program—an outfit that had been set up in the Johnson years and might be closed down under the new plan—were only a bit more heated than many others when they called the plan a "regeneration of domestic neocolonialism in dealing with the poor." Resistance from liberals in Congress was also based largely on the misapprehension that what the President had said about his bill was true, and that the federal government would soon be in the business of coercing people to perform menial tasks, probably at very low wages. The liberals had decided that the plan really was "workfare." Conservative objections, too, were focussed on the question of work requirements. The conservatives *wanted* strict work requirements, but they, unlike their liberal colleagues, quickly realized that the bill did not contain them. They understood that the plan was "workfare" only in name. Eventually, the combined opposition of liberals and conservatives killed the bill in the Senate.

When Attorney General Mitchell told the civil-rights workers to watch what the Administration did instead of what it said, he was giving them confusing advice, but if he had said the same thing in connection with the Family Assistance Plan, the advice would have been sound. For "workfare" was a liberal program in conservative clothing. The President acknowledged as much in an informal comment to Daniel Moynihan, one of the architects of the plan—and himself a strong believer in liberal programs put through in conservative disguises—saying, "Tory men and liberal policies are what have changed the world." But in the summer of 1969 the President's formulation held only for his welfare policy. In his strategy on civil rights, he was advancing a conservative program in liberal clothing. (In his policy on crime, he was cloaking a non-policy in a conservative disguise.) The advocates of civil rights, having waked up to what was happening in the case of civil rights, assumed Family Assistance to be more of the same. In his announcement of the plan, the President had again meant to fool the conservative half of his audience while winking at the liberal half. But the reverse occurred. The liberals were fooled, the conservatives were undeceived, and "workfare" was doomed.

BY September, as the nation returned to work and school after the summer holidays, many vivid signs of a new, combative mood in the White House were on the public record. The President had delivered his menacing speeches on the subject of student protests, he had made his apparent attempt to repeal some of the civil-rights advances of the Johnson years, and he had proposed his harsh legislation for dealing with criminal suspects. The nation was not being



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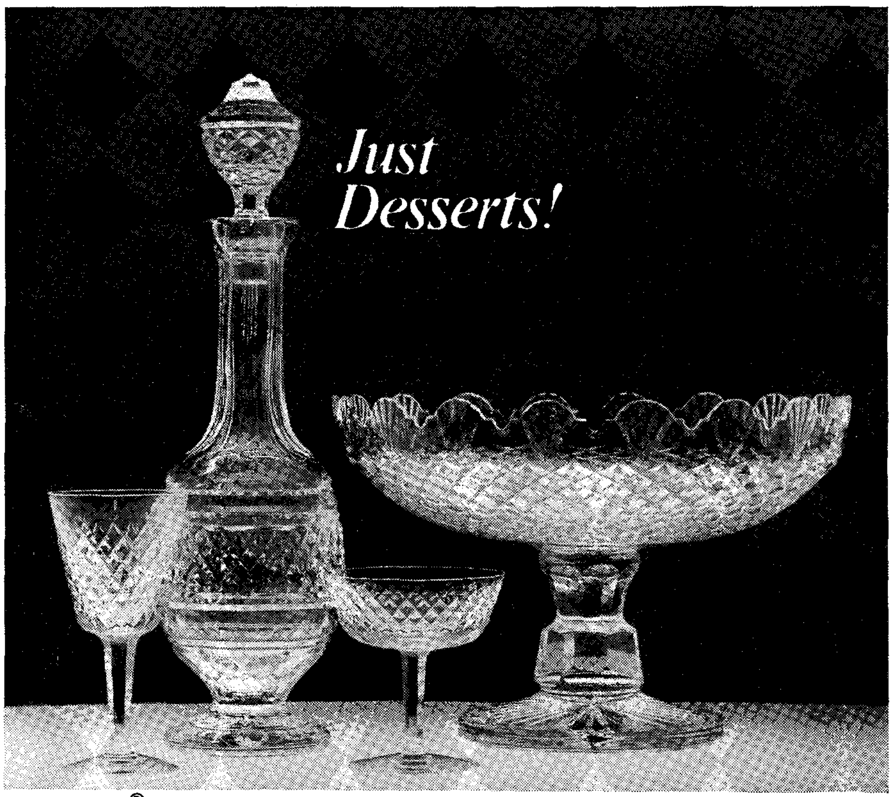
brought together. Yet these signs somehow still failed to catch the nation's attention, and in early September James Reston could still write in the *Times* that the President was "toning everything down—talking softly, urging caution, bringing home some troops, cutting new Federal construction, lowering his voice, and advocating restraint and coöperation at home and abroad." In June, Mr. Nixon had announced an initial withdrawal of twenty-five thousand American troops from Vietnam. The notion that the war was ending and the country entering upon a more tranquil era had become something like an unshakable conviction. It was as though in 1968 peace and national unity had been settled upon as the theme for the next four years, and any events that failed to carry out the theme were deprived of their significance and were invisible. Somehow, an image had been fixed in place which mere events could not easily dislodge. The public, of course, was unaware that the President had paced his troop withdrawals from the war with bombing escalations of the war, and since the war had been at the root of the nation's turmoil, it was difficult for most people to imagine that the turmoil could continue while the war—they believed—was ending.

The Nixon Administration's apparent ability in the summer of 1969 to establish an image of itself, and even of the national life as a whole, that was sharply at odds with the facts marked a new stage in a public-relations revolution that had been under way in American politics for many years. The techniques of public relations had originally been developed in the business world, but politicians had soon recognized that they could be extremely useful in politics as well. In fact, their applicability to politics was, if anything, greater than their applicability to business. If nuclear weapons had been by far the strongest influence on politics in the postwar period, television—the most powerful machine for the establishment of images ever devised—had certainly been the second-strongest. For politics—and particularly electoral politics—was a dance of images in its purest form. When an advertising campaign persuaded a consumer to buy a product, the consumer then at least possessed something tangible against which to test the image. But when public relations persuaded a voter to put a politician in office, the voter was left with only another image against which to test his choice—the image propagated by the man in office. There were, of course, connections between the voter's experience in his own life and the politician's performance, but these were often vague or concealed. As a candidate for various offices, Nixon had learned that a wound to the image could sometimes prove mortal to its subject's chances for success—something that not only politicians but corporations, movie stars, publications, religious groups, revolutionary groups, and many others had found out from bitter experience. When he assumed the Presidency, he brought a team of public-relations experts to power with him. There was his chief of staff, H. R. Haldeman; his appointments secretary, Dwight Chapin; his press secretary, Ronald Ziegler; and one of his speechwriters, William Safire—and those were only a few of the men in his Administration with experience in advertising agencies and public relations. They all soon realized that the resources for image-making available to a President were incomparably greater than those available to a candidate. For one thing, a President could command unrivalled access to the channels of communication; his every gesture was news, and his speeches were often carried live on all three of the major television networks. For another thing, he could exert a profound influence upon the press and other independent sources of the public's impression of political events. Moreover, while casting the Presidential spotlight on some events (or non-events), he could shroud other events in secrecy. Most important of all, however, was his ability actually to shape events in order to promote images. By using the resources of government to compose scenes rather than to solve real problems, a President could build up an illusory world that not even the most determined reporters could tear down. In his first eight months, President Nixon, through the use of all these techniques, had established what amounted almost to a new form of rule, in which images were given precedence over substance in every phase of government. The secrecy surrounding the bombing of Cambodia and the warrantless wiretaps had turned out to be only the first steps in a far broader separation of image and substance in the Nixon Administration's conduct of its affairs. In each of those instances, a major action had simply been concealed. In other Administration policies, the relationship between image and substance became more elaborate. In its civil-rights policy, the Administration presented a conservative program as a liberal program. In its crime policy, it took actions that it knew were futile in order to create an appearance of effective action and to transfer the blame for inaction to the political opposition. In its welfare policy, it presented a liberal program as a conservative program, and the image was so convincing that the liberals joined the conservatives to defeat the program. But whether the Administration was saying one thing in public while doing the opposite in secret or was saying one thing in public while doing the opposite also in public, and whether it was cloaking liberal programs in conservative disguises or cloaking conservative programs in liberal disguises, and whether it was framing policy that was meant to succeed or framing policy that was meant to fail, the one constant was that it had broken the unity of word and deed which makes political action intelligible to the rest of the world.

AFTER a summer of attending to domestic affairs, the nation's attention began to swing back to the war. That fall, many of the people who had actively opposed the war in 1968 began to grow impatient, and the first large cracks in the public's conviction that it had embarked on a period of peace and national unity appeared. On September 16th, the President announced the withdrawal of thirty-five thousand more troops from Vietnam. The number was not great enough to satisfy the anti-war movement, and plans were laid for demonstrations in Washington and other cities on October 15th. The anti-war movement had changed since the spring of 1968, when it was last heard from. The Presidential candidacies of Senator Eugene McCarthy and Senator Robert Kennedy, together with the retirement of President Johnson, had then given it political weight. And as it had entered electoral politics, a militant fringe had separated itself from the main body, and the main body had gained still more in political strength from other quarters. All at once, reports of the protest pervaded the news. The anti-war movement seemed to have burst out of its confines on the left-wing fringes of American politics and to have flooded the center. It had become respectable. Now, for the first time, an anti-war demonstration received qualified editorial support in major newspapers, including the *Times*. A poll showed that fifty-seven per cent of the public favored a withdrawal of all American troops from the war by a date certain—a position that the



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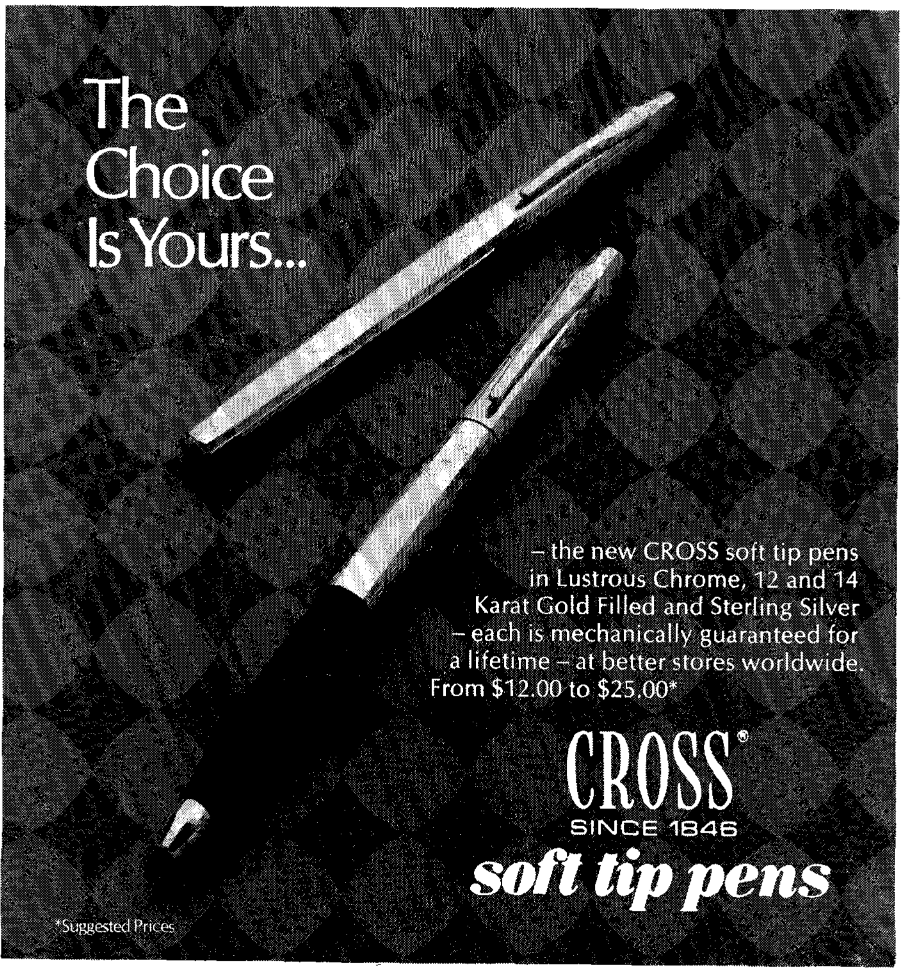

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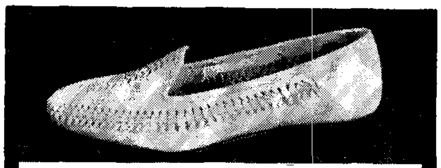

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marchers supported and the President opposed. The protest on October 15th turned out to be an event of immense proportions. Forty thousand people marched peacefully in Washington; sixty-five thousand attended a series of rallies in New York; a hundred thousand marched in Boston; and smaller observances and ceremonies were held all around the country. The anti-war movement was older and tireder, but also broader, than it had ever been before. A second demonstration was planned for November 15th.

In the White House, tempers were rising. Had the President meant to withdraw from the war soon, as he had seemed to say in the Presidential campaign, the gathering strength of the anti-war movement might not have worried him. As it was, he felt obliged to strike back. The "basic need," he wrote in a memo to Haldeman in late September, "is *not* PR—it's PO." Not, that is, public relations but a Presidential Offensive. The need, he said in another memo, was for a "Nixon Big Charge." A Big Charge, of course, was a far cry from the advice he had given in January to "lower our voices." But whether one might call the incipient campaign PR or PO or a Big Charge, it was in fact public relations. On September 22nd, the President dictated no fewer than eight memoranda on the subject to H. R. Haldeman. He foresaw a fierce struggle just ahead. "I do not want to continue to slide along with what I fear is an inadequate response and an amateurish response to what will be an enormous challenge in the next two or three months," he wrote. In one of his memos, he listed some of the themes he wished his people to emphasize. "When we have our Public-Relations discussion on Saturday, I think we ought to put down five or six public-relations goals that we want to impress on the public consciousness," he wrote. They were "hard work, dignity, staff treatment (compared with Johnson), boldness in offering new programs, world leader restoring respect for United States [in] the world, RN family, and others that may come to mind." Nixon also had comments on public-relations efforts that had been set in motion already. "I have completed a very thorough analysis of the reports made by HK [Henry Kissinger] E [Ehrlichman] and Harlow [Bryce Harlow, a White House aide] which were submitted to me at San Clemente," he said. "On the four PR fronts, I asked for coverage. In general, I think I could sum up my reaction in this way—the only area

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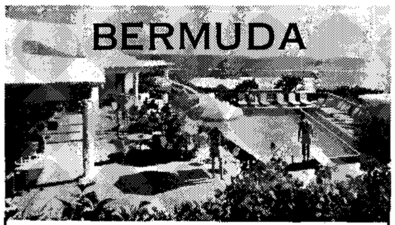

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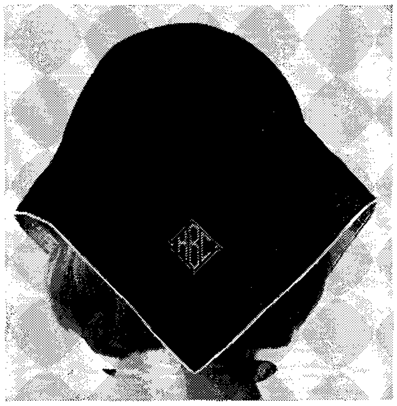

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where we really came through with a better-than-average grade (and here it was considerably better than average) was on Family Assistance and Welfare and the New Federalism. This was due to a plan executed and followed through. On the Foreign Policy front, on the Nixon Big Charge front, our record in the Congress and the others are performances considerably lower than average. . . . I have reached the conclusion that we simply have to have that full-time PR Director, who will have no other assignments except to bulldog these three or four major issues we may select each week or each month and follow through on directives that I give but, more importantly, come up with ideas of his own.”

In the days just before and just after the October demonstration, Jeb Magruder, an aide of Haldeman’s who specialized in matters having to do with the press, began to devise a “Game Plan” for the Nixon Big Charge. A special Planning Objectives group began to meet. The day after the demonstration, Dwight Chapin wrote a memo to Haldeman, in which he listed a number of steps that should be taken. In the period from October 20th to October 26th, “a full-fledged drive should be put against the media,” he thought. It would involve “letters, visits to editorial boards, ads, TV announcements, phone calls. (In New York, the networks should be visited by groups of our supporters—the highest level—and cold turkey should be talked).” Also, “A representative of the Justice Department and a spokesman for the F.B.I. should hold a press conference on Monday, October 20th. They would brief the press with documented information on the leaders of the two movements.” (Chapin was speaking of the two groups who were sponsoring the demonstration in the capital in November—the Vietnam Moratorium Committee and the New Mobilization Committee to End the War in Vietnam.) Having prepared the ground with these and other measures, the time would be ripe, Chapin thought, for “the appearance of pro-Administration sentiment.” He wrote, “It should be shown by all—each in their own way—but what they do must be visible. It does not have to be group-oriented—it can be as simple as everyone wearing a flag lapel pin, writing letters to Congressmen and so on. It might be an idea to ask the networks to tell it to Hanoi—what if the networks were set as the sounding board for the vast segment of American people who support the President and his peace efforts. Thousands of wires, letters, and petitions to the networks.”

AROUND this time, too, Nixon began to shower his aides with scores of little memos ordering them to do something about news stories that had annoyed him. He had never cared for the men of the press, and he was given to remarking to his aides, “the press is the enemy.” Two days after the march, Jeb Magruder collected and sent to Haldeman about twenty requests that the President had made in the past thirty days, and these, Magruder wrote in an accompanying memo to Haldeman, were perhaps only a third of the total number. Some of the President’s requests were for sweeping action. In a memo to Klein he had asked that Klein (as Magruder described it in his memo) “take appropriate action to counter biased TV coverage of the Adm. over the summer.” A memo sent to Patrick Buchanan was, Magruder noted, a “request for a report on what actions were taken to complain to NBC, *Time*, and *Newsweek* concerning . . . recent coverage on the Administration.” Other requests from the President were highly specific. Many minute details of news coverage inspired memos to his aides. One of the memos was (again in Magruder’s words) “President’s request for letters to the editor of *Newsweek* mentioning the President’s tremendous reception in Mississippi and last Sat. Miami Dolphin football game.” Another was “President’s request that we have the Chicago *Tribune* hit Senator Percy hard on his ties with the peace group.” (The President seemed to believe he had control over the editorial policies of the *Tribune*.) Another, which had been sent to a White House aide named Alexander Butterfield, asked for “a report . . . from our P.R. efforts following up the Friday press conference.” And a memo to Patrick Buchanan asked that “appropriate columnists be informed of the extemporaneous character of Presidential press conferences.”

Magruder had titled his memo to Haldeman “The Shotgun Versus the Rifle.” The “shotgun” was the technique of peppering the press with scores of scattered complaints from the White House, and Magruder thought it ineffective. “When an editor gets continual calls from Herb Klein or Pat Buchanan on a situation that is difficult to document as to unfairness, we are in a very weak area,” he

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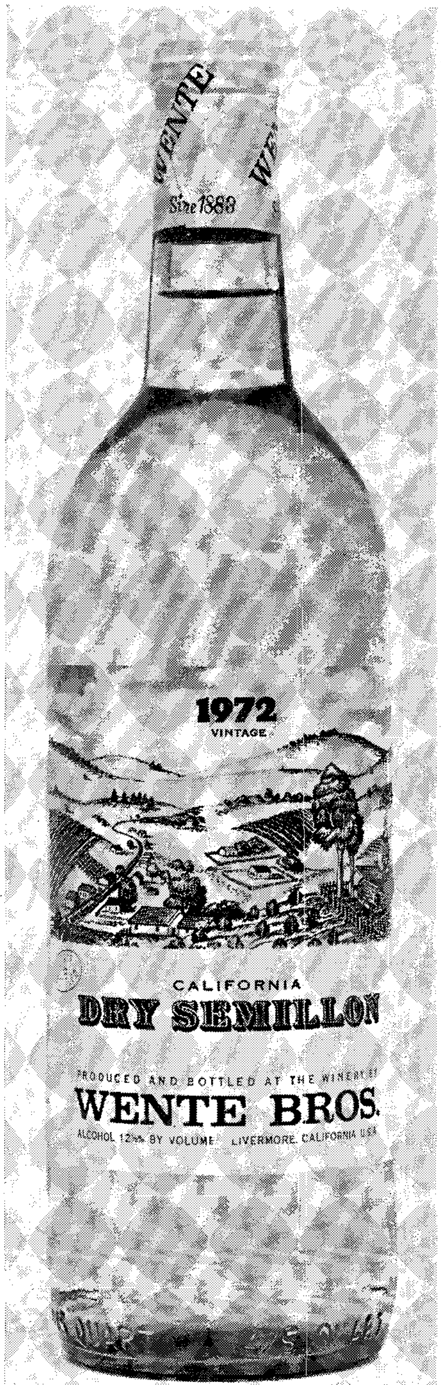
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wrote. The "rifle" was the technique of using "concentrated efforts" against "the media and other anti-Administration spokesmen," and Magruder preferred it. He had five proposals to make. The first was to "begin an official monitoring system through the F.C.C. [Federal Communications Commission] as soon as Dean Burch is officially on board as chairman." (Burch, a former aide to Senator Barry Goldwater, had been nominated for the chairmanship of the F.C.C., but had not yet been confirmed.) The second was to "utilize the anti-trust division [of the Department of Justice] to investigate various media relating to anti-trust violations." Magruder believed that "even the possible threat of anti-trust action . . . would be effective in changing their views." The third was "utilizing the Internal Revenue Service as a method to look into the organizations that we are most concerned about," for he believed that "just a threat of an I.R.S. investigation will probably turn their approach." The fourth was to "begin to show favorites within the media." And the fifth was to "utilize Republican National Committee for major letter writing efforts." In concluding, Magruder warned against the consequences of a failure "to use the power at hand to achieve our long-term goal, which is eight years of a Republican Administration."

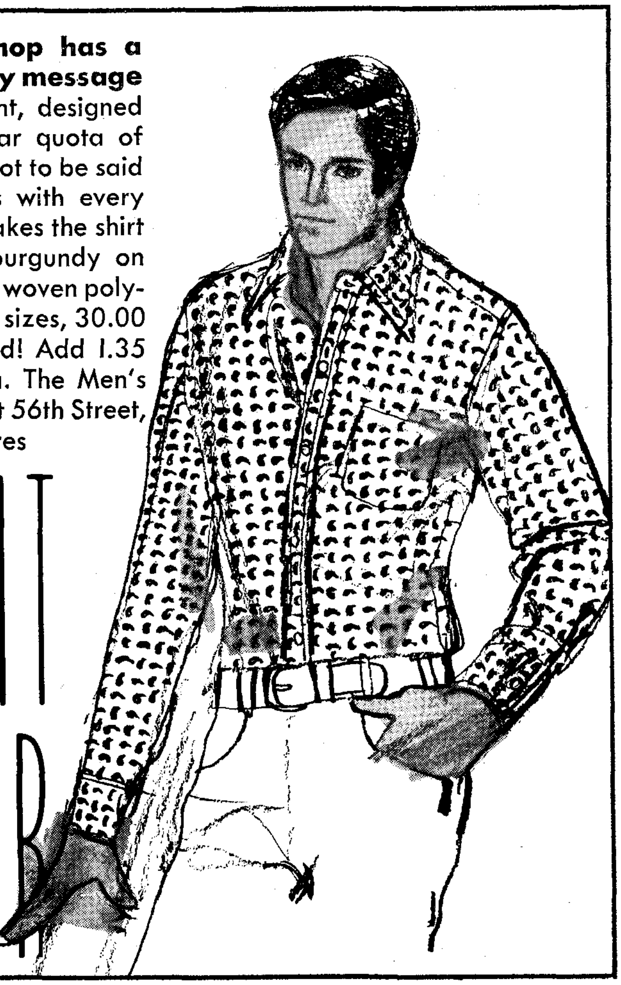
FOUR days after the October demonstrations, Vice-President Agnew launched a ferocious attack on the leaders of the anti-war movement in a speech. He called them an "effete corps of impudent snobs who characterized themselves as intellectuals." Another demonstration was planned for November 15th, and the Vice-President described the organizers as "hard-core dissidents and professional anarchists," who were bent on holding a "wilder, more violent" demonstration than the one in October. Going on to give an explanation he had worked out of how young people were persuaded to join a demonstration, he said, "The young, at the zenith of physical power and sensitivity, overwhelm themselves with drugs and artificial stimulants. Thus, subtlety is lost and fine distinctions based on acute reasoning are carelessly ignored in a headlong jump to a predetermined conclusion." (Agnew, who derided people who "characterized themselves as intellectuals," himself used many intellectual-sounding phrases in his speeches.) In a speech at the end of October, Agnew, speaking of "arrogant ones" who "have a masochistic compulsion to destroy their country's strength whether or not it is constructive," said, "They rouse themselves to a continual emotional crescendo—substituting disruptive demonstrations for reason." Soon he began to employ some of the rhetoric usually associated with the European Fascist movements of the nineteen-thirties. He asserted that "anarchists and Communists," abetted by "ideological eunuchs," were, like "vultures who sit in trees" and "prey upon the good intentions of gullible men," perverting "honest concern to something sick and rancid." And, referring again to the "glib, activist element," the "impudent snobs who characterized themselves as intellectuals," he said, "We can, however, afford to separate them from our society with no more regret than we should feel over discarding rotten apples from a barrel." The Vice-President's speeches were something new in American politics. They were long, rambling sessions of abuse, apparently unconnected with government policies—sheer outbursts of angry feeling. They were not spontaneous outbursts, however. The Vice-President read them out verbatim from prepared texts, speaking in a flat monotone. President Johnson, toward the end of his term, had become so enraged with the opposition that he harbored the suspicion that they were literally traitors, but he had kept that idea to himself. Now President Nixon found himself thinking the same thoughts, but, unlike Johnson, he had discovered in his Vice-President an instrument for their public expression. Since the Inauguration, the Nixon White House had been evolving in two opposite directions. In many of its public pronouncements, the Administration portrayed itself as open, trusting, and conciliatory, and dedicated to unifying a divided country. But, especially in its covert actions, a new policy—almost a new Administration—had been taking shape. This Administration was angry, suspicious, and vengeful. Now, as the Nixon Big Charge began, with the Vice-President in the front rank, this other Administration burst suddenly into full view.

The Vice-President's rise in American politics had been swift and had involved some surprising twists and turns. In 1960, he had been a member of the Zoning Board of Appeals of Baltimore County, Maryland. He ran for Circuit Court Judge in Baltimore County that year and lost. Two years later, he ran for County Executive and won. In 1966, he ran for governor of Maryland, against a Democrat who made open appeals to racist sentiment, and he won with a heavy crossover vote and strong support from the black community. His reputation was that of a liberal Republican. He supported the 1968 Presidential aspirations of Governor Nelson Rockefeller, of New York—who was also a liberal Republican at the time—until Rockefeller withdrew, that March, and he put through the first open-housing law in his state's history. But before his Vice-Presidential nomination he seemed to change his political stripe, veering sharply to the right. The change became evident after a riot in the black community in Baltimore in April. Agnew called moderate black leaders into his Baltimore office and angrily blamed them for the riot, saying they had not done enough to restrain more militant leaders—leaders he called "the circuit-riding, Hanoi-visiting, caterwauling, riot-inciting, burn-America-down type of leader." The moderate leaders were insulted, and many walked out.

As Agnew rose in politics, he worked out a system of bribes and kickbacks from contractors doing business with the state government. Sometimes the money, which in some years amounted to more than ten thousand dollars, was handed to him personally, in the form of cash in unmarked envelopes. At one point, he explained to an accomplice that such payments were part of "the system." (Now Agnew was attacking people who he thought wanted to tear down "the system.") As Vice-President, he continued to receive payments from some of the contractors, but, although his office was higher, the amounts were smaller. He also received a reduction in the rent of his Washington apartment, and received weekly deliveries of free groceries from a nearby supermarket.

ON October 30th, the Vice-President seemed specifically to revoke the theme of national unity. "If, in challenging, we polarize the American people, I say it is time for a positive polarization," he said. "It is time to rip away the rhetoric and to divide on authentic lines. . . ." And, as though to clarify the President's remarks in the campaign, he added, "When the President said 'bring us together' he meant the functioning, contributing portions of the American citizenry." No rebuttal was offered by the White House.

ON November 2nd, Attorney General Mitchell went on television to say that the Vice-President's phrase



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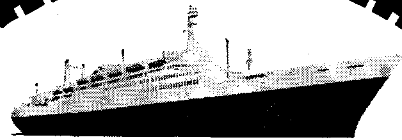

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"effete snobs" was, if anything, too kind a characterization of some of the anti-war demonstrators. The ones he had in mind were "active militants who want to destroy . . . some of the institutions of our government." A few days before, the President, who had temporarily held aloof from the Vice-President's attacks, appeared in public with Agnew and said, "I am very proud to have the Vice-President, with his Greek background, in our Administration, and he has done a great job for this Administration."

ON November 3rd, as the Nixon Big Charge was gaining momentum, the President, in a nationally televised speech that he had announced three weeks in advance, addressed himself to the subject that, more than any other, had fuelled the enmity between the President and his opposition: the war in Vietnam. (In Dwight Chapin's plan, the President's speech was to be the occasion for the surfacing of "pro-Administration sentiment.") He described immediate withdrawal from the war as the "popular and easy course" from a political standpoint. Expatiating on this, he noted, "After all, we became involved in the war while my predecessor was in office. I could blame the defeat, which would be the result of my action, on him—and come out as the peacemaker." But he rejected this course. He had a different plan for ending the war—one that he could not fully reveal to the public. It involved a "scheduled timetable" for withdrawal, but the timetable had to remain a secret. "I have not and do not intend to announce the timetable for our program, and there are obvious reasons for this decision which I'm sure you will understand," he said. He described his secret plan as one for ending the war, but the justifications he offered for it seemed to be justifications for staying in the war and winning it. An American "defeat," he said, would "inevitably" be followed by "massacres" of thousands of people at the hands of the Communists. Furthermore, "for the United States, this first defeat in our nation's history would result in a collapse of confidence in American leadership not only in Asia but throughout the world." Nor was that all: "Our defeat and humiliation in South Vietnam without question would promote recklessness in the councils of those great powers who have not yet abandoned their goals of world conquest."

As a candidate, Nixon had declined to discuss the war in great detail, yet when he mentioned it he had seemed to promise a swift withdrawal. Now he was speaking very differently. Now he was raising points that appeared to have escaped him entirely during the 1968 campaign. In fact, in describing the principal war aim as avoidance of "defeat and humiliation," he was reaffirming the aim that, more than any other, had inspired the Kennedy Administration and then the Johnson Administration to escalate the war through most of the nineteen-sixties. In the opinion of Assistant Secretary of Defense McNaughton, avoiding "humiliation" had been the whole aim of the American war effort. President Nixon was signalling that he, like Presidents before him, regarded the war primarily as a "test case." His aim of preserving "confidence in American leadership not only in Asia but throughout the world" and John McNaughton's aim of preserving America's "reputation as a guarantor" were the same thing. He was reaffirming the doctrine of credibility. In the fall, he had spoken more than once of an "honorable" peace. By "honor" he did not mean a quality that it would be nice to preserve for reasons of idealism and pride. He did not mean the honor of the offended gentleman. The word "honor" in this context was another synonym for "credibility." Yet even as he referred to the danger of "world conquest" he paradoxically asserted his intention of withdrawing American troops from the struggle. From the way he described the magnitude of the challenge, it sounded as though it would make better sense to send more troops in. The President, it seemed, meant to withdraw to victory. But in this anomalous behavior, too, President Nixon was following a long tradition. President Johnson and President Kennedy had also pursued aims of global scope with "limited" forces. In other words, President Nixon had not invented his dilemma; he had only sharpened its contradictions. It was a dilemma shaped by the requirements of nuclear strategy, for it was the nuclear dilemma that had given credibility its vast importance in American strategic thinking. By maintaining an *appearance* of great strength and great will, Presidents since the time of Kennedy had hoped to avoid the catastrophe for mankind which would occur if the nation's full strength should ever actually be used. In this scheme, the global public-relations war, in which Vietnam was regarded as the main front, acted as a surrogate for actual global warfare. The problem that Presidents faced was how to strike the right balance between belligerency and restraint. And for no President had it proved more difficult to strike the right balance than it had for President Nixon, because no President had faced the amount of opposition he faced in attempting to create the appearance of strength and will. Never had a President tried to achieve so much in the world with so little understanding or support from the people. If a gap had opened between the President and the public, its origin was here; for while he had been growing ever more determined to uphold the nation's image, the public had been growing ever more tired and confused. His solution was to try to take on himself the responsibility for pursuing the strategy. Since the demonstrations of will that were crucial to the policy were not forthcoming from the country, he apparently felt all the more obliged to make it clear to the world that his own will, at least, was firm.

In the closing passages of his speech, President Nixon turned his attention to the domestic scene. At the beginning of the speech, when he said that immediate withdrawal would be the "popular and easy course," he had seemed to acknowledge that the country still wanted to get out of the war quickly. But then he went on to define two groups of Americans—a "minority" who were trying to "impose" their point of view "by mounting demonstrations in the street" in order to end the war immediately, and a "majority" who, presumably, supported the secret plan whose existence he was now revealing. The Constitution, he said, required him to comply with the wishes of those he defined as being in the majority. "For almost two hundred years," he said, "the policy of this nation has been made under our Constitution by those leaders in the Congress and the White House elected by all of the people. If a vocal minority, however fervent its cause, prevails over reason and the will of the majority, this nation has no future as a free society." Having defined the movement against the war as an anti-democratic force that would, if it succeeded, overthrow the Constitution and put an end to freedom in America, he made a final appeal, not to the nation as a whole but to the part of it that supported him and that he said was a majority. "So tonight, to you, the great silent majority of my fellow Americans, I ask for your support," he said. In reference to others—the minority—he said, "North Vietnam cannot defeat or humiliate the United States. Only Americans can do that." His

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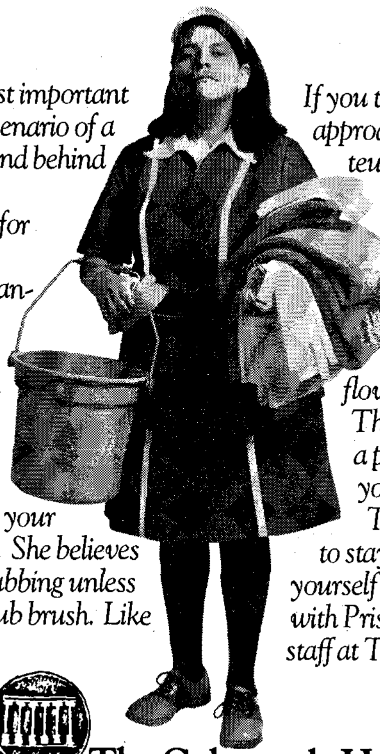

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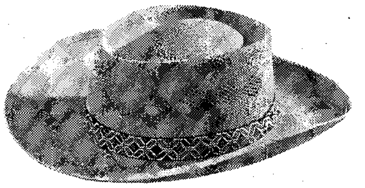

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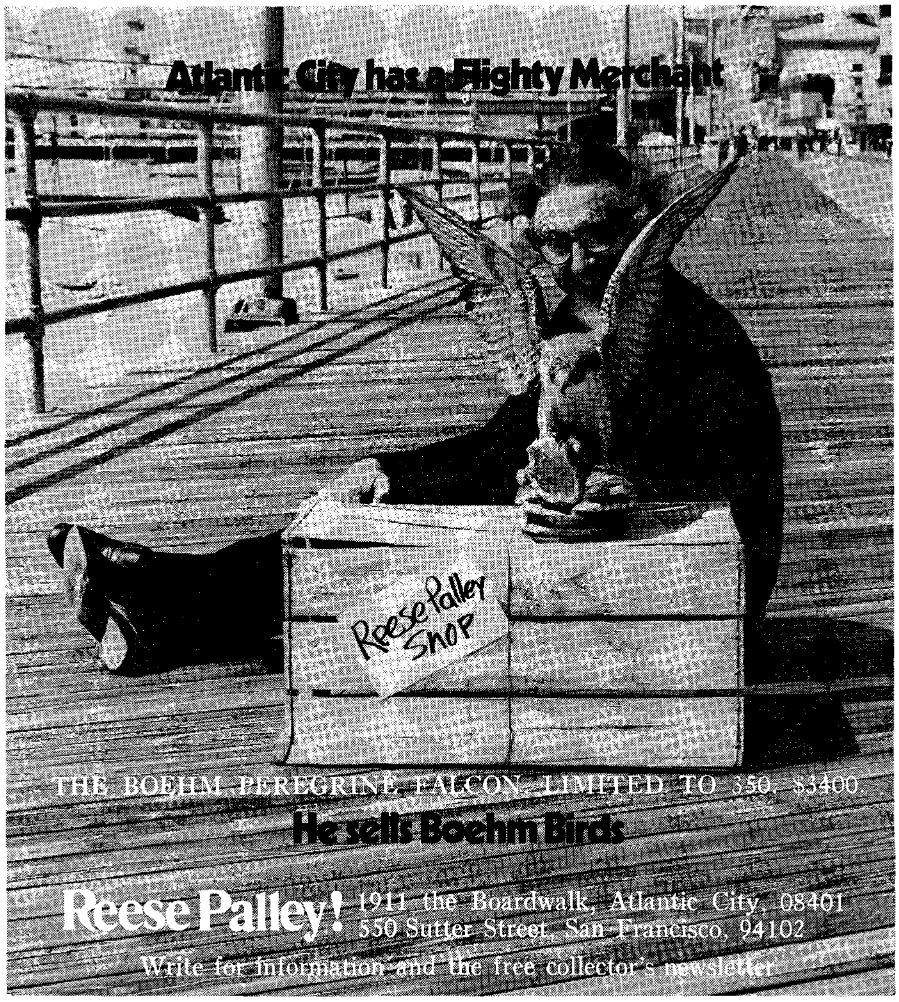
assertion marked a significant shift. He had identified a foe within the United States more dangerous to the country than the one we were fighting in Vietnam. As he now saw things, therefore, the war had two fronts—a *primary front at home, where* the government struggled against a foe who could not only overthrow the Constitution but also "defeat" and "humiliate" the United States, and a secondary front in Vietnam, where the government struggled against a less formidable foe, unable to accomplish any of these dread things. He had already deployed forces on this primary front. His Administration had brought the indictment against the Chicago demonstrators. It had launched its covert attacks on the press. The Vice-President and other members of the Administration were giving the anti-war movement an almost daily lashing. The Nixon Big Charge was on. A year earlier, the war had been widely viewed as an international struggle that had some important domestic consequences. Now, in the eyes of the President, the war was a domestic struggle with some serious international consequences. Thereafter, the Vietnam war would be waged primarily in the United States.

PRESIDENT NIXON's reaffirmation of the doctrine of credibility disclosed in his foreign policy a practice that had come to govern most of his domestic policies: the practice of subordinating the substance of governing to the image of governing. For credibility was nothing other than an image—a "reputation," McNaughton had called it. What the strategists of the Vietnam war had always most feared was not the reality of defeat but the appearance of defeat, and what they had most wanted in Vietnam was not victory but victory's image. In fact, President Nixon's separation of word (or image) and deed (or substance) in the domestic sphere had merely extended a separation of word and deed in the foreign sphere which was of long standing. Such a separation had characterized the whole conduct of the Vietnam war since the beginning of the American combat involvement, as the record of the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations attested; and the effort to uphold the image of success in the face of increasingly evident actual failure was one of the reasons for the infamous credibility gap that had grown up between what the government said and what the people believed. The Nixon Administration, too, had been duplicitous in its statements regarding the war. But in its *mode* of governing, at least, a remarkable degree of consistency had emerged: at home and abroad, President Nixon was using the entire power of the federal government to protect and promote images.

TELEVISION and the press were, inevitably, major participants in any struggle to establish images, and in recent months the President had grown increasingly angry over their performance. On November 13th, Vice-President Agnew delivered the harshest and most insulting attack on the television networks that had ever been made by anyone in the top ranks of an Administration in power. The speech opened yet another front in the mounting Presidential Offensive. In tone, the speech combined the stilted, intellectual-sounding phrasing and the lurid abusiveness that had by now become the trademarks of a speech by the Vice-President. Again, the bone of contention was the war. The Vice-President concentrated his attacks on the networks' coverage of the President's recent speech. "Monday night a week ago, President Nixon delivered the most important address of his Administration, one of the most important of our decade," Agnew said. "His subject was Vietnam. His hope was to rally the American people to see the conflict through to a lasting and just peace in the Pacific." But the networks, Agnew thought, had tried to obstruct the President: "When the President completed his address—an address, incidentally, that he spent weeks in the preparation of—his words and policies were subjected to instant analysis and querulous criticism. The audience of seventy million Americans gathered to hear the President of the United States was inherited by a small band of network commentators and self-appointed analysts, the majority of whom expressed in one way or another their hostility to what he had to say." One network, he said, had "trotted out" Averell Harriman, President Johnson's chief negotiator in Paris. "Throughout the President's message, he waited in the wings," Agnew said. "When the President concluded, Mr. Harriman recited perfectly. . . . All in all, Mr. Harriman offered a broad range of gratuitous advice challenging and contradicting the policies outlined by the President of the United States." After claiming that the networks enjoyed "a monopoly sanctioned and licensed" by the government, Agnew suggested that the networks be "made more responsive to the views of the nation," and he urged the public to write to the networks protesting their news coverage.

Never in the country's history had the executive branch meddled so deeply in the affairs of the press; and rarely had the partisan political inspiration of a campaign by the executive been more nakedly apparent. (The Vice-President was calling outright for an end to criticism of the President on the most controversial issue facing the nation.) The press, however, seemed more interested, on the whole, in taking up the substance of the Vice-President's remarks than in examining the propriety of his having made them. The networks set the tone for the response from many news organizations when, in a decision that had no precedent in the annals of coverage of Vice-Presidents, they ran his speech live in its entirety. During the weeks that followed, a large part of the press, at the Vice-President's prompting, plunged into self-examination. Little phrases from his speech, including "instant analysis" and "querulous criticism," at once become the stuff of daily discussion in columns and in news articles all around the country. The press seemed almost to welcome the opportunity to rethink its coverage of the Nixon Administration. Howard Smith, the commentator for ABC news, remarked, "I think Mr. Agnew had some good points, but I disagree with him about intent." Max Frankel, writing in the *Times*, called the issues raised by the Vice-President "complex indeed." Walter Cronkite, the CBS newsman, said that he agreed with the Vice-President that journalism was too heavily concentrated in New York. Many politicians welcomed the Vice-President's remarks. Hugh Scott, of Pennsylvania, the Senate minority leader, said, "I think the networks deserve a thorough goosing," and the Secretary of Housing and Urban Development, George Romney, said he believed that the Vice-President was acting as a "champion of the old culture that values historic and democratic principles." One of the few angry remarks came from the man whom the Vice-President had attacked most harshly—Ambassador Harriman, who said that the Vice-President's speech "smacked of a totalitarianism, which I don't like at all."

Around the time of the speech, other Administration officials made threatening moves against the press. A week before it was given, Dean Burch, who had been confirmed as chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, called up the television networks requesting transcripts of their "instant



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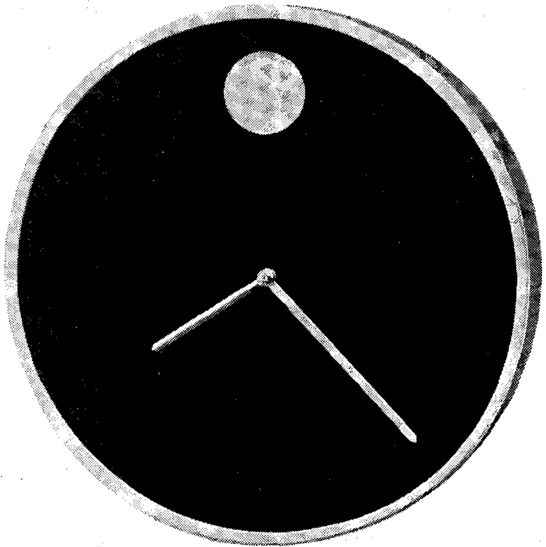

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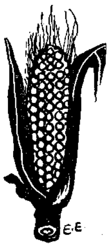
analyses" of President Nixon's speech of November 3rd—just as Jeb Magruder had suggested in his memo to Haldeman that Burch should do. (In fact, Burch asked for the transcripts at the White House's request.) A few days after Agnew's speech, Klein went on television to say that if the networks and press did not correct their bias against the President, then "you do invite the government to come in." These moves were out in the open.

There were, however, several things about the Vice-President's speech that the public did not know. Publicly, the President had been keeping himself at one remove from the Vice-President's attack on the media, and there had been considerable debate in the press over whether the President concurred in the Vice-President's sentiments. Actually, the speech had been written mainly by one of the President's own speechwriters, Patrick Buchanan, and the President himself had added a few finishing touches. And after the Vice-President spoke the President had called up Buchanan to compliment him on his work. But Buchanan, of course, was only an instrument of the President, so when Vice-President Agnew called the President's speech "one of the most important of our decade," the President, in a process of hidden remote control, was praising himself.



Another thing that the public did not know was that a part of the "public reaction" to both the President's and the Vice-President's speeches had been concocted by the White House. Thousands of letters had poured into network offices after the attack on television coverage, and the networks, like the people who read about the letters in the following days, took them to be spontaneous and real. The evidence is strong that some of them had been produced by the system the President set up for having his aides write letters that would go out over the signatures of ordinary citizens around the country. The President was deeply involved in the details of these mailing efforts. As early as September, shortly after Senator Edward Kennedy had criticized the Administration's war policy in terms similar to those used a few days later by Hanoi radio, the President recommended in a memo to Haldeman that "Buchanan's . . . group might get a major mailing-out to editors and columnists in Massachusetts and perhaps even nationally, just setting forth the Hanoi quote, or, better still, an editorial which takes that line. . . . The best place from which this could be mailed would be, of course, from Boston." Haldeman, too, took a strong interest in the rigged mailings, and he wrote in a memo to Magruder that several people around the White House "will be responsible to work out a program over the next week for sending letters and telegrams, and making telephone calls to Senators, blasting them on their consistent opposition to the President on everything he is trying to do for the country. This program needs to be subtle and worked out well so that they receive these items from their home districts as well as other points around the country." By a similar system, telegrams of support had been sent to the President after his speech on the war. (Later, he had shown them to newsmen as evidence of public support.) At the same time, he had been putting together governmental machinery that would frighten or coerce television and the press into giving his Administration favorable coverage—into taking more careful note of the "tremendous reception" he had received at the Miami Dolphins football game, for instance. The President had set in motion an elaborate hidden machine for manufacturing the appearance of public enthusiasm for himself. He had begun by making a direct appeal for support in the traditional manner. Then he had sent himself rigged telegrams and letters of support. Then he had put the telegrams and letters on display before the public that had supposedly sent them. Then he had arranged to have the Vice-President praise him effusively. Then he had apparently had telegrams and letters sent to television networks and the press praising the Vice-President for praising him. He had become his own most ardent and prolific supporter.

WHILE the Vice-President—surely the best "rifle" in the White House armory—was leading the charge against the television networks, the President was on Capitol Hill thanking Congress for its support of his war policy. He addressed each house of Congress, and once again he promised to end the war but spoke more in the manner of a leader rallying his people to victory. In the House of Representatives, he read a letter from a family whose son had been killed in Vietnam, in which the family said it supported "your plan to Vietnamize the war." The day before, the House had given strong support to a resolution praising the President's war policy, and the President now said that such support for "the policy of the President" was "in the great tradition of this country."

THE President's attack on the anti-war movement had not sat well with its members. Indeed, his appeal to the "silent majority" seemed almost to have been designed to provoke them. On the fourteenth and fifteenth of November, hundreds of thousands of demonstrators streamed into Washington, and on the fifteenth the largest demonstration in the capital's history, amounting to several hundred thousand people (estimates varied according to the politics of the observers), was held in the grounds of the Washington Monument.

PRESIDENT NIXON had come full circle. In 1968, the nation, through one of the most gruelling ordeals in the practice of democracy in its history, had made its decision to leave the war. Even the supporters of the war had seemed in 1968 to recognize the irresistible finality of that decision. As a candidate, Mr. Nixon, too, had seemed to acknowledge the electorate's mandate in his acceptance speech. And it may be that President Nixon had truly expected to bring the war to a rapid close. At any rate, millions of people who watched the President-elect on Election Night saying, "That will be the great objective of this Administration at the outset: to bring the American people together," had found him convincing; and when, in the months following, he had promised candor, openness, and a spirit of reconciliation there had seemed to be every reason to believe what he said. Not only the interests of the country but his own political interests seemed to call for the course he was announcing. Yet on entering office he had changed. The cautionary example of President Johnson had somehow lost its force. Before long, he had ordered the bombing of Cambodia in secret and had placed the warrantless wiretaps on the newsmen and the White House aides, and by the fall the Presidential Offensive was under way throughout the nation. The change was psychological, political, and strategic, but it centered on the issue of the war—and, more broadly, the issue of national security. When President Nixon arrived in power, it seemed, he entered a realm of complex and demanding global military strategy whose rigid imperatives caused him to reverse the promises he had made to the people during the campaign—the principal imperative being the one that had to do with American credibility, which had been so fateful for the John-

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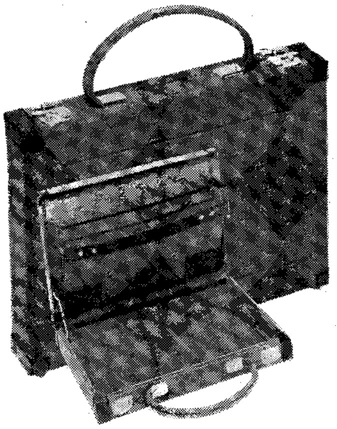

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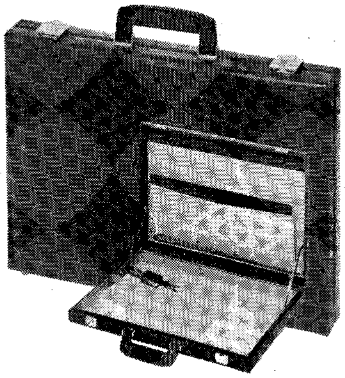

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son men, and which had grown out of attempts to resolve the dilemma of how to frame a military policy in the shadow of nuclear war. It was as though at the very heart of American life in the nineteen-sixties, at the place where the President sat with his hand on the button, there was an isolate world of cold, abstract strategic theory which endured unchanged from Administration to Administration, regardless of any upheavals in the society at large. Presidents had, in a manner of speaking, discovered a second mandate, more powerful than the popular one, under which to act. By the fall of 1969, this other mandate, which had governed American life for nearly a decade, had prevailed again. The war had endured in defiance of the democratic process. And following in the war's train was the full array of afflictions, disorders, and distortions of the Presidency which seemed to be indivisibly bound up with the war effort: isolation, secrecy, deception, rage, repression. These, in turn, gave rise to renewed bitterness and division in the nation. Instead of the expected return of the "known and familiar," the nation was experiencing a revival of the alien and weird. In fact, by now the alien and weird had prevailed for so many years that they had almost become the known and familiar.

The manner in which the Administration reversed itself had been as remarkable as the substance of the reversal. It had come like a change in the political weather. No known events had precipitated it. No explanations were offered for it afterward. The President never alluded to any change. Rather, he and his spokesmen talked as though the new mood of the Administration had always been its mood. And the reversal was received in much the spirit in which it was offered. There was opposition, but very little wonderment, over the necessity of once again opposing an Administration on matters that the country thought it had laid to rest. In the "polarized" America whose revival the Vice-President had announced, people took up their old positions as if the promises of the year before had no binding force on the present. For nearly a year, most observers, friendly or unfriendly, had sought to judge the politics of the Administration in terms of what had been the prevailing issues in 1968: the war, race, "the cities," the rising crime rate. At first, the President had seemed, as he "reorganized" his government, to be striving to devise policies that were responsive to these issues. Observers had waited for him

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to fill in the missing pieces—the specific programs—that would give life to his portrait of a country that was unified and at peace. And pieces did fall into place, one after another, but the portrait, when it was done, turned out to be of a nation that was divided and at war. In seeming to fill in the details of one broad policy, he had quietly created another. The Administration had buried the old issues and brought forth new ones for itself to cope with: not the war but the legitimacy and popularity of the protesters against the war; not the policies and programs of the Administration at home but the way those policies and programs were being reported in the press. (As for "the cities," that issue, with its magazine features and television specials and panel discussions by academic experts, just disappeared in all the new excitement, and no one ever saw it again.) This unexpected revival and intensification of the divisions of the Johnson years could produce no fresh emotions: they had the stale, dead quality that comes with repetition; and behind the stridency of "positive polarization" was the ache of exhaustion.

It was a noticeable measure of the President's power that the Administration's assault on its opposition had thrown the opposition into disarray. But the President had exercised a prior and greater power: the power to frame the issues on which he would do battle with the opposition. Upon being elected, he had promised to "bring the American people together," and for nearly a year the country's perception of the Administration and of national politics as a whole had been ruled by this image, even in the face of mounting evidence that he was not attempting to make it a reality. Now he had, in effect, withdrawn this image and put forward its exact opposite—"positive polarization." The public's attention was directed away from the old issues that would bring it together, and toward new ones—issues that would tear it apart. The President, a single component of our politics, had exercised a conjurer's power to rearrange the national scene—a power to define and then to redefine national politics at his pleasure.

—JONATHAN SCHELL

(*This is the first part of a six-part article.*)

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The habit of some dinosaurs of eating the eggs of others probably played a part in bringing an end to dinosaurs.—*Tucson Arizona Daily Star.*

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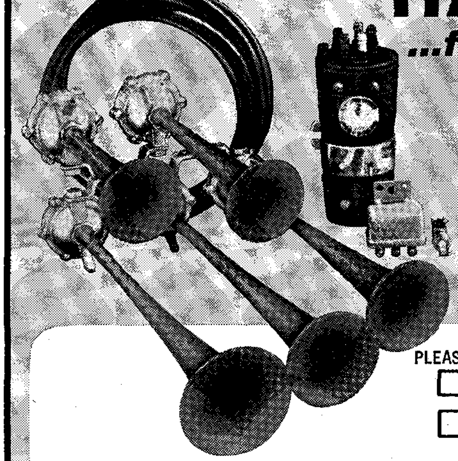

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THE THEATRE

## OFF BROADWAY

"A CHORUS LINE," conceived, choreographed, and directed by Michael Bennett, and now on view at the Public, is the most original, joyous, generous-spirited, and dynamic new musical to come along in years—a loving salute to the theatre and heart's balm to the permanently stagestruck. The action takes place on an open stage with long, hinged mirrors as the only backdrop (Robin Wagner's stunning design), where twenty-four boys and girls in rehearsal clothes, all of them refreshing and attractive, are gathered to try out for eight jobs in the chorus of a forthcoming show. Some of them are experienced, others are relatively new to the business. In the first number, they are put through their paces, together and in groups of four, to a lively song, "I Hope I Get It." The director, a fellow called Zach, runs up the aisle to the back of the house, lines everybody up, asks for stage names, real names, ages, and résumés. These résumés, as sung and danced and spoken, are the show, and Marvin Hamlisch, the composer (he wrote the score for the movies "The Way We Were" and—*extra* Scott Joplin—"The Sting"), and his lyricist, Edward Kleban, have provided tuneful, varied, witty, and entirely appropriate songs for the job-seekers. The résumés, which start out to be program biogs, slowly become much more than that, as Zach himself, through canny and sympathetic questions, becomes a kind of father confessor to everybody. (The strong book is by James Kirkwood and Nicholas Dante.) By the time the evening is over, we know all about these boys and girls and, by extension, about a lot of other boys and girls in the theatre (and out of it). There is Val (Pamela Blair), who has come to New York to be a Rockette and, after a string of failed auditions, sneaks a look at her rating card; in a funny number called "Dance: Ten; Looks: Three" she sings and dances the ways she brought her "Looks" score up. There is a young Puerto Rican homosexual who, once the stage has been cleared, painfully reviews his painful life to Zach in a monologue that could easily have slopped over into a bleeding-heart plea but doesn't, as delivered with valid emotion by Sammy Williams. The thin thread of plot is provided by Cassie (Donna McKechnie, a beautiful dancer and a good singer), once the lover of Zach, who pulled her out of a long-ago chorus line to almost make a star of her. She left him years before, her career has come to a dead stop, and she is determined, over his protests, to start again. In a charming number, "The Music and the Mirror (and the Chance to Dance for You)," she lets us know why. Every number, every routine is good, and at least two of them—as performed by the magnetic Priscilla Lopez, in the character of a crackling, spunky, funny Puerto Rican girl named Diana—are show-stoppers. In "Nothing," she reviews a barren stretch she endured under a bad teacher of acting at the School of Performing Arts, and in the buoyant, tender "What I Did for Love," she refutes the cheap cynicism of every show-business exposé you ever saw in movies or on the stage. There is nimble dancing, too, by Clive Clerk, as the assistant director, and from time to time by Robert LuPone, as Zach.

At one point, Mr. LuPone tells Miss McKechnie that she is too special for the chorus, and she replies that they are all special. Indeed they are, and their names, aside from those I've mentioned, are Scott Allen, Renee Baughman, Carol Bishop, Wayne Cilento, Chuck Cissel, Kay Cole, Ronald Dennis, Donna Drake, Brandt Edwards, Patricia Garland, Carolyn Kirsch, Ron Kuhlman, Nancy Lane, Baayork Lee, Cameron Mason, Don Percassi, Michael Serrecchia, Michel Stuart, Thomas J. Walsh, and Crissy Wilzak. Michael Bennett, with the help of his colleagues, has recharged the musical-comedy form. Joseph Papp and his associate producer, Bernard Gersten, have launched "A Chorus Line" at the Newman—the most charming of all the theatres at the Public and, I think, in town. It might be a good plan to try to see it there before it rockets to Broadway and the moon. Costumes by Theoni V. Aldredge, lighting by Tharon Musser.

THE Negro Ensemble Company's "Waiting for Mongo," by Silas Jones, at the St. Marks, can perhaps be described as a horror comic—one in which the horror almost overwhelms the comedy, but not quite. It is about a black Mississippi teen-ager, Virgil, whose parents have recently been killed by whites. He is in hiding in a church basement, all but out of his mind with terror, for he has been accused of attacking a white girl. In his nightmare, he envisions the preacher of the church, who is protecting him from the Klan and from a lynch mob that is gathering outside, as Mongo, head of a black army that is coming to invade the South, and he is preparing himself as a trainee for that army, using his shoe as a field telephone and busying himself with karate blows and jumps. Even a brick that comes crashing through a stained-glass window fails to bring him to his senses. When the hallucinatory general appears (he is the preacher, in military regalia), he takes over exactly as the desperate boy dreamed he would—for a while, anyway. There are some good, funny lines in this scene, and in a number of flashback scenes set upstairs in the church, where a couple of footsore lady parishioners ameliorate their aches with a bottle of bourbon and a spate of chatter, for example. But horror prevails at the end, and the Klansmen place a noose around the boy's neck and drop him.

What is puzzling about the show is that the scenes of reality (the ladies upstairs), which are interspersed with the nightmare scenes, are also somewhat distorted and askew. It is hard to separate Virgil's view of everyone else from the playwright's view. Is the preacher, for example, a truly devout, compassionate, dignified man or just an old stereotype on his knees? Are the chatty women simply funny-paper characters? Who is doing the dreaming around here? This ambiguity aside, the performance, under Douglas Turner Ward's direction, is effective. Doubling as the preacher and Mongo, Bill Cobbs brings great feeling and stature and presence to both parts. Barbara Montgomery, Bebe Drake Hooks, Ethel Ayler, Adolph Caesar, and Graham Brown—N.E.C. stalwarts all—are good in supporting parts, and the young actor called simply Reyno does well with the demanding role of Virgil.

OF the plays I was able to see in the N.E.C.'s month of workshop productions upstairs (now over), two one-acters are worth noting. They are Don Evans' "Orrin" and "Sugar-Mouth Sam Don't Dance No More," each dealing with a short-lived homecoming by a footloose type. Orrin is a junkie who returns after an eight-month absence, full of bitterness and false courage and self-pity, to the home of his parents and younger brother. Sugar-Mouth Sam is a middle-aged man who returns, as he has done many times before, to the apartment of the woman he once loved and continues to love in an on-and-off way. There's no doubt about her love for him, but the independence within her is beginning to grow.

The themes of both plays are familiar. What is important is that Mr. Evans has written six good parts—his accomplishment lies in his characters, the words they speak, and the feelings that rise and ebb and change among them. The performances, under Helaine Head's direction, were good—more than satisfactory. Taurean Blacque was remarkable as defiant, nerve-torn Orrin, and so was Carl Gordon, first as Orrin's steady father and later as honey-tongued Sam. Lea Scott was fine, too, as Orrin's devoted mother and as Sam's eternally faithful, skeptical, and eventually brave woman. Eric Coleman did well as Orrin's young brother, too preoccupied with his first girl to give his undivided attention to anything else. —EDITH OLIVER

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When they did locate the farmhouse, FBI agents reportedly found fingerprints belonging to the Harrises and Miss Yoshimura but no identifiable prints of the Scotts and Miss Hearst. This failure may be due to the fact that there are no prints for them on file with the FBI.—*Washington Post.*

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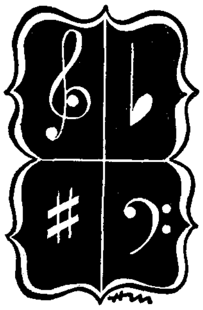
# MUSICAL EVENTS

## *The Sounds of Summer*

THIS is the time of year when the Juilliard School dominates the music-making of the city, when its various halls sound daily with carefully prepared recitals and concerts, open without admission charge to the public. Last week's concert in the School's Twentieth Century Music Series, given in the Juilliard Theatre by the Juilliard Ensemble, conducted by Richard Dufallo, introduced several interesting pieces to New York. The most substantial was Oliver Knussen's Second Symphony, commissioned from the eighteen-year-old composer for the Windsor Festival of 1970 and first played, in a preliminary, unfinished version, in Windsor Castle that year. Completed, it was heard at Tanglewood in 1971; corrected, in Boston in 1972. Knussen, the son of a double-bass player in the London Symphony Orchestra, came before the public, in 1968, as the youthful composer of a First Symphony that showed exceptional flair and facility; he knew how to handle the materials of music, and did so with gusto. The talented youth has grown into an exceptionally capable and refreshingly undoctrinaire composer. From some points of view, it may seem that the Second Symphony could have been written in Vienna any time during the last half century. It is at once an orthodox four-movement classical symphony (with the scherzo placed second); a tone poem concerned with night thoughts, sleep, and dreams that end at dawn (the final sound is a cadenza for two flutes, marked "very slow and wistful, like distant birds"); and an Expressionist setting, for high soprano, of poems by Georg Trakl and Sylvia Plath. The orchestration is quite small—double woodwind, two horns, twenty-two strings—but there is much divided and solo writing for the string players, and the score (published by G. Schirmer) reveals a fine ear for delicate, intricate, carefully distinguished yet unfussy textures. The look of the pages suggests someone who has just discovered the marvels of middle Schoenberg; the sound of the piece reveals a young man with plenty of ideas of his own and an assured technique for their communication. In Doreen DeFeis the Juilliard performance had a remarkable and sensitive young soprano, who can leap without effort to the Queen of Night's high F and sustain it with sweet, true tone.



Australian musical life is probably the most stimulatingly creative to be found anywhere today. Barry Conyngham, born in 1944, is one among many young composers brought forward by the country's combination of inspiring teachers, prompt performances, public interest, ready official patronage, and a good broadcasting system. Conyngham's "Water . . . Footsteps . . . Time," given its American première at this Juilliard concert but composed in 1970 and already recorded, must count as an early work of his. It contains elements of picturesque self-indulgence that he has outgrown. But it remains an attractive piece, his response to a Japanese stay and to study with Toru Takemitsu. Australian music is healthily open to winds from Europe, from America, and from the Orient. Rather as, in Sydney's botanical gardens, flora from all the world seem to have rooted and flourished amid the indigenous splendors (or, on a culinary level, the arts of France, Italy, and the East join with a bounteous nature to inspire the city's restaurants), so musical seeds from, say, Boulez, Stockhausen, Maxwell Davies have fallen on fertile ground there. Elliott Carter may lie behind Conyngham's "Dialogues for String Trio" and his "Lyric Dialogues" of 1967. Japanese sounds, Japanese dreams lie behind "Water . . . Footsteps . . . Time," but also the cosmopolitan excitements of Expo '70, in Osaka (for which Conyngham wrote "Horizon," performed in the Australian Pavilion). The piece is for four soloists—harp, guitar, piano, and gong—and orchestra. The large gong, used in ways that recall Stockhausen, is especially important, and it was played upon with resource and finesse by Barry Jekowsky.

At this concert, Charles Ives' "Chorale for Strings in Quartertones," a "lost" work reconstructed by Alan Stout from the third of the "Quartertone Pieces for Two Pianos," also had its New York première; defined by two keyboards, the novel harmonies are easier to hear than from a string ensemble. Orchestrated versions of Elliott Carter's early songs "Warble for Lilac-Time" and "Voyage"—the first curiously close to Michael Tippett in its ebullient springtime figuration—were also New York firsts. The piano-accompanied originals let the voice through more readily. Flagstad, or Dame Clara Butt, seemed to be needed in the new version of "Voyage;" Faith Esham, admired on other occasions as a clear and attractive soprano, had difficulty in making the vocal line dominate. The concert began with David Diamond's "Elegy in Memory of Maurice Ravel," a strong, sombre pavane for brass, harp, and percussion, composed just after Ravel's death; it was nobly played.

A FIRST theatrical encounter with "Benvenuto Cellini," Berlioz's first opera, tends to be a heady affair. A listener swept along by the colors and rhythms of the Roman carnival, and caught up in the surge of romance, irreverence, and passionate high spirits, does not stop to question. I first met the opera in small theatres: the Carl Rosa troupe played it up and down Britain from 1957; the Holland Festival did it, in 1961, with Nicolai Gedda as the hero. It was a larger production—John Dexter's at Covent Garden, in 1966—that then forced upon my notice how ill-constructed, inconsistent, and, by any nice dramaturgical tenets, unsatisfactory an opera it is. Thus, with "Cellini," I moved into the customary second stage of Berlioz appreciation, when joy in the achievement is tempered by judicious regrets that the glorious music is so often poured into ramshackle molds. Some people never leave this stage (I'm still in it so far as "Béatrice et Bénédict" is concerned); "flawed, erratic genius" is the regular judgment of most nineteenth-century and much twentieth-century comment. But there are two further, alternative stages. One leads to blind, ardent championship, which proclaims as sheer mastery what others have deemed muddle and is prepared to defend even the structure of "Lélio;" the other to exhilaration undamped by a sane recognition that not every one of Berlioz's works is a faultlessly constructed masterpiece. Unreasonable advocacy can harm a man's cause as severely as his foes, but many of the newer claims made for Berlioz were just, and validated in performance: when, for example, great conductors revealed that the notorious "miscalculations" of his orchestration—the far-flung bass trombones and flutes of the Requiem, the shrill, unfounded scurry that opens "Les Troyens"—do, in fact, combine (in Wagner's phrase) "daring fantasy and strict precision." All that Berlioz required, it appeared, was excellent and appropriate performance; then there was less talk of his tumid extravagance and more of his technical mastery. The Requiem and the Te Deum sound oddly scored in a dry concert hall but magnificent in a large, resonant church such as they were meant for; the old charges against "Les Troyens" were dropped when, a century after its composition, it was at last heard complete, or very nearly so.

Cellini, Berlioz, Sarah Caldwell, and Jon Vickers were made for one another, and when these fiery spirits met in the Opera Company of Boston's latest production, of "Benvenuto Cellini," the result was predictably exciting. After experiencing it, I am ready to assert that, despite "miscalculations" obvious to a baby, the opera's claims to performance are stronger than those of a dozen well-made pieces that hold the stages of the world—provided that it gets done with the verve and virtuosity that marked the Boston presentation. Berlioz tackled his first opera with a recklessness that long kept it from all but a few theatres. The libretto, by Léon de Wailly and Auguste Barbier, is an *opéra-comique* confection—a string of numbers entertaining, romantic, or picturesque. When the Opéra-Comique rejected it, Berlioz set it to music for the Opéra, where it had a few performances in 1838-39. A dozen years later, Liszt decided to mount the opera in Weimar, and Berlioz worked over the score. But after two or three performances Liszt decided that the last act was "useless" and "only wearied people and sent them to sleep," and so he set his young assistant Hans von Bülow the task of cutting the act and altering the text and music as necessary. (Bülow's contribution to "Cellini" goes generally uncredited, but is mentioned in an 1852 letter of his to his mother.) The composer gave his advice by correspondence. In Weimar, that November, he saw the result (the first of the original two acts had been divided into two) and apparently approved it, for he himself conducted "Cellini" in a similar form at Covent Garden the following year. (It was a fiasco, withdrawn after a single performance.) The story does not end there. The Théâtre-Lyrique, in Paris, planned a production with spoken dialogue in 1856. The project was abandoned, but that year "Cellini" was revived in Weimar (in a new German translation, by Peter Cornelius), and

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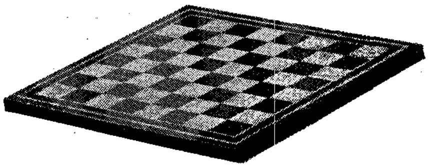

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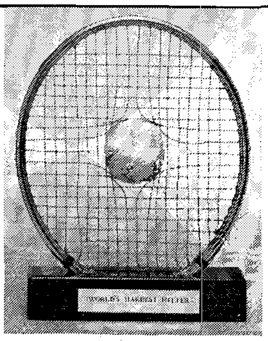

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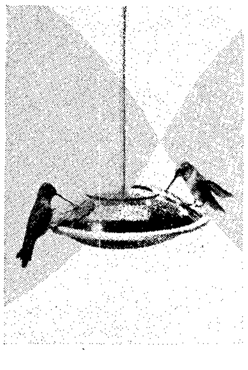

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the vocal score of this version was published. In 1863, a French vocal score appeared with the Weimar numbers but cues for dialogue in place of sung recitative. Then "Cellini" disappeared until Bülow conducted a performance at Hanover, in 1879. The Carl Rosa production already mentioned, the 1966 Covent Garden revival, the Philips recording of 1973, and now the Boston presentation have all looked beyond the published scores to combine unpublished music from the original Opéra version, the best of the Weimar revisions, and some passages of spoken dialogue. There is still more music awaiting rediscovery, preserved in the 1838 performance material surviving in the library of the Opéra. The tale of "Cellini" will be complete only when the critical full score is published in the New Berlioz Edition and all of it has been heard.

In Boston, Miss Caldwell returned, happily, to the two-act division and, essentially, the original order of numbers in Act II. She reinstated a delightful (unpublished) scherzo ensemble to close Act II, Scene 1. She omitted—and this I regret—all but the cabaletta of the Teresa-Cellini duet in that scene (Liszt did the same), and omitted Cellini's second air, in which he suddenly expresses a yearning to be a simple, solitary shepherd, leading his flock to pasture. The sentiment is surprising, and the air is hard to place convincingly, but the music is beautiful. Except in the awkwardly paced and not very funny divertissement of the carnival scene—Berlioz's clumsiness, not Miss Caldwell's—the Boston version ran swift and sure. Miss Caldwell, both stage and musical director of the show, had solved the main problem of "Cellini": to reconcile delicacy with dash, and comedy with passionately serious outbursts. One moment, all is mirth, and in *opera-buffa* fashion a duel is begun; the next, Cellini has killed a man and is in danger of his life. The contradictions crystallize in the figure of the Pope (demoted by the Paris censors to a mere cardinal, but Clement VII once more in most modern productions); the music Berlioz wrote for His Holiness is simultaneously impudent and imposing. Miss Caldwell, in her timing of the grandly pompous entrance, and Donald Gramm, in a beautifully sung impersonation both very funny and very formidable, got the tricky tone exactly right. The hero himself is a man of extremes, musically and emotionally. So, on the stage, is Jon Vickers. He compasses the volatile inconsistency of

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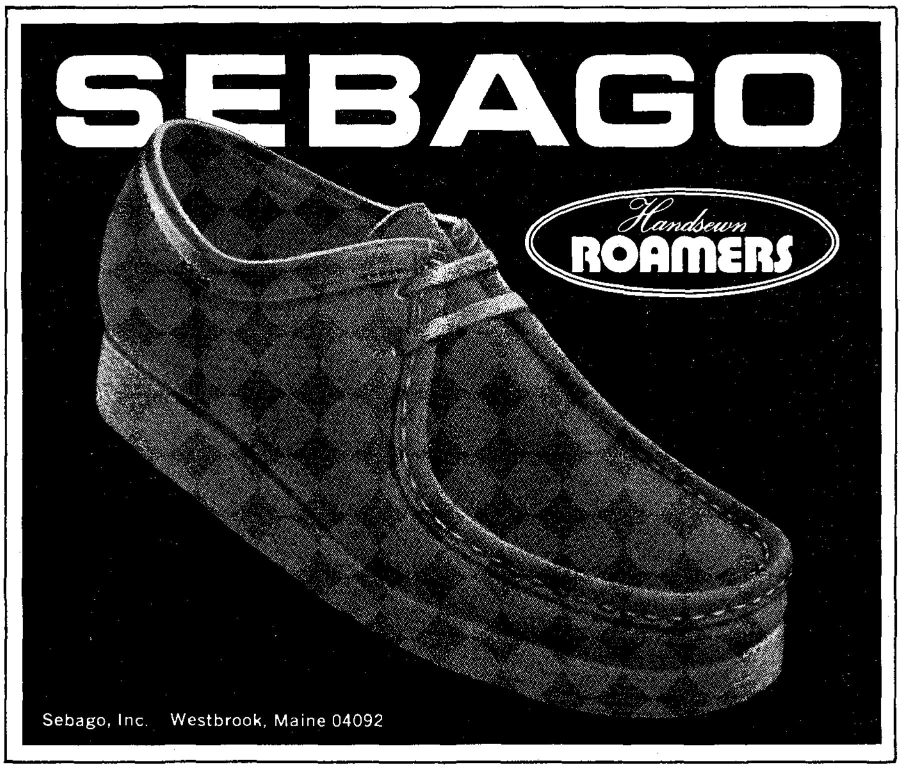
the firebrand who can cry "To hell with my statue" and think only of elopement with his Teresa, and a few minutes later be prepared to destroy his cherished statue rather than let another hand touch it. Urgent, ardent, heroic, poetic, Mr. Vickers was a thrilling Cellini. His voice lacked suppleness for some of the tender music; the force and fire of his singing were ample compensation. The other characters scarcely break the bounds of *opéra comique*. Patricia Wells was a pretty Teresa. Nancy Williams was a sprightly Ascanio, Cellini's apprentice. John Reardon (Fieramosca), Gimi Beni (Balducci), Ralph Griffin (doubling as the foreman Bernardino and the bravo Pompeo), and Joey Evans (Francesco, the other foreman, bright-voiced leader of the male-voice ensembles) were all accomplished.

In the Orpheum Theatre, with scenery by her regular designers, Helen Pond and Herbert Senn, and handsome costumes, by Beni Montresor, borrowed from Covent Garden, Miss Caldwell created a series of animated stage pictures, mounting to the great climax when the statue of Perseus, new-cast, stands triumphantly before us. (The Opéra stage direction, technically more plausible, calls only for a stream of molten metal to rush into the buried mold; the Weimar direction—under Cellini's blows the mold falls away to reveal the Perseus statue, red and incandescent—provides a dramatic resolution more telling than any mere metallurgical accuracy would be.) The very limitations of the theatre seem to inspire this company. Although the Orpheum is a large house, seating nearly three thousand in an auditorium well designed to keep an audience in contact with the stage, that stage is shallow, and the wing space is constricted. Miss Pond and Mr. Senn, breaking through the proscenium arch, took the theatre's Italianate boxes into the scenes, so that the action could flow outward and upward into the body of the house. On the stage proper, an ingenious and architecturally pleasing set of movable colonnades formed house, piazza, and foundry. There seemed to be plenty of space for a whirl of excitable action. Miss Caldwell's conducting was poised, eloquent, vigorous. The orchestral playing was vivid, the choral singing brave and bright. The opera was given in English—a revised version of Arthur Hammond's translation for the Carl Rosa. All conspired to provide a performance at once spirited and sensitive.

—ANDREW PORTER



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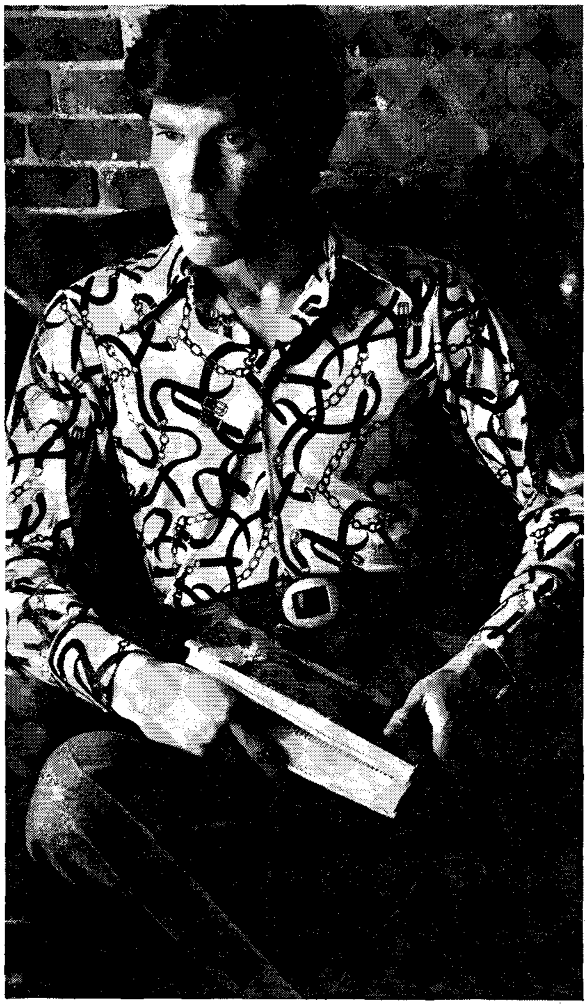

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# THE CURRENT CINEMA

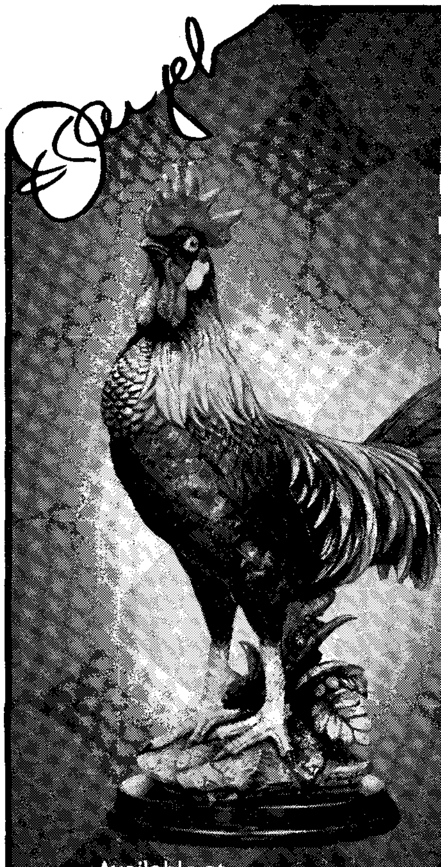
## *Peter Sellers in the Pink*

THE uncovetable hard-boiled egg of a diamond that is the prize of Blake Edwards' "The Return of the Pink Panther" has a flaw that conjures up the image of a pink panther when the jewel is held to the light. The French cop who is brought in to find the invaluable ovoid after it has been brilliantly thieved also has a flaw. It is the flaw of being completely unfitted to be a cop. Called Inspector Clouseau, as he was in "The Pink Panther" and "A Shot in the Dark" (both 1964), he is rampant again in the subtle comic person of Peter Sellers, who has refined a beautiful and infant clarity about slapstick humor as he has grown older. The detective superficially exudes all the apt professional virtues—grasp, alertness, authority—but the impression turns out to be delusory. Under Clouseau's stoic mask of lofty exemption from fluster, which is much like the expression worn in a honking traffic jam by the one driver who happens not to be in a hurry, his cast of thought is impractical, errant, and bashful. He is unobservant of the immediate world and of its mundane ordering of cause and effect—of the fact that a door banged against the head of a man behind it will have the consequence of bruises, for instance—to a point that might indicate genius if this attribute were to occur in an abstract thinker. In a detective, it has the result of removing him from an actuality that proves to be crucial. Clouseau finds himself forced into unkind collision with the thingness of things. The sense of the concrete expected of a police inspector is of too high a sort for this mooner. It is like asking Simone Weil to bottle gooseberries. He might well turn out to be much gifted in realms not yet dreamed of—composing for a massed band of nose flutes, discovering that cats live outside the space-time continuum—but his career as a cop does not expend his talents, whatever they are. And, whatever they are, they exact much fortitude from others. Peter Sellers' performance is one of the most delicately cataclysmic studies in accident-proneness since the silents. Even when he is simply strolling along a busy French street, with his accustomed look of official purposefulness, he pokes his own baton painfully in his eye. Rounding a corner and acknowledging the door of a bank with an oblivious little gesture of politesse, he tries to convince a begging street musician with a monkey that begging is forbidden without a license. Typically, edict degenerates into argument, and meanwhile the monkey amiably nibbles the baton. As the dispute goes on, the bank is smoothly robbed behind Clouseau's back. The gangsters seem overjoyed at their luck. To be happened upon by a *flic's* uniform filled by someone as hopeless at his job as Inspector Clouseau would be any criminal's dream. Even Clouseau's capacity for making himself understood is fragile. His French-accented English is very peculiar, very contagious. The consonants mostly stay in place, but the vowels go haywire. He tells the befuddled musician and what he briskly calls the minkey that it is against the low to be begging without a lissance. The musician, quickly catching the disease, blames everything on the minkey, who is holding the capful of cash. It is the minkey who is the businessman, says the beggar. He, the beggar, is only a musician, and certainly doesn't know what the minkey does with the money. The minkey looks blameless, and absorbed by the bank heist.

IT'S JUST GOING TO CONTINUE AND CONTINUE
STEVENSON

When Clouseau has to explain in higher places why he didn't twig what was going on, he does it in the huffy mood of a waitress saying she hasn't got two pairs of hands. He says he did not nu the bank was being rubed. It is this attitude that drives his superior officer mad. The boss, wittily played by a Herbert Lom newborn in comedy, goes downhill in a swift spiral. He begins suavely, sitting behind a very executive-looking desk. It holds not only a real gun but also an executive-looking joke present, from his wife: a gun-shaped cigarette lighter. We begin to sense that this chief inspector is an executive on the brink, an executive in desperate need of worry beads. The source of the need is the torment of employing Clouseau, a wreaker of havoc about whom the chief inspector says that Attila the Hun is a Red Cross volunteer by comparison. Clouseau's presence in the office gives the chief inspector a nervous tic, and goes on to cause a serious halving of the nose, the chief inspector shooting off the end with his own gun when he is meaning to light a sedating cigarette in aid of recovery from a visit by Clouseau. Before this, Clouseau has brought his enragingly calm powers of disapproval to bear on the deliberate efforts of the chief inspector to get the real gun to work on Clouseau himself. Surveying things with the particular sourness of the mechanically inept watching mechanical ineptitude in others, he is never in any doubt that the weapon is the cigarette lighter. The murder in the chief inspector's heart is quite hidden from his slumberous but testy underling. "Probably out of fluid," advises Clouseau expertly, driving the chief inspector beyond his limits. And "You need a new flint." Exit. Mania. Bang. Self-inflicted end of a perfectly good half-nose. The chief inspector's mind is eventually so disarrayed by dreams of killing Clouseau that he illustratively strangles a psychoanalyst who has been trying to get him to put his dreams into mere words.

"The Pink Panther" was very good slapstick; "The Return of the Pink Panther" is slapstick carried to the most shapely and reckless degree. Peter Sellers does some beautiful things in this matured portrait of Clouseau. The detective has become an exquisite study in disgruntlement. When he is summoned to the mythical Arab country of Lugash to inspect the site of the famous diamond's theft—an act we have seen being committed by a darkly disguised burglar equipped with an aerosol spray to detect protective radar equipment; wax to butter a floor so that the burglar can slide in the direction of the Pink Panther's plinth; a mechanism that looks like an astronaut's idea of a Plantagenet longbow; and a couple of pairs of extensible pincers that operate in the questing manner of lobster claws—the Sellers character looks at the scene of the crime in the spirit of some bored and quite unqualified dentist contemplating a foray into the molars. He trudges about in mild discontent, uttering something between a "Hum" and a "Tsk," emptying a flurry of what looks like talcum powder to detect fingerprints, and attempting aplomb to override the fact that the lens has fallen out of his Holmes-style magnifying glass. He decides instantly that the culprit is the mysterious *Phantom*, perhaps because the Phantom is the only criminal whom this ill-read amateur has heard of. Pouncing as if on an original thought, he arrives at the idea long held by everyone before him in the world police force: that the Phantom is Sir Charles Litton (played by Christopher Plummer, who is a good sardonic actor but not pliant or funny in the context of this peculiarly well-characterized custard-pie larkiness). Clouseau announces triumphantly that the dastardly job is the work of Sir Sharles Phantom, the notorious Litton. The search for corroborative clues takes the inspector in directions too idiosyncratic for the plot to be troubled with. In this film, as in many of the best comedies, narrative and character live separate lives. The plot here proceeds on its own way while Clouseau proceeds on his. He asks, with a look of intense craftiness, if Sir Sharles has a swimming pull. The question has no bearing on anything, but never mind. Then he dresses up, variously. And then he plunges into another swimming pull twice, at the wheel of a van of one kind or another that has gone out of control because Clouseau has irritably removed any clutch, brake, or accelerator that has got in his way. This is his approach to all engineering questions. When a device offends him, he plucks it out. Disguised as a telephone engineer outside a grand villa in Nice, he hygienically pulls out the innards of a severe case of stuck doorbell, and informs a jealous escort of the giggling Lady Litton (Catherine Schell), as he winds yards of wire around the doorbell plate, "I have fixed your doorbell from the ringing." Disguised as a hotel cleaner in Lady Litton's hotel



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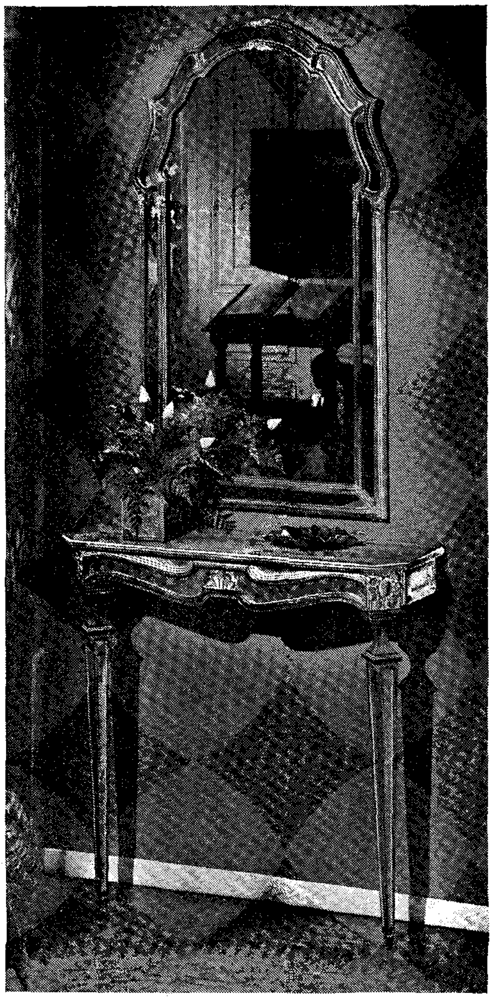

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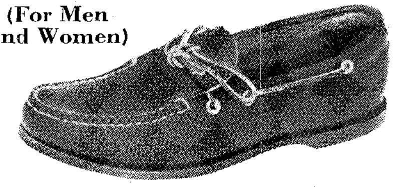

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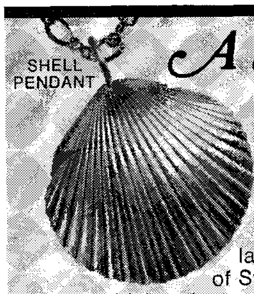

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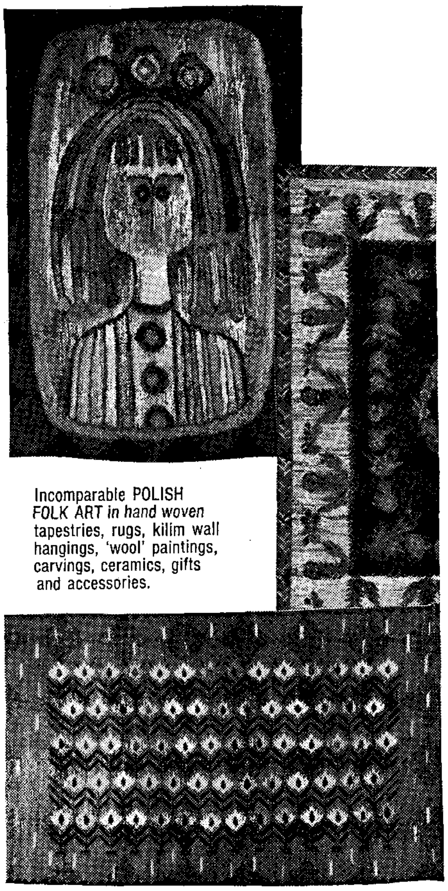
suite in Gstaad, he gets waylaid by his own interest in a faulty lamp, which he inspects by the method of putting his finger into the naked socket and getting a colossal electric shock.

For the benefit of children, to whom the picture is joy, it should perhaps be said that some of the best moments include the sticking of a brocaded seat cover to Clouseau's trousers, a sauna-bath sequence that he plays disguised as a towel hook, the ingestion of a know-all parrot into the huge sucking fitment of a hotel-sized vacuum cleaner, and a magnified reaction by the same fitment to the bosom of a very large German-Swiss masseuse. For adults, there is funniness of the most copious and delicately built sort in the temperament of the hero of this screenplay, by Frank Waldman and Blake Edwards. Clouseau belongs to the type of the obsessive *manqué.* His job is a detective's, but his real happiness lies in a secret life of speechless practical jokes that he shares with his Oriental manservant, a tongue-tied but spry fanatic of farce who will hide in places like the deep-freeze when the master is expected home, or serve his own surprise Chinese fortune cookies in a Japanese restaurant. Sellers is now in a fine period of taking his own grave and low-key time, and he is working here at his best. He seems to have perfected his gift for depicting minor bureaucratic disaffection in the souls of extraordinary and earnest men. This Clouseau—following from the earlier ones, and from the Indian in "The Party," the Italian in "After the Fox," and the Los Angeles lawyer in "I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!"—is the funniest, most sober, and most tenderly observed man Sellers has created since his famous Bombay Indian on a gramophone record of long ago, who answered the condescension of a BBC interviewer about an Indian production of "My Fair Lady" with a puzzlement much more august. Sellers makes of hidden tentativeness in aliens an eloquent substitute for the unctuous sexual timidity affected lately in a lot of show-biz comedy, and in his shy characters' flashes of contempt for doggedly functioning civilization there is a noble comic riposte to the put-upon gags of the myriad jokesters who specialize in small-scale middle-class blues.

THE first "French Connection," directed by William Friedkin, was about the importing of heroin from France into America. So is the second part—called "French Connection II" and directed by John Frankenheim-



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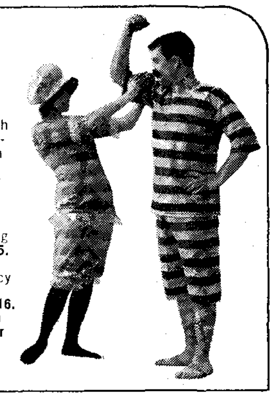

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er—as far as the plot goes. But its real story is about the exporting of an ersatz idea of heroism from America to France. The central character, Popeye Doyle, is again played by Gene Hackman, and seems to be a man to root for, but there is really nothing to him but ignobility and biceps. I take that to be the point Frankenheimer and the scriptwriters are making. (The screenplay is by Robert and Lauri Dillon and Alexander Jacobs.) Doyle is a foul-mouthed oaf of a Manhattan cop, who uses banal curses as if they could stand in for the originality of humor; who mashes people's guts as an equivalent of courage; who says that he is unarmed, but carries a gun strapped to one ankle; and who learns not a word of French the whole time he is in Marseilles, on a trip to kill off the king of the French connection for good (Fernando Rey again, who here packs his dope in cans of bouillabaisse that look convincingly gourmet-destined). As Doyle runs amok on another continent, he sums up America's nightmare of the way its tourists can misrepresent a whole culture. This is a man of extreme doggedness but no dash. He embodies, quite precisely, the difference between tenacious quirk and style. It is like him that his tilted pork-pie hat should express nothing debonair but merely the torpor of a habit carted willy-nilly to a foreign country.

Frankenheimer has spent a long time in France, and his inner theme is certainly concerned with his purblind hero's poignant blunders. This is probably the most grown-up, nationally self-critical, and half-hidden film he has made. I say "half-hidden" because the open technique of the movie is to bluster. The story rips along, the sound buzzes like a fly caught in a biscuit box, the killings swirl; any audience that wants to can easily ignore the plain hints to the contrary and take Doyle to be a terrific guy. They can admire him for outdrinking a French barman; they can find him virile for recovering from an enforced heroin addiction by putting himself through talismanically patriotic cures of the psyche and the physique by muttering American code names (trademarked foods, baseball heroes) and by struggling to get as fit again as his outgrown football coach in high school might have expected. The film is acute and sombre in its scenes about Doyle's method of recovering himself. *Mens sana*, for this constrained man, lies in remembering the name of Willie Mays; *corpore sano* lies in doing push-ups and finally in beating Fernando Rey by an endless display of jogging strength around Marseilles harbor. "Huh?" says the film, under its breath. Rather at its peril, it leaves us to pick up the fragile note of quizzicality for ourselves, almost concealed as the note is by the robustiousness of the movie's style and by one or two pedagogic sequences about the evils of drug taking which belong aesthetically in "Struwelpeter." All the same, the half-buried point is there, large and intact, for anyone to find. The "hero" is ironically presented as a sophisticated plain speaker, but his sophistication is seen by Frankenheimer as a case of megalopolitan rudeness connected to chauvinism, and his plain speaking is shown to lie in the howling of Manhattan oaths at people for denying him a Hershey bar in this alien land of Suchard. The film was photographed by Claude Renoir, nephew of Jean Renoir (for whom he helped to photograph "Grand Illusion"); the compositions are individually very fine, but there are so many closeups and so many gale-force panning camera movements that you pine for a long shot to let you find your bearings. The same thing is true of the film's meaning. One has to draw back to catch the skepticism about slam-bang heroics which runs under the skin of this movie, stylistically a celebrant of the obstreperous. Frankenheimer is an interesting case of a Hollywood-bred artist admired for a mold he has probably always wanted to question. He has won easy acclaim for the brute strength of his work, and been consigned to being simply an "action" director, a "man's" director ("The Manchurian Candidate," "Seven Days in May," "Grand Prix," "The Gypsy Moths"), so the intellectual questions put by his pictures are something that he practically has to smuggle into the industry. His films have been more and more blackly versed in masquerade; this one may be where he begins to say no. There is hardly anyone better equipped by his filmmaking past to turn a drug-traffic thriller into a movie strongly dubious about shipments of the kind of flag-wagging manliness that can be a cover for the berserk.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

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It dealt with efforts to reduce pollution of surrounding waters, including New York's experiments in converting sewage residues—through intermediate steps—into chickens.—*The Times.*

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# DANCING

## *Ariel's Kingdom*

WHEN Ravel's opera "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" was given its world première, in 1925, at the Théâtre de Monte Carlo, the dances in it were composed by George Balanchine, who was then working for Diaghilev. "L'Enfant" was not a Diaghilev production. The Ballets Russes, having recently established a home base in Monte Carlo, was supplying the dancers and choreographers for the operas, but its main work was producing the ballet season. (Besides, Ravel and Diaghilev, who had quarrelled over "La Valse," were still estranged.) Grigoriev, in his book on the company, says that Diaghilev assigned the opera ballets to the newcomer Balanchine as a way of testing his capacities. Balanchine was just twenty-one, a boy choreographer at work on a fantasy of childhood. It would be interesting to know what he devised. In 1946, he presented "L'Enfant et les Sortilèges" in its first New York production. This took place in the drab and poorly equipped auditorium of the Central High School of Needle Trades (now the High School of Fashion Industries), and Balanchine staged it after the method he had used ten years before in Gluck's "Orfeo" at the Met (where he had once again put on opera ballets): except for a boy soprano in the leading role (Monte Carlo had cast a girl), the singers were offstage and their roles were mimed by dancers. According to spectators, the result was enchantment despite the surroundings, but as an event it has passed into history as little more than a curtain-raiser to a new and epochal ballet, "The Four Temperaments."

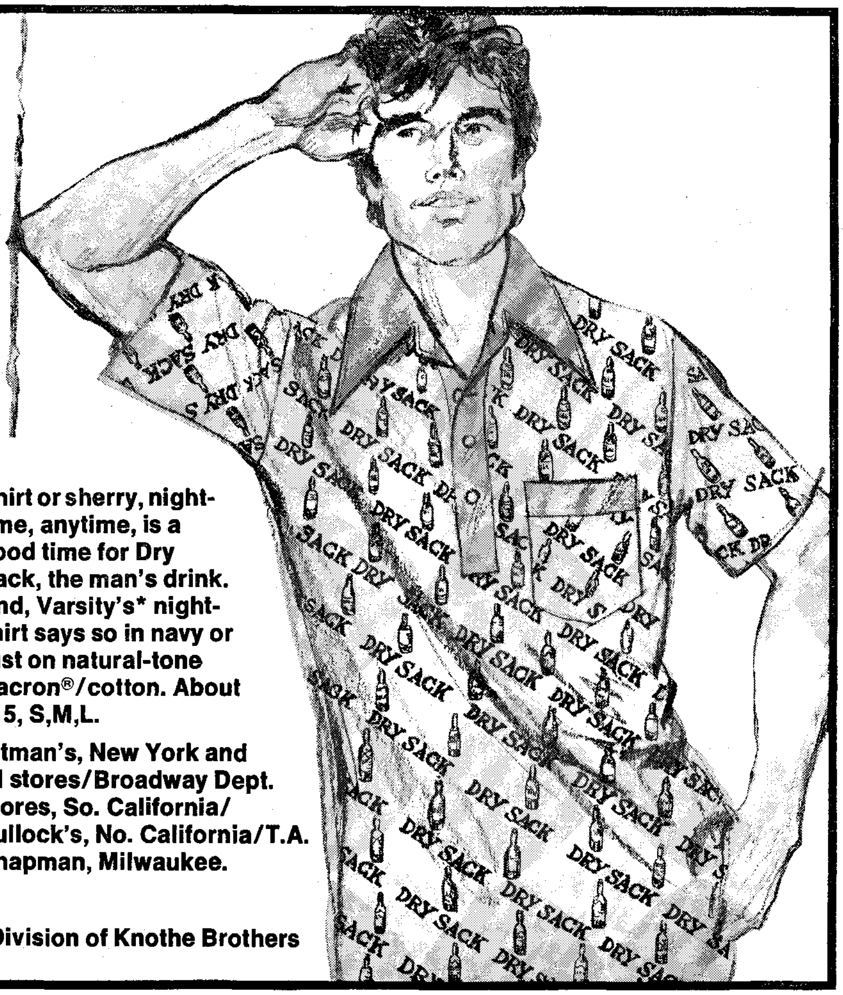
For the first week of the New York City Ballet's Ravel festival, Balanchine again produced "L'Enfant" as a danced opera. As before, the only onstage singer was the boy soprano. The other singers were ranged on platforms flanking the stage—soloists to the left, chorus to the right. The text was the English adaptation of Colette by Lincoln Kirstein and Jane Barzin which was used in 1946. Visually beautiful, with richly inventive scenery, costumes, and props by Kermit Love, this was a whole new production—and a vain one, because the words the singers were singing could not be heard clearly even in the first ring. The State Theatre is too large and acoustically too dull a place for so delicate a work, made more delicate still by divorcing the singers from their roles. Balanchine's method enhances the magic and the inherent kinetic charm of Colette's libretto, in which abused household pets and objects, and finally an entire garden full of insects and animals, turn on their young tormentor. But the words, music, and gestures, which should be locked as precisely as the elements of a mosaic, become separated and lost in the dead spaces of the State Theatre. It's a pity that one of the smaller stages in Lincoln Center could not have been used instead.

Even in an intimate theatre there would be problems. Balanchine's staging is not as consistently clear as it might be, especially in the opera's more static moments, such as the aria of the Princess and the climactic scene in the garden. The Princess appears to the Child as a figment of his imagination, conjured from the pages of his notebook, which now lies torn up in a fit of petulance. The fairy tale the Child was writing has no end, and the Princess is abandoned. As the scene is written, it is a portent of the loss of innocence, and Ravel's setting makes it even more painful and crippling than that. As it is staged, with some very indefinite mime by Christine Redpath, it's bewildering and boring until the very last moment, when the Princess is engulfed by the forces of night and darkness. The dance of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses who come out of the wall begins with another marvellous stroke—the wallpaper that the Child has torn curling upward by itself. But then the dance doesn't go on to explain what the stage direction demands—that the torn wallpaper has separated these little people printed on it. (Of course, in a smaller theatre we might even be able to see the wallpaper.) The garden scene, which Colette describes as "a paradise of tenderness and animal delight," is set within a white shell pierced by the branches of an enormous, barky tree and bathed in a rather ghastly green light. Some winglike kites commence an insectoid flutter in the cove, so that it suggests a tropical aquarium set with jewels. But the separate ballets of the dragonflies, the frogs, and the squirrels, and the little poignant dramas they tell of, do not have a jewellike distinction. That green obscurity keeps every element swimming and colliding with every other element, and when there should be a slow fade down and out on the Child's last word—"Mama!"—the curtain falls like an axe. Ronald Bates's lighting, which has done bitter things to other productions in this repertory, here does its worst. Who knows but that if the lighting were cleaned up, the little squirrel scene, skillfully mimed à la Shari Lewis by Stephanie Saland, would penetrate to the back of the house?

Alexis Roland-Manuel, Ravel's pupil and biographer, wrote, "Ravel rules an enchanted world made up of children, gods, fairies, tender animals, turbulent puppets. It is the kingdom of Ariel." That might become a motto for this "L'Enfant" to live up to, if its several kinds of slackness were remedied and if a more appropriate showcase could be found. (Since the production is rumored to be too costly to remount often, a grant should be raised for it to be filmed and shown on television.) Kermit Love, of "Sesame Street," has given the company its best décor since Raoul Pène du Bois's "Jeux," nine years ago. For the first scene he has made a simple and plain French country house in which under the peeling wallpaper another pattern shows through. The several parts of the grandfather clock open and shut to Ravel's metric accent. There is a plump blue easy chair with a mouth, and another chair—a bergère—with a cretonne pannier. Mama is a giant in the form of a giraffe; the Little Old Arithmetic Man is a dancing bald head, with pince-nez and dewlaps. A puppet squirrel and a puppet cat move seemingly by themselves. Even the overtone of enamelled chic in the second scene—the squirrels with their emerald eyes, the dragonflies like chorus girls—has its justification in the irony of the music. Ravel, who collected fake antiques as well as authentic ones, used to say of people who criticized his tastes, "Doesn't it ever occur to them that I might be artificial by nature?"

One can imagine another production—French or English—which would be more faithful to Colette and her heartfelt theme of the Child's grand reconciliation with the natural world and with his own humanity. This production has ears more for music than for words, and it reaches a peak of fascination in the wordless meowings of the two cats. The cats are conceived as dancers in tights, one hand supporting a puppet head, the other arm wearing a tail as a sleeve and slowly thrashing. The dancers' heads are hooded, with mesh covering their faces. They look like fencers or those acrobats of the underworld in Feuillade's film "Les Vampires." (The squirrels are designed similarly, with the tail a plume held in the hand.) Ravel's cat music parodies the last of the "Valses Nobles et Sentimentales," and the rolling, lolling cat heads in the cat duet may very well derive from the lovers' duet Balanchine set to that music in "La Valse." Another Balanchine touch is the Black Cat who leads the Child into the garden as the Dark Angel leads Orpheus. The Child is the Artist—Orpheus as a brat. Paul Offenkrantz, who sings the role, has a clear, ringing voice, but he keeps his head lowered and he's nearly as hard to understand as the others. I find most opera singers verbally unintelligible about ninety per cent of the time, whether they're singing in English or not, and usually it doesn't matter. But in this odd, personal, and ambiguous theatrical poem by two artists whose collaboration revealed their perfect mutual sympathy I want to hear every word. The text, printed in full in the excellent company program, is an absolute necessity.

The evening opened with a Balanchine pas de deux to the "Sonatine," a piano work dating from 1905. Ravel attains precision of expression through limitation of means, and that is what Balanchine does in his choreography, particularly in Violette Verdy's role. A recurring motif of pliés on point emphasizes Verdy's strong turned-out thighs and feet. Holding a wide turnout, she jumps with bent knees from second to fourth position or pivots slowly in fourth as her partner pulls her by the hands. Her points seem to dig into the ground. The partnering, which features overhead handholds with the dancers back to back or side by side, has its own strict economy. The dance is about the French virtue of making much out of little. There is not one supported pirouette or—an even rarer exclusion in a pas de deux—one lift. Jean-Pierre Bonnefous's role was unclear to me—perhaps because he may not be entirely recovered from his recent injury—and therefore the drama



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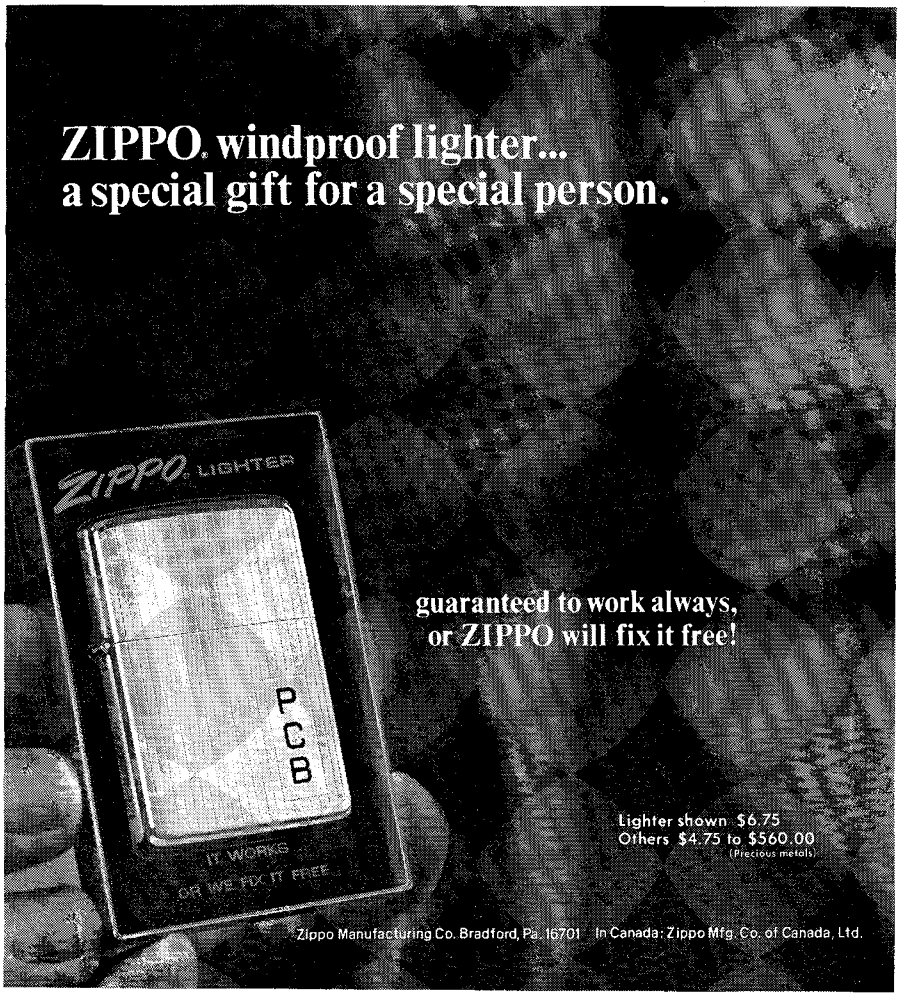

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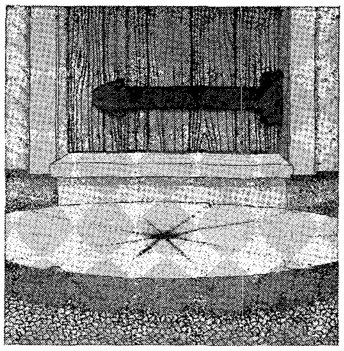

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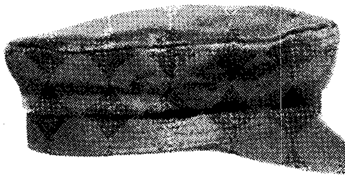

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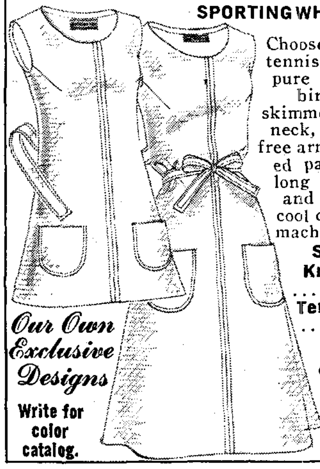

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of the pas de deux as a whole was unclear. But Verdy's role is a small masterpiece. After all these years, Balanchine is still able to make a part for her that's unlike any she has done—full of new material precisely calculated to show her at her current best. And Verdy dances it as if she knew exactly how great a gift it is.

Jerome Robbins' "Concerto in G" admires rather than expresses the talents of Suzanne Farrell and Peter Martins in relation to Ravel. The nine-minute pas de deux to the adagio movement sets out to explore the unending wonders of Farrell's body, but for all its length it doesn't go far enough, and the wonders it does disclose aren't held out to us in a coherent formal statement. There is one beautiful lift in a split across Martins' hip, and another, not so beautiful, in which she's split-hung over his shoulder. The two outer movements, for the stars and an ensemble, are relaxed, attractive essays on the time and place suggested by the music, evoking Riviera manners of the twenties without direct period reference. Everyone is very amusing, sporty, and flip, and Farrell and Martins are the golden girl and boy *sur la plage*. The basic trouble with the piece, though, is that the music really doesn't need dancing to complete it. This is also the problem in the "Sonatine," and it may become a general problem as the festival goes on. The lone Ravel classic in the repertory, "La Valse," is and always has been totally convincing. Dance and music seem to have been born together. The guest conductor for the week was the Ravel specialist Manuel Rosenthal, and he gave "La Valse" with a plangency and subtle rhythm very different from the dryly regular beat the company is used to. At the Saturday matinée, Richard Hoskinson made an effective début in the Bonnefous role, failing only to suggest, as Bonnefous does and as Nicholas Magallanes did before him, that the character is essentially a decent soul beneath all the affectations. (The detail for this is in the weight of the hands in the pantomime conversation with the girl.) But, like all the other dancers, he responded sensitively to Rosenthal's beat.

Alexander Kopylov, the Bolshoi conductor, made it his business to respond to Natalia Bessmertnova when she danced in "Swan Lake" and "The Sleeping Beauty," and his method illustrates one of the primary differences between Russian and American style. Russian conductors customarily follow the dancers, but few have Kopylov's finesse; he never made Bessmertnova look arbitrary. She is a musical dancer, legato by type, with so many beauties of style that it's surprising to come across dead areas in her technique which her style can't circumvent—the lack of full turnout, for instance, which shortens her waist in arabesque and deprives her long line of ultimate reach. Her Aurora was a more beguiling conquest of her limitations than her Odette or Odile. Alexander Bogatyrev, her partner in both ballets, made a lanky, phthisical prince, which was interesting at first. But, unlike Bessmertnova, he dances from a weak center, and with no stretch to his line; he's limply ingratiating to the core.

Bogatyrev's deficiencies are atypical of Bolshoi men, and Bessmertnova in what she represents may not be "best of the breed," either. It was the young Kirov-trained virtuoso Ludmila Semenyaka who led the field this season, establishing herself as a star of the first rank. We did not see Ekaterina Maximova, the other prima ballerina of Bessmertnova's generation; her absence leaves a big hole in any final estimate of the company's strength. Generally, though, it seems that the women are farther behind the men than they were a decade ago. They've acquired a long, streamlined "Western" look, but their technique is still unversatile and provincial. Confined to their big, long jumps, their lifts, and their bourrées, they look best in the nothing roles to which they're assigned in the new, coarsely masculine "modern" epics by Grigorovich. Whether they're slighted because they're underdeveloped or underdeveloped because they're slighted is a question I can't answer.

—Arlene Croce

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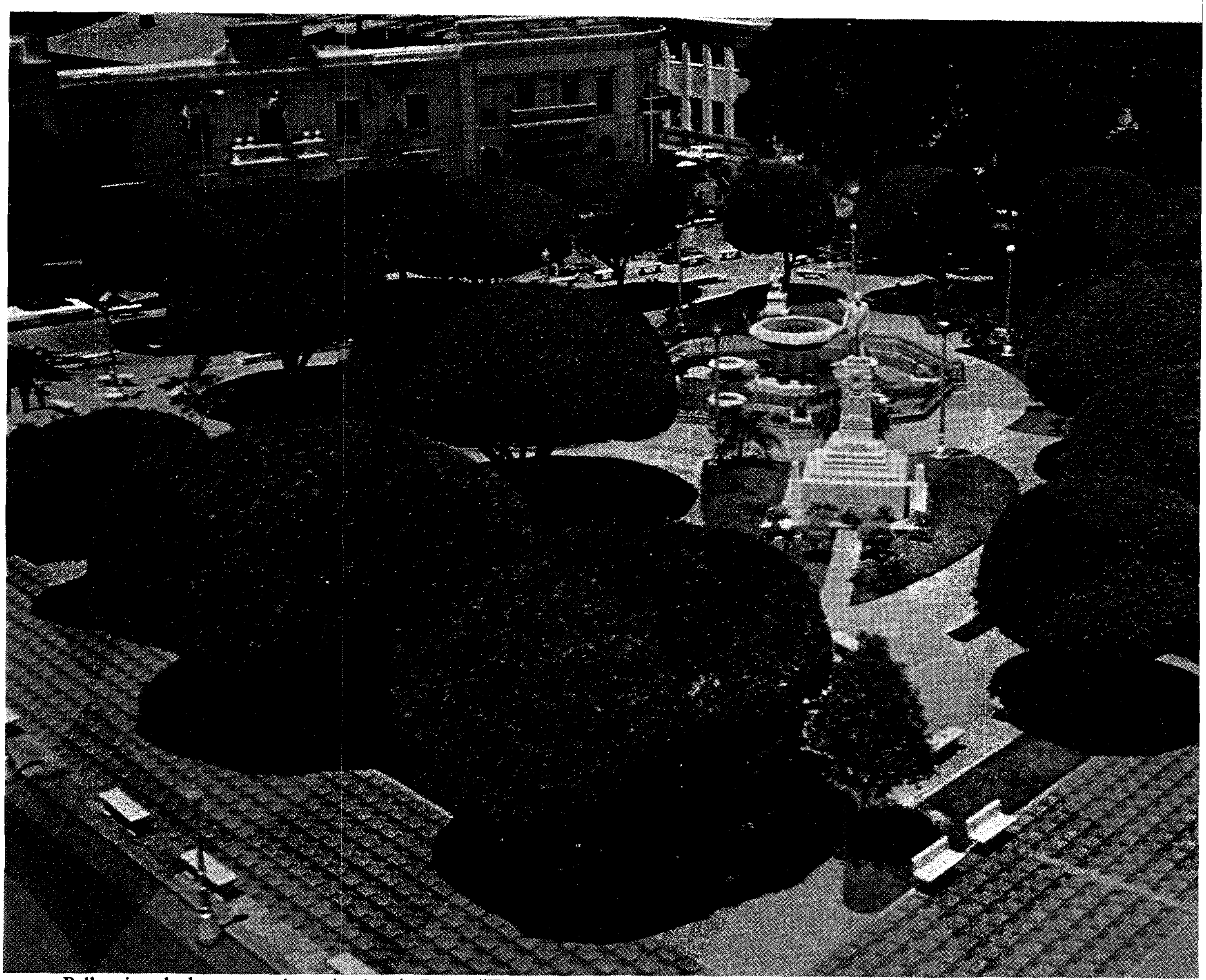

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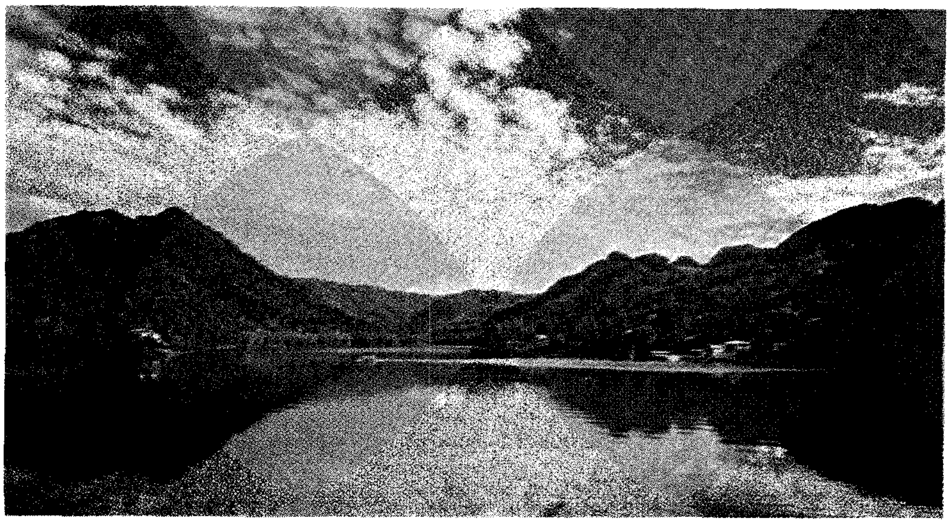

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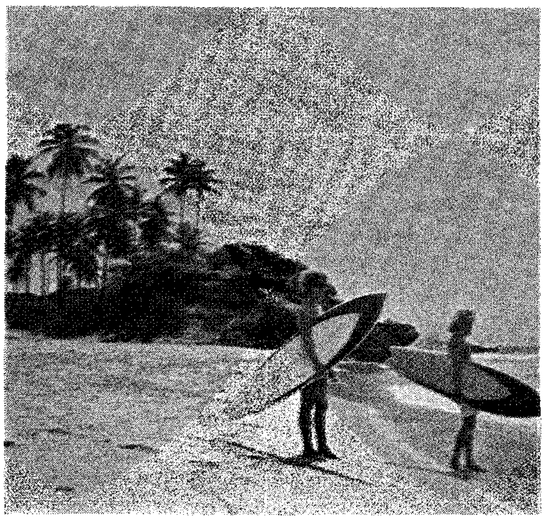

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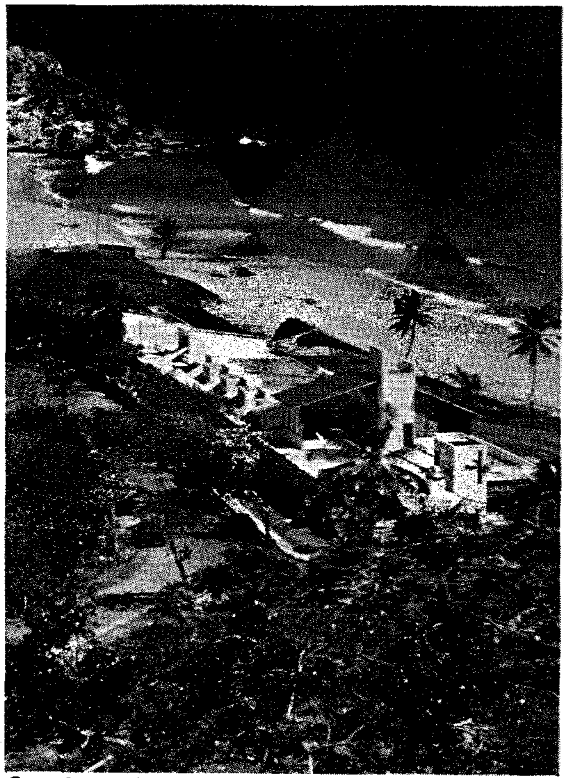

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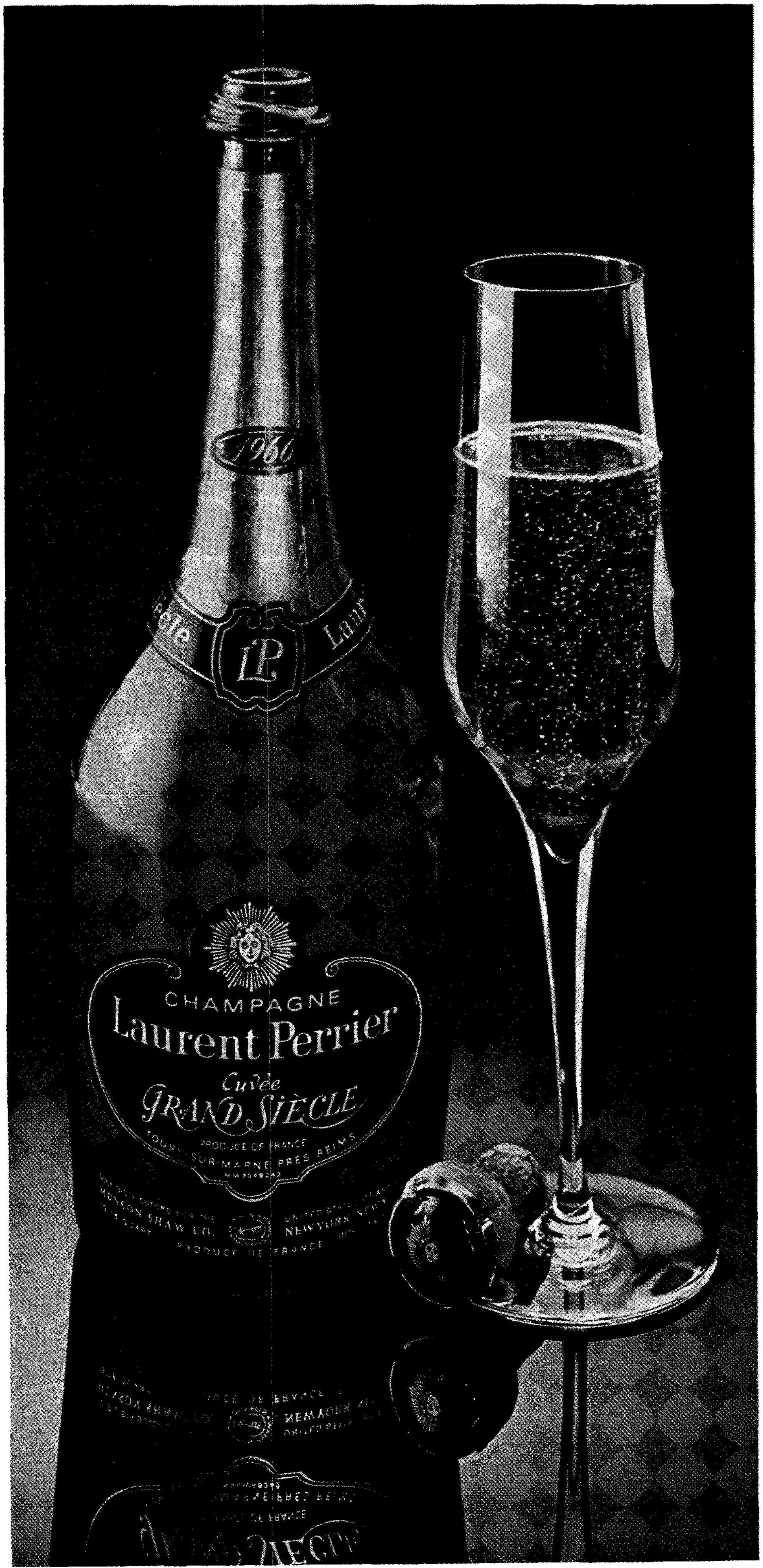
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# U.S. JOURNAL: SEATTLE

## CAUSES AND CIRCUMSTANCES

LATE one night in February, a young black man named Joseph Hebert was hailed by two uniformed Seattle policemen employing what prosecutors sometimes call a Terry stop—named for a Supreme Court case that gives law officers the right to frisk someone if they have "reasonable suspicion" that he might have been involved in a crime. A Terry stop is what civil libertarians sometimes refer to as stop-and-frisk. It is what black people often refer to as petty harassment. Not that many people would deny the reasonableness of suspecting Joe Hebert that night. After hearing a radio report that five armed black men had just fled from a robbery in a suburb called Woodinville, the two patrolmen had driven in their unmarked car to the west end of the Mercer Island Floating Bridge, a logical place for anyone driving from Woodinville to enter the section of Seattle usually known as the Central Area—the home of most of the city's blacks and virtually all of its black armed robbers. One of the cars they saw drive off the bridge was a red-and-white Ford in which they had arrested three black men a few weeks before for armed robbery. It was occupied by a single black man. When he parked, on a quiet street in the Central Area, the two patrolmen ordered him to put his hands on the Ford for a search. A few minutes later, the young black man, Joe Hebert, was dead, a single hollow-point bullet from Patrolman Allen Earlywine's revolver in his head.

A black man had been killed by a white policeman. In America, the simple statement of such an incident produces instant conclusions—conclusions that tend to vary according to the race of the person offering them. A white person's instinctive reaction may be to thank the Lord he is white, or to worry about the possibility that such a killing will cause trouble, or even to remark to the white person next to him that the black man probably had it coming. Black people, having a long history of vital interest in such incidents, tend to have a more uniform response: another black man has been lynched. The naked statement—a black man has been killed by a white policeman—is such a fearsome divider of the races that the people who preside over a city immediately try to cover it with details. There were causes. There were circumstances. It could be said, for instance, that Joe Hebert had often been in trouble with the law; he was identified in the headlines reporting his death not as a black man but as a "robbery suspect." It could be said that Allen J. Earlywine was a young officer of respectable record who, in nearly four years on the force, had never before fired his revolver off the range. The killing of Joe Hebert, in other words, was not the case of a notoriously sadistic policeman shooting down a patently innocent black man. There were a lot of other causes and circumstances, but when they had all been aired, most of the black people in Seattle still seemed to see the death of Joe Hebert in a way that could be expressed in a simple statement: a black man had been killed by a white policeman.

SEATTLE is often spoken of as a city that, as American cities go, "still has a chance"—which is partly, of course, a way of saying that it does not have an unmanageable number of poor black people. They must have seemed unmanageable for a while in the sixties. Seattle had some scary-talking Black Panthers and a series of several dozen bombings and raucous demonstrations to demand the hiring of more minority workers in the construction industry. The leader of the hiring demonstrations—Tyree Scott, of the United Construction Workers Association—is still put away fairly regularly on various charges, but the bombings stopped long ago, and the Panthers, having turned relentlessly respectable, treat a white visitor to their children's breakfast program or their free medical clinic with a courtesy they must find mildly painful. When the Panthers do stray from the path, a Seattle judge is likely to search for flexibility in the law; Scott manages to make it inside for contempt of court only by flinging at judges remarks that might sound contemptuous to William Kunstler. Aside from their tactical interest in avoiding confrontation, the white people in charge of Seattle institutions tend to strike even black radicals as essentially open and friendly souls. It is a town in which citizens who want to denounce a public official in person usually find his secretary courteous about arranging an appointment, a town in which Tyree Scott, a radical who believes that the police are basically an army of occupation serving the establishment, can refer to the police chief as a "nice old fellow" who tries to be non-racist within the limits of his understanding. It is, these days, the kind of town in which all leading officials would consider it important that all causes and circumstances be aired publicly when a black man was killed by a white policeman.

Not many years ago, the method of airing was for the coroner to form an inquest jury—or, as the process was sometimes described, for the coroner to "go out in the hall and round up six guys." The six guys, magically transformed from a pinochle game into a blue-ribbon panel, would consistently find that the shooting had been justifiable homicide, and the prosecutor would thus be given a convenient reason for not pursuing an irritating and

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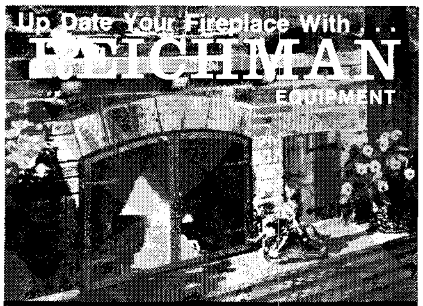

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controversial and probably fruitless prosecution of a policeman. When a modern home-rule charter eliminated the coroner's office, in 1968, it retained a loosely worded provision requiring that a public inquest be called into "causes and circumstances" whenever a death involved a law-enforcement officer—although the decision whether or not to prosecute anyone for the death remained solely with the county prosecutor, the state of Washington not being an area that ordinarily employs grand juries. A couple of years later, a young black man named Larry Ward was killed in a police trap after placing a bomb at the office of a Seattle real-estate firm—having been hired for the job by a local hustler whose capital for such enterprises was apparently furnished by the F.B.I. It was arranged to include two blacks among the inquest jurors. Even then, the inquest was interrupted by a white radical lawyer who denounced it as a farce and a mockery, and it drew so many angry black people and outraged pamphleteers that it was eventually moved to an auditorium at the site of the Seattle World's Fair. When the jury found, by a vote of three to two, that Larry Ward had met his death by "criminal means," the police and their supporters had a turn denouncing it as a farce and a mockery—a circus that had, in the guise of finding out cause of death, accused a police officer of murder without affording him the due process of a proper trial. There was talk that the inquest-jury system, which had been criticized by some law professors as a community-relations device rather than an effective way of establishing cause of death, should be replaced by a simple report from the medical examiner. The anger provoked among white supporters of the police by the jury's decision was, as it turned out, nothing compared to the anger provoked in the black community about two weeks later by an announcement from the prosecutor. Charles O. Carroll, a politician who had filled the office of prosecutor comfortably for twenty-two years, said that he was bringing no charges against the police officer who had killed Larry Ward. As a way of calming the citizenry and smoothing the life of the prosecutor, the inquest-jury process had turned out to contain a rather elemental imperfection: it worked only if it reached a finding of justifiable homicide.

THE man who succeeded Carroll as prosecutor shortly after the Ward inquest, a young attorney named

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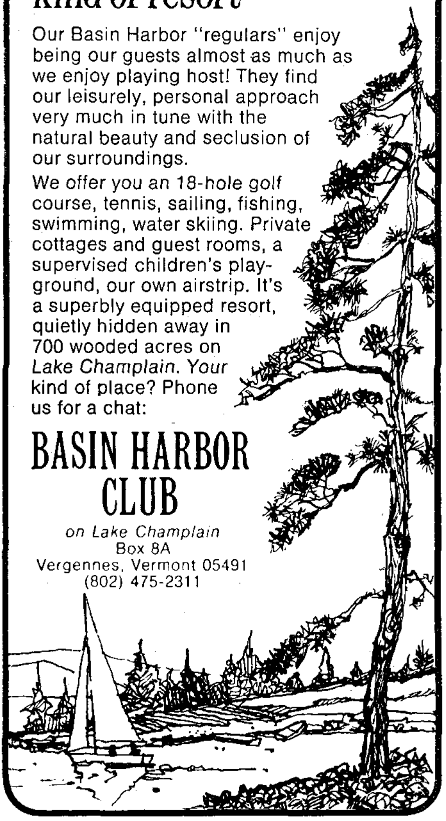

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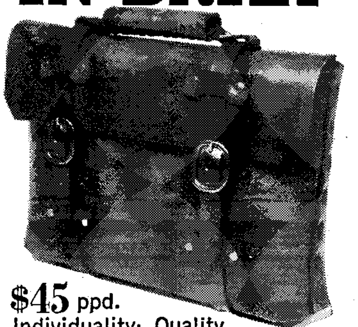

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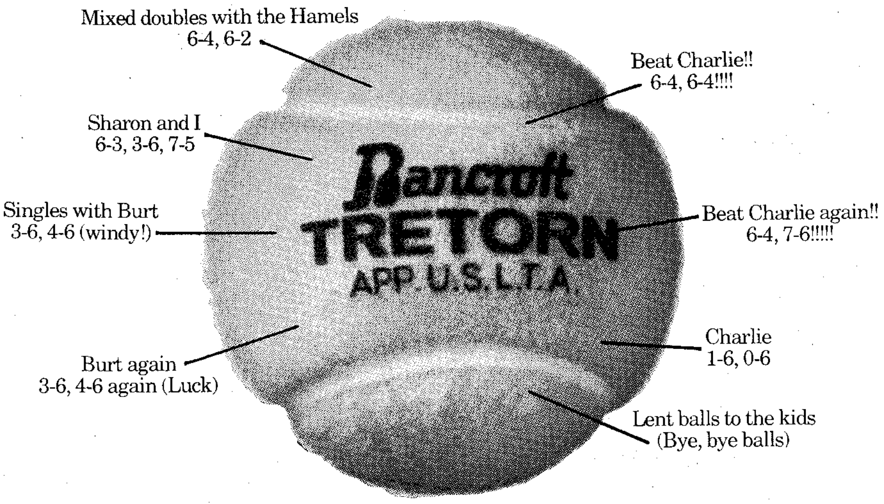
Christopher Bayley, came in as a reformer—an articulate Harvard man who had a reputation as the sort of officeholder who would probably return a bottle-shaped Christmas package without even opening it to check the brand. He had the support of the black community when he ran against Carroll in the Republican primary, and he retained its support for the way he ran his office. The changes he made in the inquest-jury process were the kind that met the criticism of black people who feared a coverup rather than the criticism of police supporters who feared a kangaroo court; he made it a policy, for instance, to permit lawyers for the deceased's family to cross-examine witnesses and to have access to pertinent police reports. In one case of a black man killed by the police, Bayley even prosecuted a policeman for manslaughter—although the jury returned a not-guilty verdict with a dispatch that bordered on the instantaneous.

The inquest jury looking into the death of Joe Hebert, six citizens selected from the regular jury pool, included two blacks and received its instructions from a black judge. Patrolman Earlywine testified that he had shot Joe Hebert in self-defense—that Hebert, during a foot chase, had suddenly wheeled to face him from thirty feet away with what appeared to be a gun and turned out to be a knife—and attorneys for Hebert's family implied, through demonstrations of bullet trajectory and accusation of conflict in police testimony, that Earlywine's story was a concoction. The Panthers had done a lot of investigating of their own through a Justice for Joe Committee, and the inquest, held in the County Council chambers, was packed with Justice for Joe partisans, many of whom scribbled notes to the attorneys whenever a hole seemed to appear in a policeman's testimony. Although the inquest jury voted, four to two, that Officer Earlywine had been in fear for his life—the classic test of self-defense—it also voted, five to one, that the death of Joe Hebert was not justifiable. Two days later, Bayley announced that there would be no charges brought against Officer Earlywine.

As if to make the replay of the Ward case more precise, the inquest was denounced as a carnival by just about anybody having anything to do with the police department. Just after Bayley announced that Earlywine would not be prosecuted, the police chief of Seattle, Robert Hanson, called a press conference in which he stated that Joe Hebert was wanted for an-



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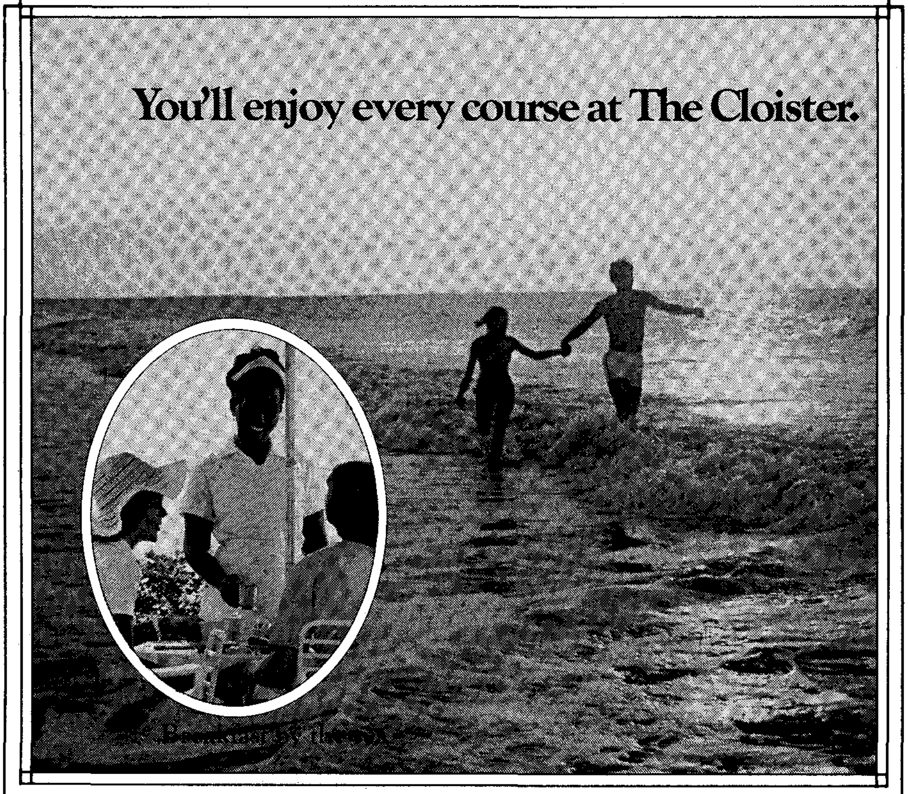

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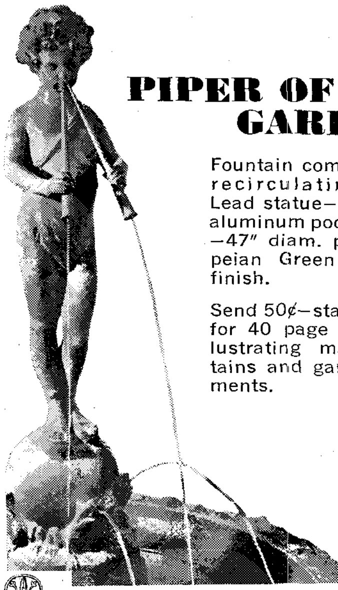

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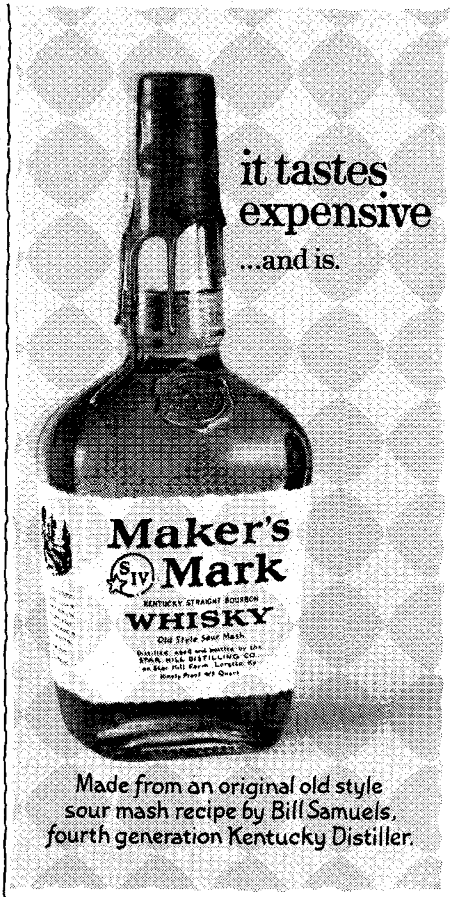
other armed robbery at the time of his death, that he was carrying two watches stolen in the Woodinville robbery, and that he had "an extensive criminal-arrest history for such crimes as robbery, larceny, rape, auto theft, and resisting arrest." As a matter of standing up for the reputation of his men, Hanson said, he believed it necessary to demonstrate that Hebert "was not the angel he was portrayed to be at the inquest." He said he also wanted to reassure black people that the real reason for Hebert's death was that he was a criminal, who had good reason to flee from the police. There may have been some black people who were, privately, reassured. It is natural, after all, for anyone to be comforted at the discovery of ways in which the situation of someone who got shot to death does not match his own. But the public response was widespread denunciation of Hanson for using unproved charges to slander a man who could not defend himself, and perpetuating the notion of black criminality while doing it.

Christopher Bayley was criticized not just by the Black Panthers but by the N.A.A.C.P. and the Urban League and an association of black attorneys and a rather conservative black businessman who had served as foreman of the inquest jury. In response to Bayley's remarks that the jury's findings had been contradictory, the foreman said that he took the votes of those who believed Earlywine to have been in fear for his life to mean that any white man would be afraid in a black neighborhood at night. ("Sure he feared for his life," the organizer of the Justice for Joe Committee told a protest meeting. "They teach them to fear for their lives. They teach them that we're animals.") Bayley and Hanson became illustrations for those who argue that in the final issue between the races—the issue of whether a black life has the value of a white life—openly repressive white authority and seemingly sympathetic white authority are, in Tyree Scott's words, "functionally the same." There was talk that Hanson and Bayley may have been motivated by the same kind of pressures that would motivate any officeholders—Hanson trying to solidify his leadership in a department that has had serious morale problems in recent years, Bayley trying to avoid antagonizing the police department or the white electorate. Not long after the inquest, Jerome W. Page, the executive director of the Seattle Urban League, said, "We want to believe that the Mayor is better than average, and I know Bayley is better than average. I even have hope



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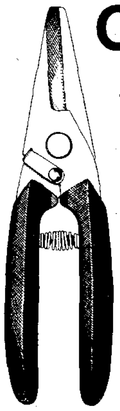

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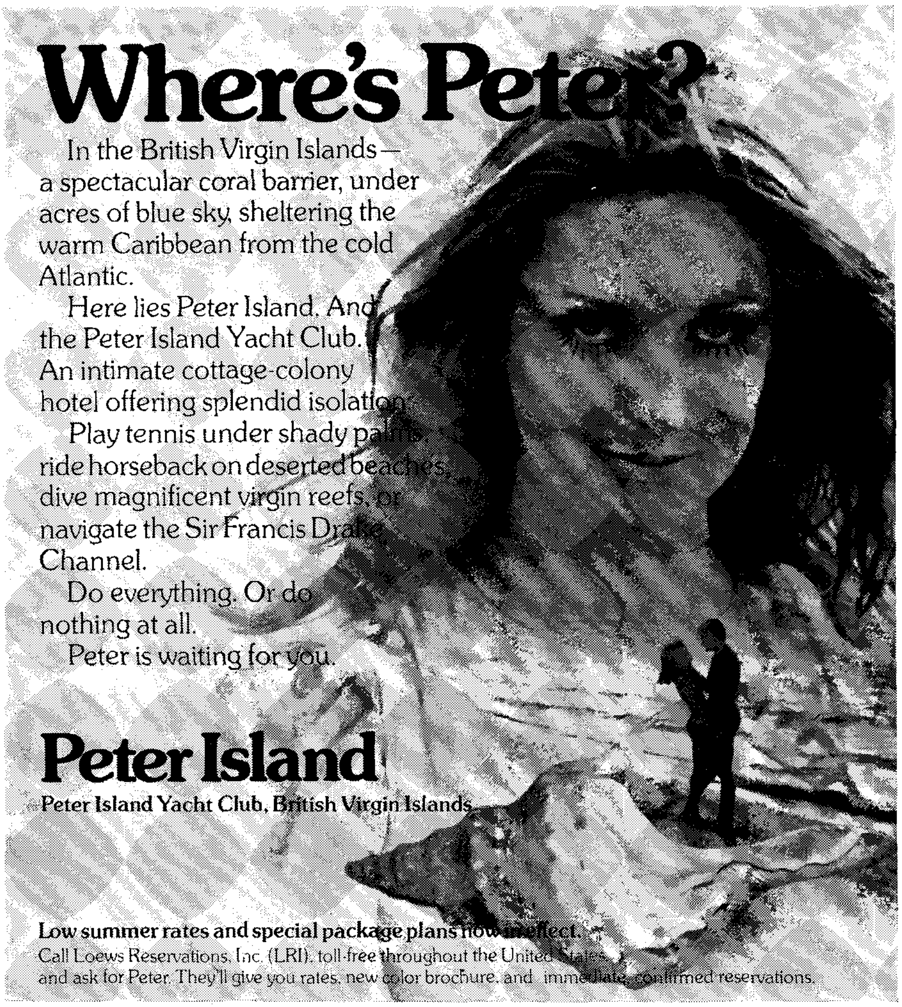
in the police chief, because the police chief wants to do good. And what this says to me is that the system must protect itself. In this case, the system is built for failure."

Bayley now says that the universality of the denunciation from the black community surprised him. He did not expect a plaque from the Black Panthers, but he did think that, having established some credentials for fairness in four years, he should have been able to convince people like Page that the decision not to charge Earlywine was correct, or at least objective. Bayley says that inquests were leaned on for so long by prosecutors looking for an excuse not to prosecute that the public began to view them as some form of binding grand jury. Looked at objectively by a prosecutor, Bayley maintains, the Hebert case rests on the credibility of Allen J. Earlywine, the only witness, and it is a credibility Bayley accepts. Looked at objectively by a prosecutor, of course, the Hebert case has nothing to do with the Larry Ward case or any historical incidence of black men being killed by whites in authority. "People in the minority community view all this in a cumulative sense," Bayley said recently. "To them, it can't be viewed out of context. But that can't be my view as a prosecutor. I can't make a charging decision on the basis of anything except for the person or persons involved."

What seems to have surprised both Bayley and Hanson was the way in which the shooting of a man like Joe Hebert touched respectable, law-abiding black people who theoretically have nothing to fear from the police—although, Bayley has found, "almost every black person has one story to tell about being stopped by the police." What many of the people who trooped into the City Council a few months ago to argue against the police using hollow-point bullets had in common was not that they were potential "fleeing felons" but that they were blacks—blacks from the Urban League as well as blacks from the Panthers. After all this time, black people—law-abiding black bourgeois as well as black street toughs, and particularly law-abiding black bourgeois who fear that their sons may be difficult for a frightened white policeman to distinguish from black street toughs—do not need arguments based on bullet trajectory or statistics about the percentage of blacks among people shot by policemen to feel that a white policeman confronted by a black man may leave a few of the alternatives to shooting unexplored. Chief Hanson tried to make



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the black people of Seattle see Joe Hebert as a criminal, but they insisted on looking at him as a black man.

THE Justice for Joe Committee is still functioning. The Panthers are expected to try to use it as part of their campaign for community control of the police, a campaign that white radicals tend to look on as futile or irrelevant, and the Justice for Joe Committee is already feeling some of the tension between blacks and white radicals that would be present even if their goals were the same. There is wide agreement in Seattle that the police department should have more black patrolmen—it now has twenty-two in a force of more than a thousand—and Chief Hanson has promised that a police-academy class scheduled to be formed in a couple of months, the first since a hiring freeze was applied to the department three years ago, will be one-third black. Hanson still believes that there is some value in a public airing of the causes and circumstances of a death brought about by a peace officer, but he has suggested to the county executive that the inquest be limited to just that, with the peace officer clearly in the role of a witness rather than a defendant. County Prosecutor Bayley also believes that the inquest-jury process should be changed, at least to the extent of not stating its findings in language that sounds like advice on whether or not to prosecute, but he is concerned that a change so soon after the Hebert case would have the appearance of an attempt to choke off the one channel of independent public inquiry. As it happens, both Bayley and Hanson have been making some hard-line public statements about crime and punishment lately, each in his own way—Hanson criticizing soft judges who let criminals back out on the street, Bayley saying that he has become impressed with the arguments now being made by some social scientists for a "certainty-of-punishment model" rather than a "treatment model" of criminal justice—and both find themselves with a lot of supportive mail that links those views to the Hebert case. A lot of black people in Seattle still seem to believe that the causes of Joe Hebert's death had to do with racism, and that the circumstances amounted to the deadly combination of a white policeman with a gun confronting a black man. "We'll look back and this will just be one of those cases," Jerome Page, of the Urban League, said recently. "You can't take the Hebert case alone, because it is built on so much." —CALVIN TRILLIN

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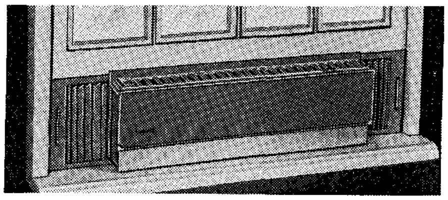

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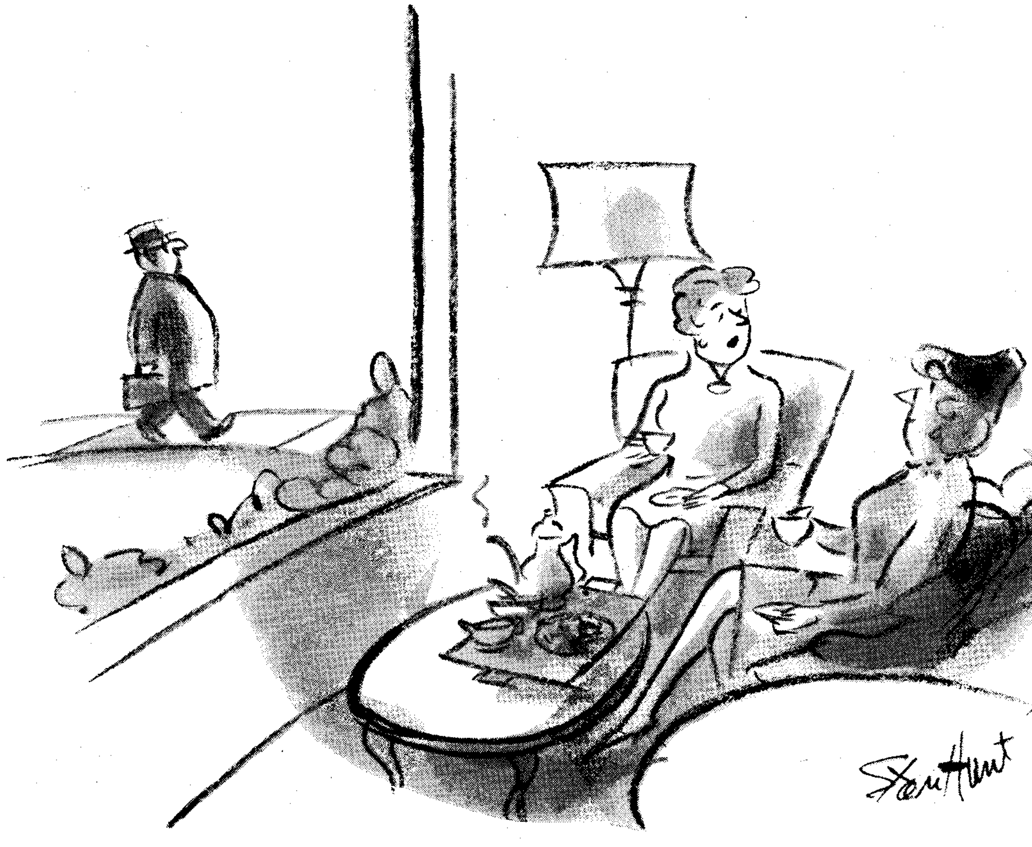
# BOOKS

## *Outsiders*

As Martin Luther King kept reminding his black compatriots at a time when simply going to hear him was a risky business, there were people all over the nation who shared their social and economic condition. To my knowledge, he never included Asian-Americans: the subject matter of a book, assembled as an "anthology of Asian-American writers," under the unusual title of "Aiiieeeee!" (Howard University Press), by four anthologists—Frank Chin, Jeffery Paul Chan, Lawson Fusao Inada, Shawn Hsu Wong. These men are all Asian-Americans—a term they apply mostly to those who were born in America to parents of Asian ancestry, those "who got their China and Japan from the radio, off the silver screen, from television, out of comic books, from the pushers of white American culture that pictured the yellow man as something that when wounded, sad, or angry, or swearing, or wondering whined, shouted, or screamed 'aiiieeeee!' " They are, as we all must be well aware, a substantial and hurt and troubled group, deprived of their rights and liberties by both law and prejudice, by a process of exclusion that has brought about poverty, unemployment, inadequate education, a high incidence of preventable diseases. These people cannot easily turn back to China, Japan, the Philippines; they are, after all, the children, the grandchildren, even the great-grandchildren of American citizens. Their ancestors helped build this country, especially the West—doing menial jobs others considered "beneath" them but that had to be done if the nation was to carry on. There has, it is true, been some movement back and forth across the Pacific, especially by the somewhat better-off Asian-Americans, whose small businesses have enabled a modest accumulation of cash. Then, there are some in this country who were born in China and came here, just as there are Asian-Americans who have spent a lot of time in Asia. And there has been assimilation, too: the *Pacific Citizen*, a newspaper put out by the Japanese-American Citizens League, reported in 1972 that about half the Japanese-American women and Chinese-American women are now marrying men of other races. (We are not given any statistics about what the Japanese-American and Chinese-American men are doing.) That also troubles these editors: Will their people slowly disappear, become absorbed?

The editors of this anthology struggle, besides, with the problem of deciding what is genuinely "Asian-American" literature. For seven generations now there have been Asian-Americans, yet to many of us, we are told in the introduction, an Asian-American still means a laundryman, or someone who lives near or works in a restaurant in an area called Chinatown. And to most of us the term "Asian-American literature" brings up memories of Fu Manchu or of Charlie Chan, who, said his creator, walks with "the light dainty step of a woman." The editors of the anthology see him as the literary figure who represents to millions of us the "best" of the Asian-Americans. They also regard him as the precursor of a whole literary genre—the "Chinatown Book," "Father and Glorious Descendant," "A Chinatown Family," and volumes with titles like "Inside Chinatown" and "Chinatown, U.S.A." The editors deplore all this, and most especially Charlie Chan, "the fat, inscrutable, flowery but flub-tongued effeminate little detective;" if some white people regarded him as intelligent, observant, and inventive, these Asian-American editors consider him to be emasculated and passive, one of the all too familiar Chinese men who are pictured as "worshipping white women and being afraid to touch them." For a long while many of us never distinguished between Japanese, Chinese, and Filipinos; they were all "Asiatics," as in "Keep the Asiatics out." (There is something of that sentiment today, as the South Vietnamese refugees wait in their encampments.) And keep them out we did—after the hard work of opening up the West was completed, so much of it by "coolie labor." For a while, too, "Japan and China, as well as Japanese America and Chinese America, were one in exotica." During the Second World War, when thousands of American citizens of Japanese ancestry were interned in camps, in denial of their Constitutional rights, a distinction was



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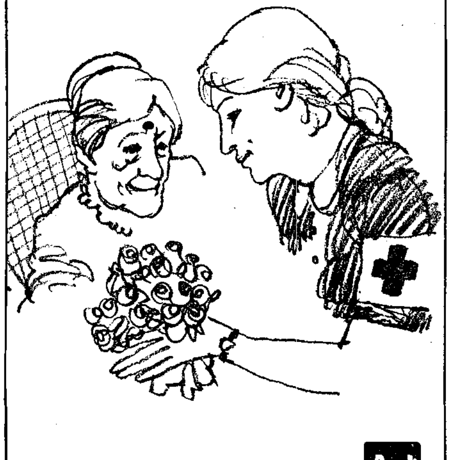

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at last made: "Chinese-Americans became Americans' pets, were kept and groomed in kennels, while Japanese-Americans were the mad dogs who had to be locked up in pounds."

That opinion may seem a brutal way of confronting what can indeed be brutal in American life, but the stories, the excerpts from novels and plays, and the autobiographical essays in this book have quite another tone—not the dreaded passive attitude but a wry, thoughtful detachment, even in the face of hardship and misery. One of the most touching of the lot is the work of the Filipino-American poet and short-story writer Carlos Bulosan, who died in 1956, at the age of forty-one. For years, in California and elsewhere, he was a migrant fruit picker, riding freight trains between jobs. Eventually he became a labor leader, but, worn down by many years of bad food, unsanitary living conditions, lack of medical care, he succumbed to tuberculosis just as, after several books of his had been published, he was becoming a political and literary spokesman for his people. "I tried hard to remain aloof from the destruction and decay around me," he wrote in "America Is in the Heart." He did not always succeed. Despair and a desire for vengeance sometimes overcame him. But his descriptions of the farm workers in California, of the subtle differences between his own people, the Chinese, and the Koreans, are sensitively rendered. He summons up humor when he happens upon adversity, and he resists self-pity. He wishes to evoke the world he has seen, not to deliver polemics. The Japanese-American novelist John Okada, who also died young (in 1971, at the age of forty-seven), likewise manages placidity under difficult circumstances; in his "No-No Boy," part of which appears in this anthology, a youth, Ichiro, is trying to understand the behavior of his strange, remote mother, who dreams of a triumphant return to Japan, and of his father, good-humored, tolerant, willing to come to terms at any cost with the demands made by America on its outsiders. To the mother, Japan is a beautiful, strong, proud country; its people are noble, refined, honorable. She has ignored Pearl Harbor, the imperialism that prompted it, the postwar industrial resurgence of capitalist Japan. In her Japan, people are more concerned with how they behave toward one another, and with the state of grace they may one day obtain for themselves through a life of devotion to others. The real Japan arrives in a letter from her sis-

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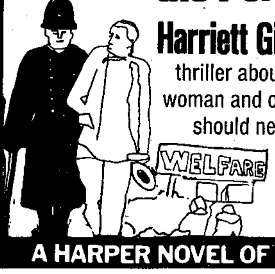

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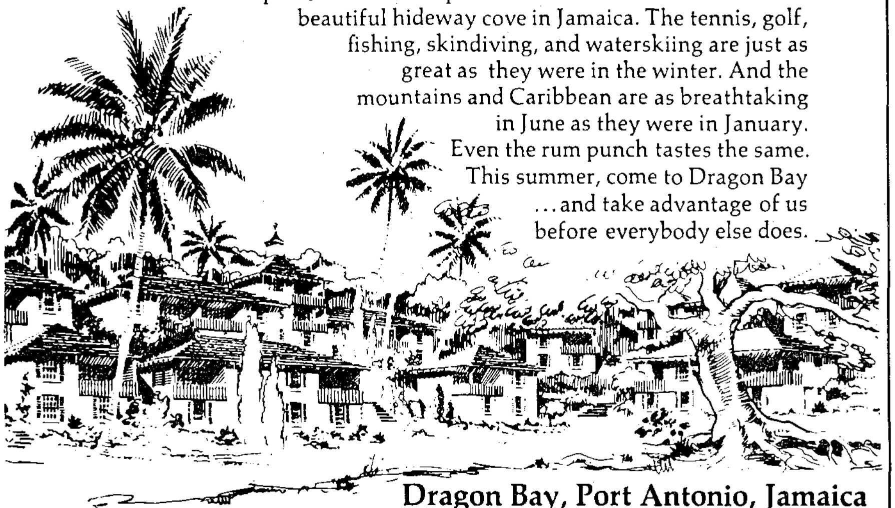
ter, and her husband tries to impress the facts it contains upon his wife, but she moves even deeper into fantasy, and he pulls back, gently begins to help her maintain her illusions. The son becomes enraged at his father, at his mother, at having to live a life quite different from the one his parents, in their separate ways, have contended with.

The younger writers who appear in this book are more interested in the relationships between their own experiences and the experiences of other Americans. The Chinese-American novelist Jeffery Paul Chan, thirty-two years old, offers a tense, unsettling story, "The Chinese in Haifa," that tells us how "integrated" Chinese-Americans can be when they become part of America's suburban professional class, with its drinking, its pot, its nicely furnished homes, its divorce rate, its mixed feelings about having children. There are brilliant exchanges between a recently divorced Chinese-American schoolteacher and his Jewish neighbors, one of whom observes that since "there are Jews in China, there must be Chinese in Haifa." The dialogue between the Chinese-American and his neighbors is sharp, ironic, painfully revealing. None of these people are hungry or jobless, and yet there is so much suspicion, so much prickly self-consciousness. An outsider, aware of the raw nerves and the vibrant perceptions of these Chinese-Americans (and, for that matter, of their Jewish neighbors), might wish he could enter the scene, offer comfort, reassurance, affection, and suggest that the past be forgotten so that we all can join in a common effort to make do on this increasingly endangered planet. But the past does not yield so easily to the demands and the realities of the present. The past, with all its class tensions, racial animosities, and ethnic antagonisms, remains part of the present, as this book poignantly reminds us. —ROBERT COLES

## BRIEFLY NOTED

### FICTION

THE MEMOIRS OF A SURVIVOR, by Doris Lessing (Knopf). A bleak, fevered dream of the future, matter-of-factly narrated by a middle-class survivor of our own era. In a city where electricity has practically stopped, where government ("the Talkers") has become a dim rumor, where food and water are scarce, and where the streets are menaced by wandering cannibalistic hordes of young people, the narrator, an older



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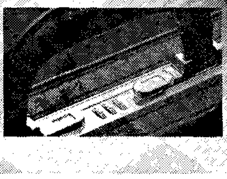

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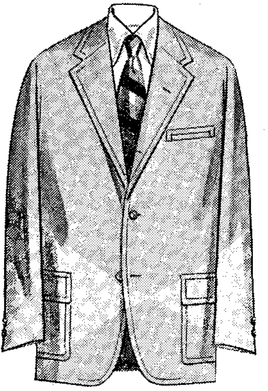

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woman, watches the world from her apartment window. An enigmatic girl and a mangy dog are her only company. The girl and her dog were left in the woman's care by a stranger. The woman accepts responsibility for the girl but watches her developing interest in the barbaric "outer" world with trepidation. Needlessly. The girl is also a survivor. From time to time, the woman retreats from the terrors of the present to rich (some painfully so) memories of the past. These passages are vivid and raw, and have a disturbing power; in comparison, the scenes that depict the social horrors of the future are flat and unconvincing. It's not that Mrs. Lessing's vision of a decaying, centerless society is not strong enough; it's that her vision is too pat and, for all the horrors described, a little academic.

THE BOAT, by Lothar-Günther Buchheim, translated from the German by Denver and Helen Lindley (Knopf). Mr. Buchheim, who was an official German naval correspondent during the Second World War and is now a successful art publisher, takes us inside a U-boat on patrol in the Atlantic, and keeps us there until we want to climb the walls. This is a highly accomplished piece of reporting, but it is humdrum and pedestrian in its fictional dressing. The commander is an unflappable stickler for correct reports, the crew is a predictable cast that might belong on an American B-17, and the episodes—each minutely described—include stretches of boredom, a tumultuous storm, two attacks (each followed by nerve-racking attempts to escape enemy destroyers), and a scary mishap underwater near Gibraltar. Mr. Buchheim has caught the horror of combat—particularly that helpless form of waiting which is shared, perhaps, not only by men in submarines but by civilians in air-raid shelters and by infantrymen in trenches. Except for a few gibes at flag-waving Germans, he has no obvious political points to make, but there are moments when, surveying a burning tanker or wondering how many men must have been aboard a ship that was just torpedoed, his directness amounts to pity.

### GENERAL

THE VENTURE OF ISLAM: CONSCIENCE AND HISTORY IN A WORLD CIVILIZATION, by Marshall G. S. Hodgson. Volume I: The Classical Age of Islam. Volume II: The Ex-

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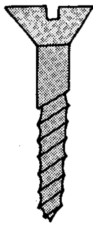

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pansion of Islam in the Middle Periods. Volume III: The Gunpowder Empires and Modern Times (University of Chicago Press). This is a nonpareil work, not only because of its command of its subject but also because it demonstrates how, ideally, history should be written. The author (he taught at the University of Chicago, and died in 1968; this work was seen through the press by a colleague, Reuben W. Smith) does not expect to convert his readers—Hodgson himself was, and remained, a Quaker. He never makes the coarse error of assuming that religious argument is only a veil for divergent economic or social interests, and if he persuades us to respect Muhammad's message, he also descries its flaws, particularly its warlike emphasis. Islam was more tolerant than, say, Spanish Catholicism, but non-Muslims were discriminated against and sometimes persecuted, while Muslims were forbidden to read any sacred book but the Koran; they could not, for instance, read the Bible. In its classical age, Islamic civilization was, simply, one of the world's greatest; perhaps its finest achievements, in Hodgson's eyes, were its literature and architecture, but its everyday amenity was far beyond anything then known in the West. Yet high noon and expanding glories exposed failures: Islam's inability to create stable political institutions, for one, and the harem system, for another. (The latter, as Hodgson points out, guaranteed that well-off children were raised by ignorant mothers and sycophantic slaves.) The third volume introduces history with which we Westerners are more familiar: the British conquest of India and the erosion of the Ottoman Empire, for example. Again, Hodgson assesses no blame and passes up easy answers; instead, he argues the plausibilities. He shows that even when Europeans tried to do their best, the very virtues they brought with them were frequently destructive to Islamic societies, while native Islamic modernizers face problems to whose solution the West may have little to contribute except understanding and good will. Sixty dollars.

NOTE: Viking has published "London Was Yesterday: 1934-39," a collection, laced with period photographs, of Janet Flanner's Letters from that city. Almost all the text originally appeared in *The New Yorker*.... Berton Roueché's chron-

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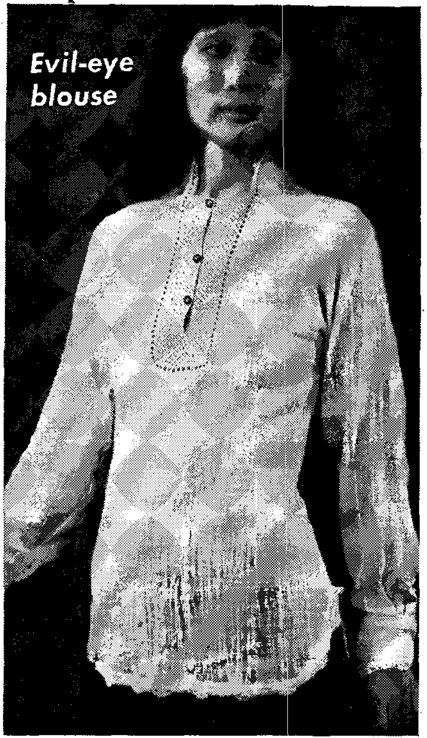

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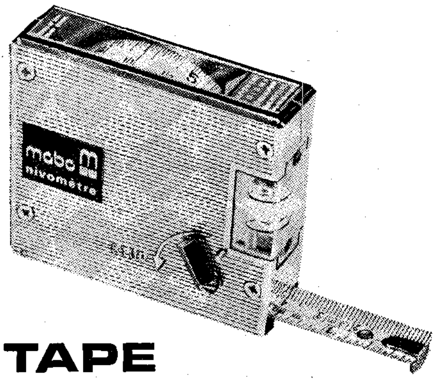

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icle of life in four rural American landscapes, with accompanying photographs by David Plowden, has been published by Dutton under the title "Desert and Plain, the Mountains and the River." The text first appeared here.

### MYSTERY AND CRIME

A Three-Pipe Problem, by Julian Symons (Harper & Row). As his title so nicely suggests, Mr. Symons entertains us here with a neo-Sherlock Holmes adventure. There is a series of apparently related killings in London—today's London—and an enterprising reporter elicits from a television actor starring in a Sherlock Holmes show the observation that Holmes would have been easily able to solve the case. The ensuing newspaper jeers drive the actor to play his role offstage. The result is a most enjoyable confusion that sees the Holmesian method pitted against both the elusive murderer and the scornful technicians of Scotland Yard. Mr. Symons also obliges us during the crucial climactic hours of his story by producing a fine, anachronistic pea-soup fog.

Knockdown, by Dick Francis (Harper & Row). Mr. Francis here demonstrates once again that anything to do with horse racing is a high-risk occupation in England. Take the case of Jonah Dereham, an ambitious young commission agent, in this lively study of the problem. Hardly ten minutes after Dereham buys a horse for a client at the Ascot Sales, he loses the horse and is hit over the head. Then his stable is broken into and a thoroughbred valued at seventy thousand pounds is turned loose on a busy highway. Then his house is set on fire. Mr. Francis keeps things moving at a satisfactory clip until Dereham finally identifies and subdues his ill-wisher, but he also, as always, entertains us with a good deal more than mere action.

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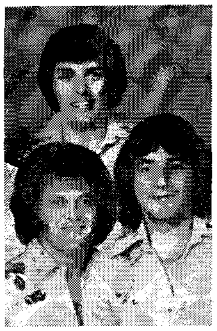

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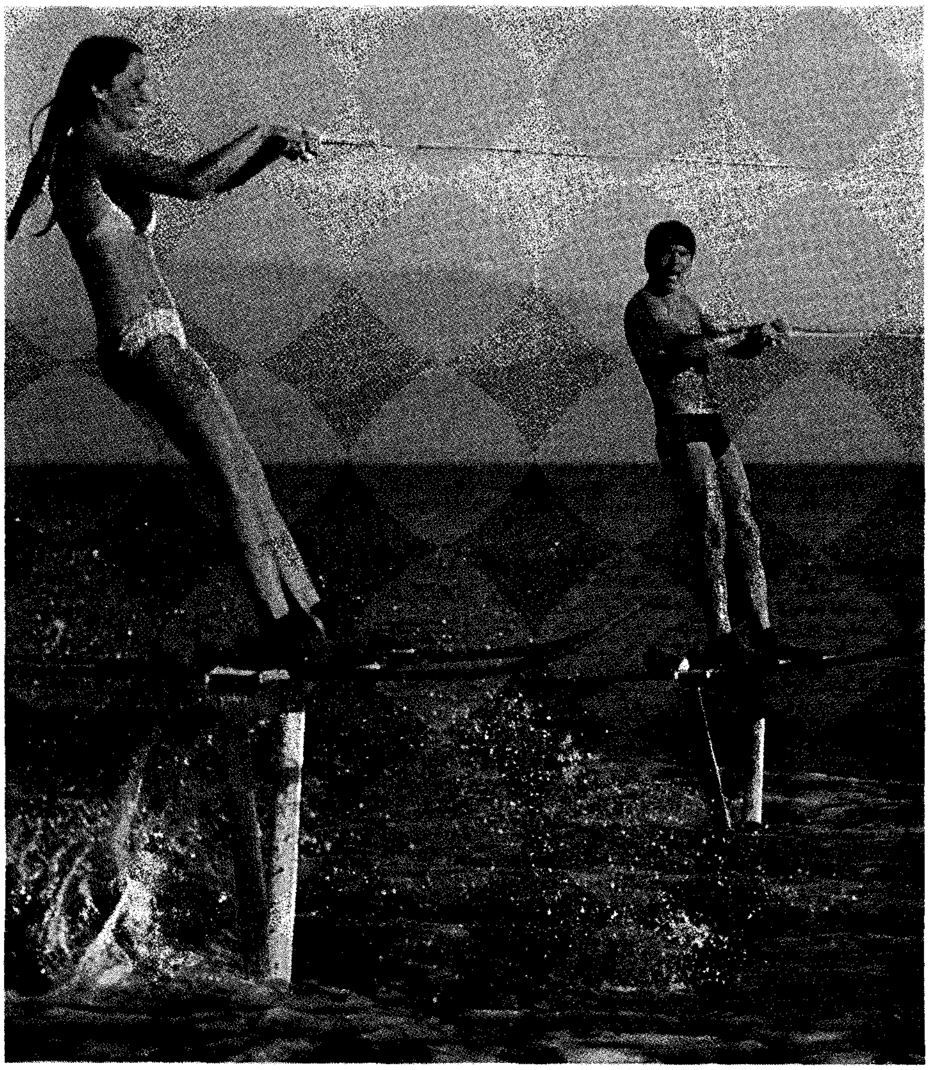

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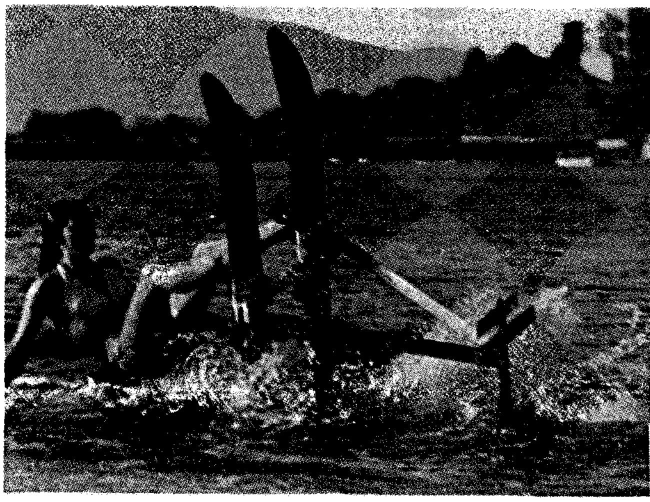

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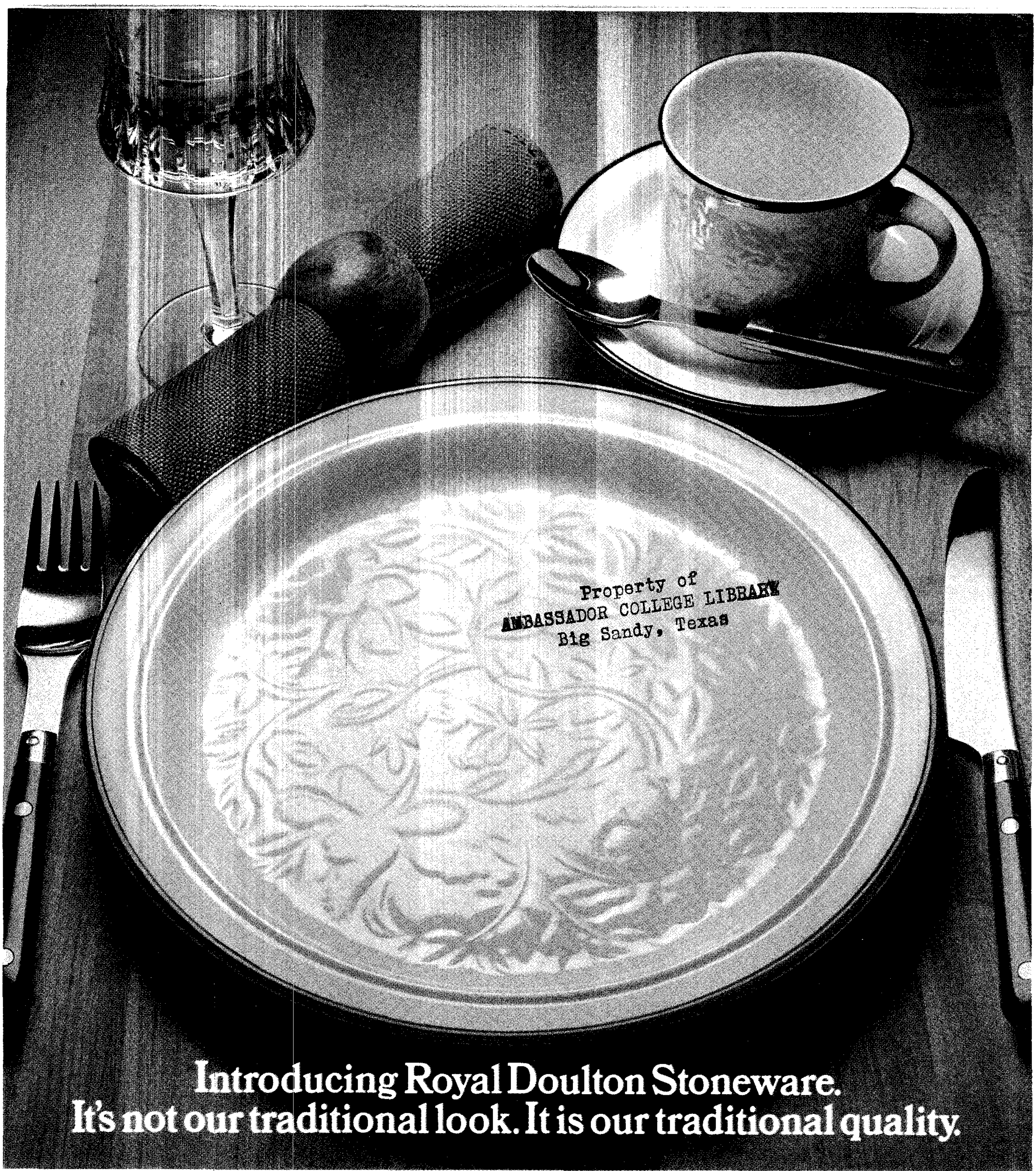

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